Feb. 8, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

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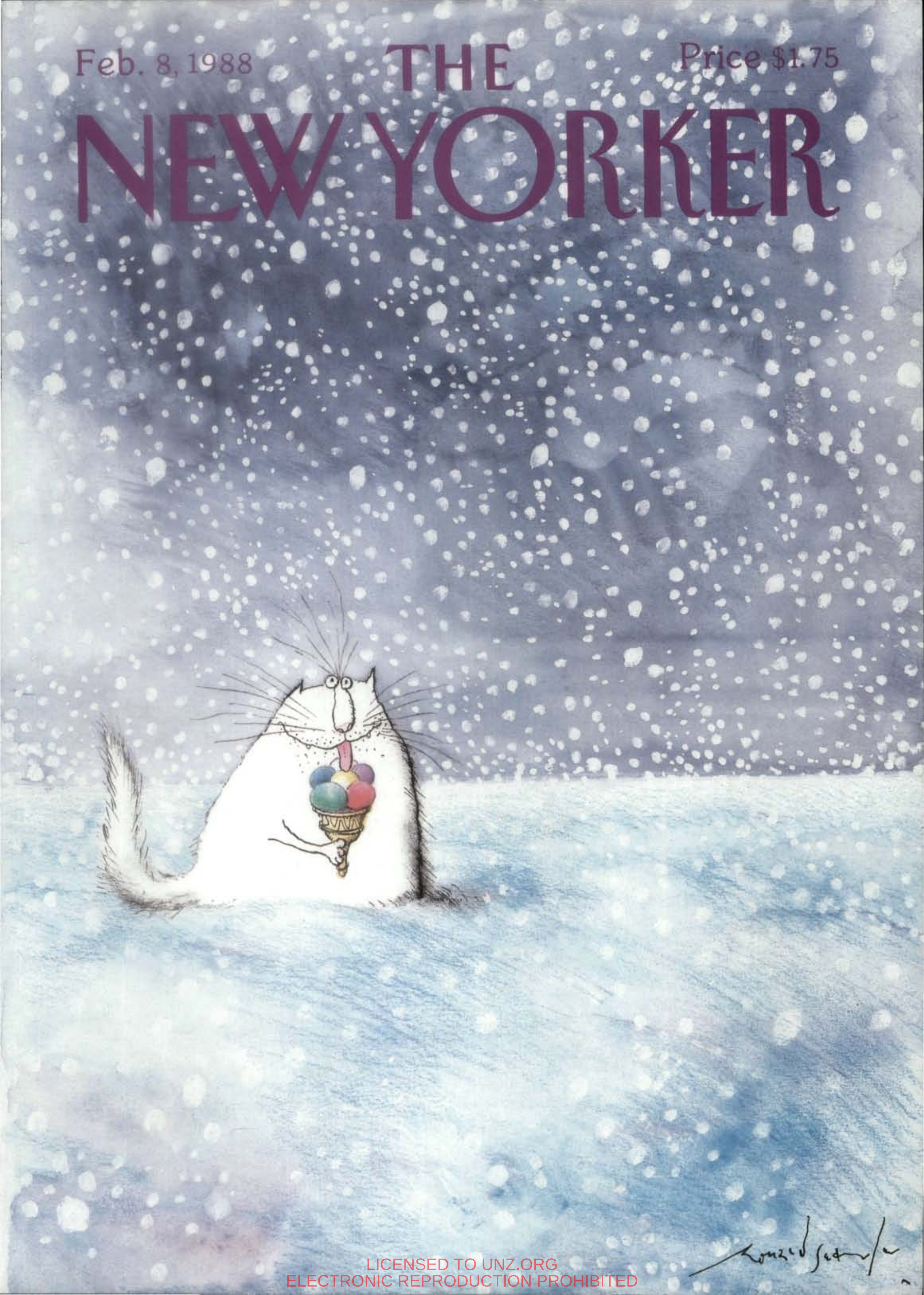

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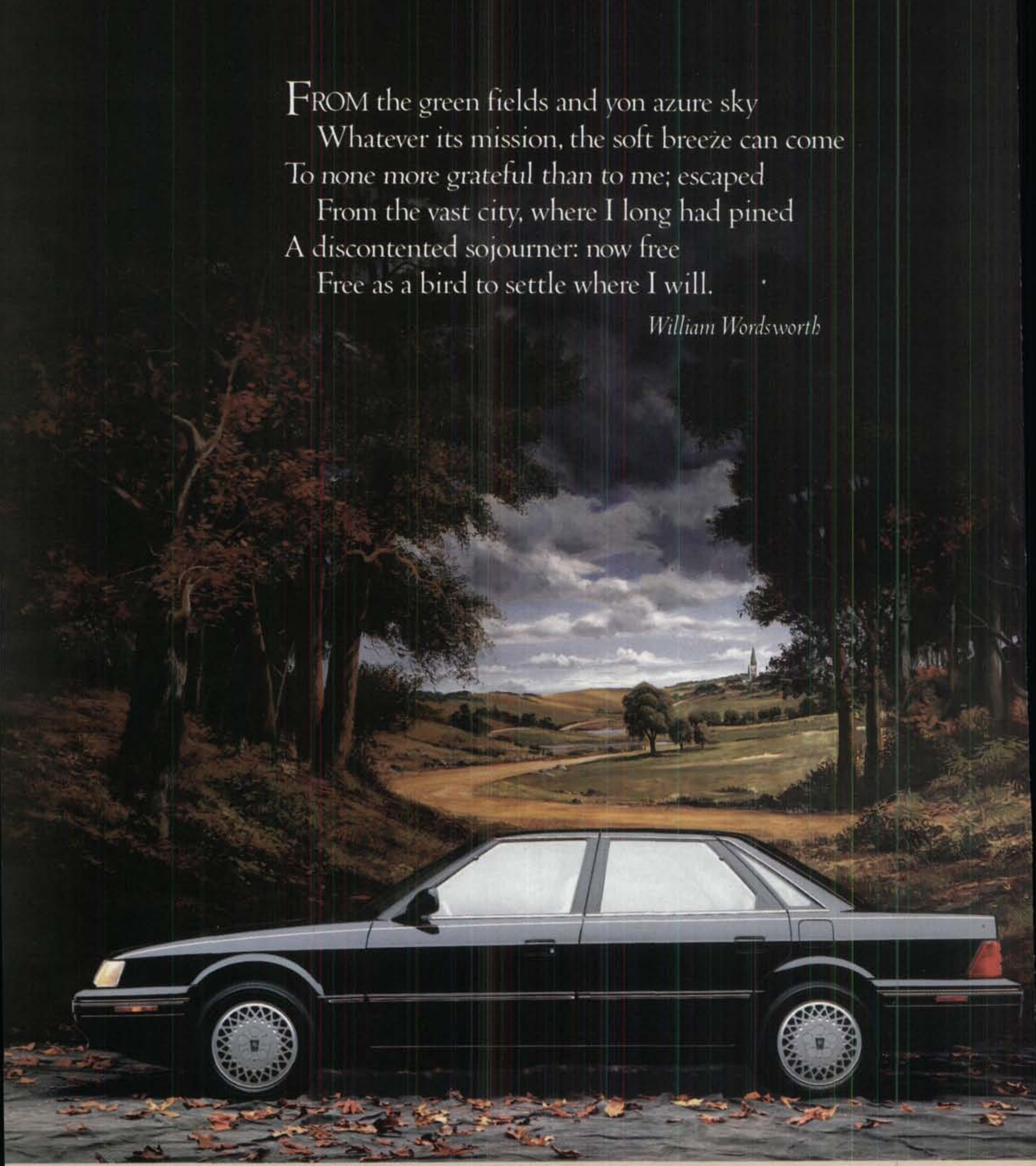

FROM the green fields and yon azure sky
Whatever its mission, the soft breeze can come
To none more grateful than to me; escaped
From the vast city, where I long had pined
A discontented sojourner: now free
Free as a bird to settle where I will.

William Wordsworth

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of the beguiling "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—Back with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—*if you're not bothered by the notion of* theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Bjornson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixies beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sarafina!—This musical, an explosion of talent, has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway. An import from South Africa, it was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Serious Money—Caryl Churchill's play, a recent offering at the Public, has moved to Broadway. It attempts to send up the world of high finance by having characters talk in rhyme. *In fact, both the satire and the verse are* rather limp. Allan Corduner remains from the Public cast, and the otherwise new group is headed by Kate Nelligan. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark. (12/14/87) Previews through Monday, Feb. 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 6:45. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Symphony of Rats—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. A production of the Ontological-Hysteric Theatre and the Wooster Group. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10			

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($90 to $135). Reopens Tuesday, Feb. 2. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Morgan Freeman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,560 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams now has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol, in the title role, and Robert Joy. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Robert Pinget—Staged readings, in English, of four of the French dramatist's plays. A discussion with the playwright follows each reading. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Abel and Bela," translated by Barbara Wright, and "Architruc," translated by Barbara Bray. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Dead Letter," translated by Barbara Bray. . . ; ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "The Old Tune," adapted by Samuel Beckett. A reading of the same play in the original French will follow. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 149 Mercer St. Admission is free; for reservations, which are required, call 925-0999.) . . . **NOTE:** A screening of Joel Jouanneau's film version of M. Pinget's "L'Hypothèse" *will take place on* Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8, at the French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St., 355-6100. The film is in French, with no English subtitles. M. Pinget will be present.

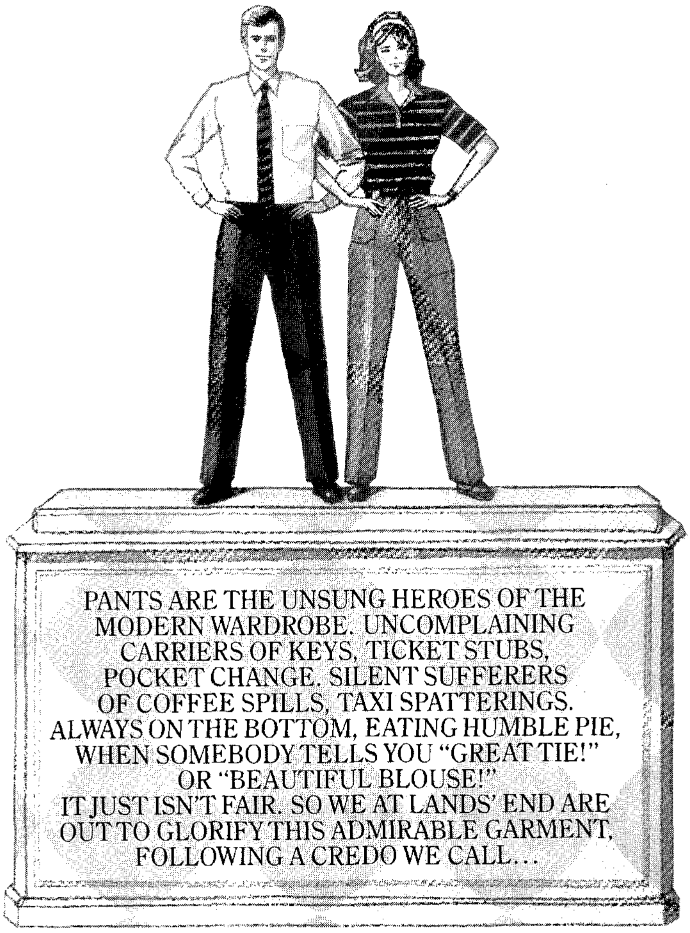
Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—The fourth and fifth of seven performances of the 1968 musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

The No-Frills Revue—A musical revue conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Roy Blount's Happy Hour and a Half—Humorist Roy Blount, Jr., in a one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

Benefit—George Hearn, Eartha Kitt, Dorothy Loudon, Tony Randall, Jean Stapleton, and others in a salute to the music of Richard Rodgers. Proceeds go to the Equity Library Theatre, which is celebrating its forty-fifth



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anniversary this year. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Monday, Feb. 8, at 7. For information about tickets, call 869-9266.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tuesday evening, Feb. 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 3: "Square Dance," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "Raymonda Variations," "Ives, Songs" (première), and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Ives, Songs," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 7: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 7: "Square Dance," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 9: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "Raymonda Variations," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Limón Dance Company—Final performances—Tuesday, Feb. 2, and Friday, Feb. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Also Egmont, Bitte!," "Poems," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: "The Traitor," "Keeping Still, Mountain," and Suite from "A Choreographic Offering." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Cathédrale Engloutie," three short works, and Suite from "A Choreographic Offering." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 777-3353.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 7, at 7:30: "Cathédrale Engloutie," "The Exiles," and "There Is a Time." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **MARGARET WHITING,** who sings here, in the candlelit mead hall called the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **PEGGY LEE,** whose many virtues include her soft, low, slinky voice, gives two shows here Tuesdays through Saturdays. She's backed by a quintet led by pianist **MIKE RENZI.**

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. A Latin-jazz festival is under way. On Monday, Feb. 1, conga drummer **DANIEL PONCÉ** leads a band; Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 2-7, two eminent percussionists, **TITO PUENTE** and **MONGO SANTAMARIA,** and their ensembles trade sets; and on Monday, Feb. 8, percussionist and trumpeter **JERRY GONZALEZ** brings in his Fort Apache Band. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and individuals who hum things like "Cattle Call" or "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" or the theme from "Bonanza" when they're riding the subway to work. **RIDERS IN THE SKY,** a Nashville-based trio that specializes in cowboy music and cowboy comedy, perform here on Thursday, Feb. 4. The rest of the lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 3, Peter Himmelman; Friday, Feb. 5, **SUN RA;** and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 6-7, jazz drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE'S** band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **RED MITCHELL** is the key figure here, the bassist upon whom pianists regularly lean. He works with **KENNY BARRON** through Saturday, Feb. 6, and with **NORMAN SIMMONS** starting Monday, Feb. 8. On Sunday, Feb. 7, he does duets with trumpeter **CLARK TERRY.** First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **HAMIET BLUIETT,** the bearded baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his Telepathic Big Band on Mondays. **JOHN CARTER,** a clarinettist who grew up in Fort Worth with Ornette Coleman, directs a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 2-7. Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING** is in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle, transmitting Porter and Parker and Weill and himself ("Lullaby of Birdland") through his fingertips and his swaying shoulders. **LYNN SEATON** is his bassist. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Guitarists have pretty much taken it over. Two modern pickers of a lyrical bent, **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and **RALPH TOWNER,** play duets Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 2-7. **BILL FRISELL,** a guitarist who runs with both the wigged-out downtown types (John Zorn, Vernon Reid) and more gentle folk (Jim Hall), brings in a band on Tuesday, Feb. 9. Mondays are in the hands of **LES PAUL** and his two sidemen. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Tuesday, Feb. 2, **MICHAEL WEISS;** Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, **ANDY LAVERNE;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 9-10, **PETER MALINVERNI.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesday, Feb. 3.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar that features a jukebox stocked with Swing-era tunes, darkness to ruminate in, and a view of the traffic surging north and west. It's been here sixteen years, but it'll be gone after February; the landlord wants a tenant who can pay major Manhattan bucks. **BOB DOROUGH,** the Arkansas-born singer-pianist-songwriter whose career included a stint as Sugar Ray Robinson's accompanist (in the early fifties, when Robinson quit boxing and took up tap dancing) and whose singing is peppered with shouts and hisses and knockabout scatting, will be around Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 3-6, with bassist **BILL TAKAS.** Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. Music from ten.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The lineup: Monday, Feb. 1, the Alan Bates duo; Tuesday, Feb. 2, singer-pianist Frank Underwood; Wednesday, Feb. 3, singer Stephanie Nakasian, with

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A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE

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pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**; Thursday, Feb. 4, guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Friday, Feb. 5, clarinettist Ken Peplowski's trio; and Monday, Feb. 8, pianist **DICK HYMAN.** Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. The singers: Steven Davis on Mondays; Julienne Marie Scanlon Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 2-4; **BARBARA LEA,** with pianist **WES MC AFEE,** on Fridays; **JUDY KRESTON,** with pianist **DAVID LAHM,** on Saturdays; and Erik Thorendahl on Sundays. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays, and at six and eight on Sundays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **STEVE KUHN** performs on it, with bassist **RON CARTER** at his side, Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 2-6; **KENNY BARRON** and **PAUL WEST** swing into action on Tuesday, Feb. 9. Sundays and Mondays, New Orleans whiz kid **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** is on duty. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. **CECIL TAYLOR,** a pianist and composer who is, as his fellow-visionary Walt Whitman said of himself, "free, fresh, savage, fluent, luxuriant," leads a quartet Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6. A Taylor set sometimes consists of a single piece, lasting seventy-five minutes or more, and it sometimes seems to be as much an athletic performance as a musical one. Taylor doesn't treat his audience or his piano gently; he attacks his instrument with fists, forearms, elbows, the backs of his hands; he chants and rocks and all the while produces a mass of sound that has order and shape and moments when you think you can't take it anymore and a moment or two when you can almost relax. Taylor's sets are at eight and eleven.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. **DAN HICKS,** the San Francisco folk-swing pioneer, will be here on Saturday, Feb. 6. When we saw him last summer, he was wearing two-tone dancing shoes, gray golfing slacks, and a brown Western-style shirt. He looked a little heavier than he'd been in the early seventies, when he and his band, the Hot Licks, were riding high on the folk-swing circuit, but he hadn't abandoned his commitment to springy, jocular, non-commercial, non-progressive music. He did some of his old tunes ("I Scare Myself," "Milk Shakin' Mama"), and he did some newer ones, including the speedy "Doin' It" (which he described as "kind of a male-chauvinist-pig song, or, rather, kind of a lady's-man-bon-vivant song") and "Hell, I'd Go" (a number about interplanetary travel, which featured backup vocals by the Martianettes). The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 3, the **DRIFTERS;** Thursday, Feb. 4, **VASSAR CLEMENTS;** and Friday, Feb. 5, Pure Prairie League. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. A quintet led by the young guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA** is re-creating the Old World sounds made by the Quintette du Hot Club de France, the all-string ensemble headed up by Django Reinhardt and Stéphane Grappelli. **MICHELE BAUTIER** is the guest singer. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. The **DEAD MILKMEN** are four Philadelphia smart guys who amuse themselves at the expense of Elvis cultists, Bruce Springsteen, sensitive young white people who dress in black, Texas guitar heroes, Patti Smith. They do deliberately dumb songs about things like making friends with a badger and the importance of not wolfing your food when you're dining out on rocks and chopped glass. There's a debate in the rock press about whether they're funny or not. They perform here Friday, Feb. 5. The rest of the schedule: Tuesday, Feb. 2, Great White and Guns 'n' Roses; Thursday, Feb. 4, a jazz-rock band featuring trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and bassist **STANLEY CLARKE;** and Saturday, Feb. 6, Love Tractor, Dumptruck, and Pianosaurus. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SIBERIA, 804 Washington St., near Horatio St. (463-7845)—A rock place, just a stone's throw from the Hudson. The foresighted arrive late (elevenish on school nights, midnight on weekends) and in a condition to understand what it is that the band White Zombie or the performance group Phred is trying to say to them. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a *light tropical blue,* where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 3-4, **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS;** Friday, Feb. 5, a merengue outfit called the New York Band; Saturday, Feb. 6, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Feb. 9, Puerto Rican cuatro player **YOMO TORO;** and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, protest singer **GIL SCOTT-HERON.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). The visiting musicians include Robin Lane and Phyllis Lind on Friday, Feb. 5, and **ELLEN MC ILWAINE** on Saturday, Feb. 6. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **HAROLD LAND,** a hard-bop-rooted tenor saxophonist who came to the fore in the mid-fifties with the Clifford Brown–Max Roach quintet, is here every night but Mon-

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day with the **TIMELESS ALL-STARS,** a sextet that also features **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** (vibes), **CURTIS FULLER** (trombone), and **CEDAR WALTON** (piano). On Mondays, when they cool down, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his youth corps, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** hold forth. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. Mondays, Feb. 1 and 8, the **SURREAL MC COYS,** a local country band; Tuesday, Feb. 2, the Ned Sublette band; Wednesday, Feb. 3, Kenn Kweder & the Indian Guides and the Tonebenders; Sunday, Feb. 7, the Lisa Lowell band; and Tuesday, Feb. 9, Lucky 7. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Two soul-jazz quartets perform in the downstairs rumpus room on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6. One is run by saxophonist and former Ray Charles sideman **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** and the other is led by organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF** and saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD,** who served as Charles' music director in the late fifties and early sixties. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** work together nightly except Mondays, when pianist **HILTON RUIZ'S** trio is on duty. On Tuesdays, the Brackeen-Houston tandem alternates with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **ART FARMER,** a flugelhornist who sounds much like he looks (handsome, trim, decorous) and who is a fine ballad player, directs a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 2-7. Monday, Feb. 1, and the week beginning Feb. 8 belong to **MEL LEWIS'S** big band, which made its début here (with Thad Jones as co-pilot) twenty-two years ago this month. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Flutist Ali Ryerson's quartet performs Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 3-7; on Wednesday, Feb. 10, tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and singer **ETTA JONES** move in with their band. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Guitarist **JOE BECK** and pianist **LONNIE SMITH** collaborate through Saturday, Feb. 6; starting Monday, Feb. 8, **RUBY BRAFF,** a pippin of a cornettist, will be in the company of guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **JACK LESBERG.** Sundays are reserved for guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

PAT IRWIN—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 1-2, at 8.

RODNEY DANGERFIELD—With Bob Nelson. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

STING—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.

THE KIPPER KIDS—The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 3-6, at 8:30.

FRANK ZAPPA—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, at 8.

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ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Friday, Feb. 5, at 9. For information about tickets, call 757-3100.

JEFFREY ESSMAN—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, at 10, and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3 and 10.

STEVE ELSON—With the Borneo Horns. (Dance Theatre Workshop. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 8-9, at 8.)

WALTER THOMPSON BIG BAND—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

P.S. 122—Six shows of roughly ten acts each (for the benefit of P.S. 122), including the following—Mark Morris and Karole Armitage on Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8; the Dixon Place Ukelele Ensemble and David Van Tieghem on Thursday, Feb. 4, at 11; Alien Comic, Bebe Miller, and David Leslie on Friday, Feb. 5, at 8; Yoshiko Chuma, Danny Mydlack, and Phoebe Légère on Friday, Feb. 5, at 11; Molissa Fenley, Susan Marshall, and Charles Atlas on Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8; and They Might Be Giants, Ishmael Houston-Jones, and Karen Finley on Saturday, Feb. 6, at 11. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

BENEFIT—Musicians Dave Brubeck, Philip Glass, Tania León, Anthony Davis, the Gregg Smith Singers, and others will perform, and actors Robert Duvall, Danny Aiello, Christopher Walken, John Savage, and others will read from David Rabe's plays in a tribute to the Vietnam Veterans Ensemble Theatre Company. (Shubert Theatre, 225 W. 44th St. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 512-1960.)

ART

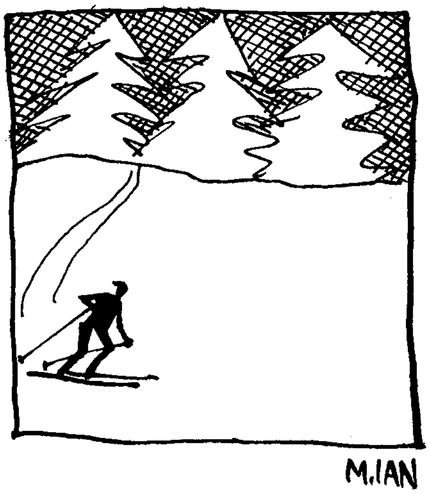
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-74)—Eight paintings on horizontal canvases. Through Feb. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943) / **WALT KUHN** (1877-1949)—Paintings and drawings from throughout his career. / Landscapes. Through Feb. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St., is showing late paintings by Hartley.

MARK LEITHAUSER—Paintings, drawings, and prints of fantasy landscapes and still-lifes by an artist whose style has been influenced by Dutch and American past masters. Through Feb. 29. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)



PICASSO (1881-1973)—Drawings from his last ten years. Through Feb. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

CAROLE ROBB—A series of paintings entitled "Achilles on Location." In one of the works, Achilles is seen as Eric Clapton. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DONALD SULTAN—Prints and drawings from the past five years. Through Feb. 27. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

JAMES WEEKS—Recent paintings. Through Feb. 16. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

ART/ARTIFACT—A hundred and sixty African objects, most dating from the early nineteenth century, have been culled from the collections of three museums, which originally gathered them for ethnographic purposes. Through April 17. (Center for African Art, 54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 20 E. 67th St.: Early modernist paintings by Alfred Maurer, Ben Benn, and Marsden Hartley. Through Feb. 27. . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: The variety of styles Bauhaus artists used is reflected in a selection of paintings, drawings, and photographs. Johannes Itten, Josef Albers, and László Moholy-Nagy are among those represented. Through March 12. (Opens at noon.) . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Realist paintings and drawings by six contemporary Spanish artists, including Claudio Bravo and Antonio Lopéz-García. Through Feb. 27.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS / **EUGENIE BAIZERMAN** (1899-1949)—Paintings and monoprints. / Small figurative oils. Through Feb. 20. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Still-life paintings, with many variations on the theme of flowers in vases. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JACK BEAL—Paintings, including "The Sense of Sight" and "The Sense of Smell," the first two in a series about the five senses. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

RAYMON ELOZUA—Mixed-medium works inspired by the decline of the steel industry in America. Through Feb. 20. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHILIP GEIGER—Urban landscapes on panels, and paintings of nudes. Through Feb. 27. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

JAN GREEN—Encaustic paintings with figures (just barely perceptible) borrowed from Renaissance painters. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

DIETER HACKER—Figurative paintings and drawings. Starts Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

RONI HORN—A pair of forged copper sculptures, part of a series; also, new drawings. Through March 5. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway, will also show work by Miss Horn, starting Saturday, Feb. 6.

GWEN JOHN (1876-1939)—Thirty drawings and watercolors, with examples from her entire career, and three oils. Through Feb. 27. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

LEO MANSO / **SIDEO FROMBOLUTI**—Collages and assemblages. / Charcoal drawings of figures and landscapes. Through March 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The Ingber Gallery, 415 West Broadway, is showing paintings by Mr. Fromboluti, through Saturday, Feb. 6.

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON (1904-71)—Paintings from throughout the long career of this abstractionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—Approximately forty paintings and drawings, including a 1918 self-portrait, on loan from the Gemeentemuseum, The Hague. Through Feb. 13. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY MOORE (1898-1986)—Prints from late in his career. Through Feb. 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

KENNETH NOLAND—New minimal canvases, with

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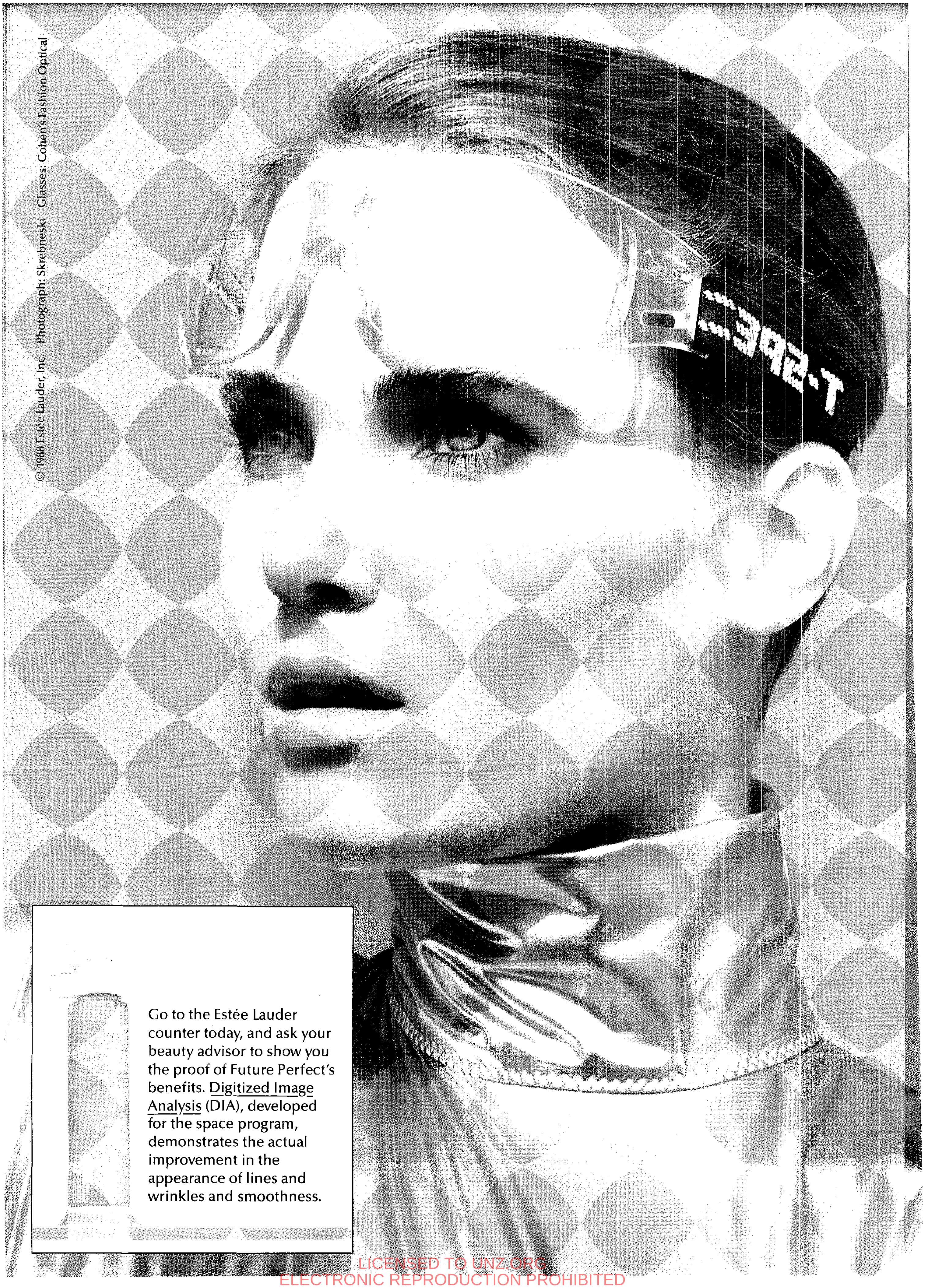

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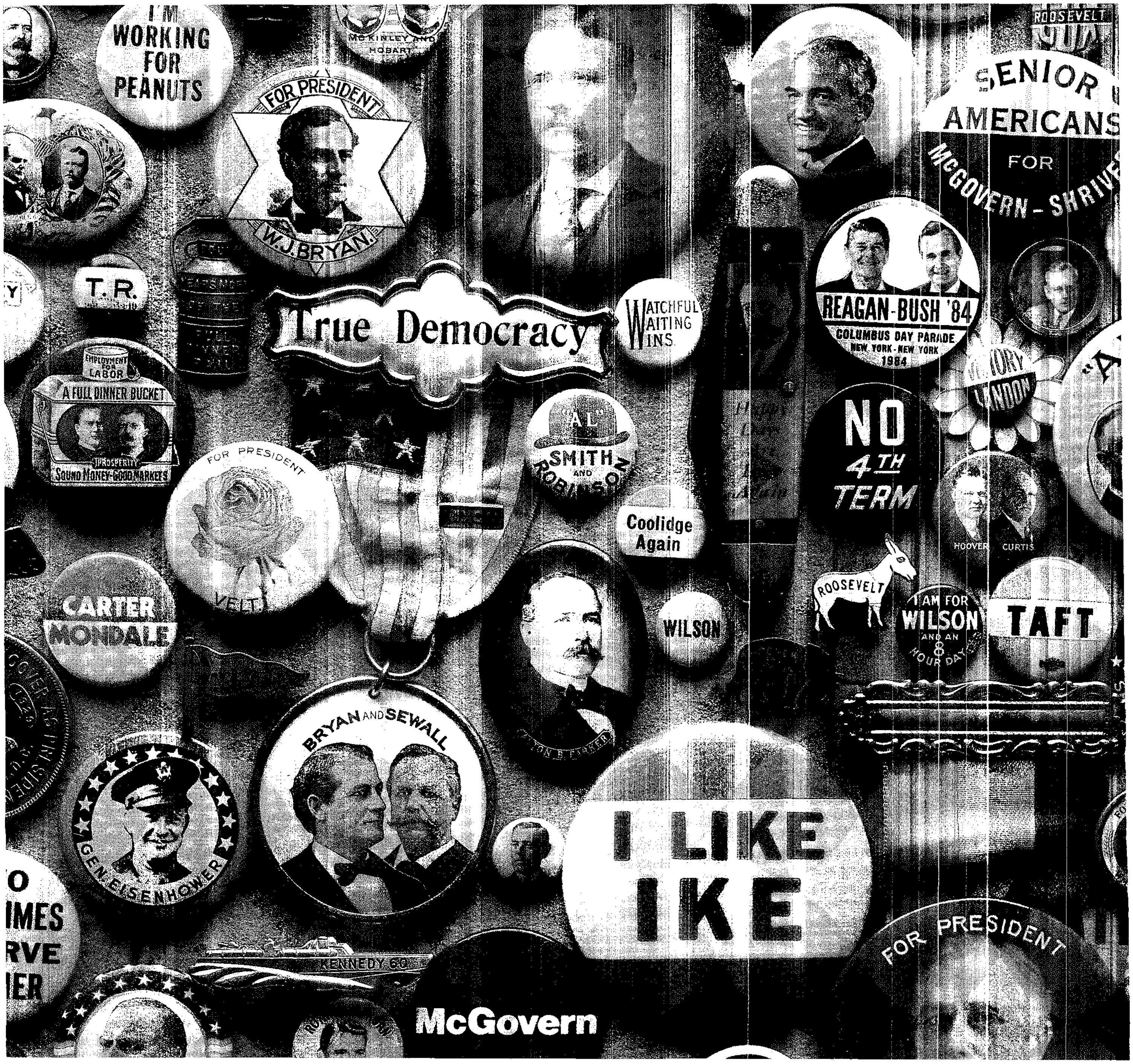
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Plexiglas additions. Through Feb. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Judith Rothschild—Reliefs: painted aluminum cutouts adhering to canvas. Through Feb. 13. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Zakanitch / Milan Kunc—Chairs and cherubs are among the images painted on abstract backgrounds. / Photocollages. Through Feb. 27. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by Lovis Corinth, Käthe Kollwitz, and Paula Modersohn-Becker. Through March 12. . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Abstract works by European and American artists, including Judy Pfaff, Elizabeth Murray, and Marianne Eigenheer. Through Feb. 13. (Open Mondays.) . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by ten artists which were first exhibited by the artist-dealer Betty Parsons. Jackson Pollock, Saul Steinberg, Barnett Newman, and Theodoros Stamos are among those included. Through Feb. 27.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Armleder—Works on paper. Through Feb. 20. (Newburg, in a new location, at 580 Broadway.)

Tony Bevan—Portrait paintings and other works; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Gene Davis (1920-85)—A survey of his paintings. Through Feb. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Lucien Day—This painter's method of tilting his canvases works especially well in three depictions of the World Trade Center, all of which capture the experience of skyscraper-viewing. Through Wednesday, Feb. 10. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Edward Finnegan—Abstract sculptures, most of them rough stone blocks resting on wood pedestals. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Dale Frank—Abstract mixed-medium paintings; a few have small pillows attached to the canvases. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Mary Hambleton—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 18. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Doris Lubell—A selection of new paintings and of works from the past twenty years. Through Feb. 14. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Winifred Lutz—New sculptures incorporating wood and handmade paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Ken Morgan / Yoko Nagano—Black-and-white paintings on wood. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Reuben Nakian (1897-1986)—Bronzes, terra-cottas, and maquettes for large outdoor pieces. Through Feb. 13. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

John Okulick—Monumental mixed-medium wall reliefs and freestanding cast-bronze sculptures. Through March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

David Reed—Abstract paintings that have a low lustre. Through Feb. 13. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Ernest Shaw—Plywood sculptures that the artist shaped with a chain saw and then painted. Through Feb. 20. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Andrew Spence—Monotypes. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Alan Uglow—An installation of red, yellow, blue, and black aluminum panels; with a soundtrack. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Roger Williams—Recent steel sculptures. Through March 5. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **cutler,** 164 Mercer St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by sixteen artists, including Vikky Alexander, Michael Zwack, and Joseph Kosuth. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: Works by nine emerging artists. Through Feb. 13. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **exit art,** 578 Broadway: Paintings by Komar & Melamid, Martin Wong, Juan Sánchez, Robert Colescott, May Stevens, and others known for expressing social concerns through their art. Through Feb. 13. . . . **hanson,** 415 West Broadway: A show of works in many mediums which had its beginnings in a list compiled by Robert Longo of women artists not included in last year's Documenta 8 exhibit. Julie Wachtel, Barbara Ess, Gretchen Bender, and Rosemarie Trockel are among those represented. Through Tuesday, Feb. 9. . . . **viafora,** 568 Broadway: Seven conceptually diverse paintings and sculptures that share a predilection for geometry or engineering. Through Feb. 13.

OTHER GALLERIES

Tony Bechara—Recent pattern paintings. Through Feb. 13. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

Denise Corley—Portraits painted on linen-covered corrugated plastic. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 13. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Allen Ruppersberg—Wall-to-wall commercially printed posters that contain such impersonal phrases as "Adults Only Please" and that are dotted with framed copies of letters by Woolf, Conrad, Hardy, and others. Through Feb. 13. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Eugène-Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc (1814-79)—Watercolors and drawings by this architect, who championed the restoration of French medieval buildings. Through Feb. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

"Elvis: The King Is Gone but Not Forgotten"—An installation by Joni Mabe containing her (very large) collection of Elvis memorabilia, including a pair of powder-blue fuzzy slippers with plastic Elvis heads on the toes, and her own work inspired by Elvis. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

P.S. 1—The main galleries have separate shows by Noriyuki Haraguchi (sculptural installation), Jackie Winsor (sculptures), Richard Tuttle (sculptures), James Bishop (drawings and paintings), and Peter Fischli and David Weiss (sculptures, photographs, and a video), and a group show, called "The Logic of Display," of paintings and sculptures incorporating photographs. Through March 6. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs that contain references to pop- and high-culture interpretations of romantic love. Artists include Kathe Burkhart, John Franklin, and Josie Robertson. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Neale, 320 Lafayette St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of thirty-eight black-and-white prints by this painter, whose photographs, dated from 1928 to 1932, were found after his death. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Photographs of India. Through Feb. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Jimmy de Sana—Large-scale Cibachrome prints of photocollages. Through Sunday, Feb. 7. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Tony Mendoza / Diane Farris—Black-and-white photographs on which anecdotes have been printed. / Manipulated prints. Through Feb. 20. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Gilad Ophir / Peggy Ann Jones—Black-and-white photographs. / Pinhole-camera prints. Through Feb. 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Large-format Polaroids of Miami, and manipulated black-and-white prints. Through March 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Fragonard paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). The Met exhibit starts Saturday, Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of prints which scans the political and social views of more than a hundred artists working in this country during the past twenty-five years, among them Miriam Schapiro, Jane Dickson, Romare Bearden, and Hans Haacke. Through April 19. . . . **photography:** Prints by Josef Albers. Through April 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of Richard Artschwager's paintings and sculptures from the past twenty-five years. Through April 3. . . . ¶ A Charles Sheeler retrospective containing paintings, drawings, and photo-

graphs. Through April 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ A survey of prints by Alex Katz. Through April 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A survey of present-day Scandinavian crafts contains the work of thirty-five artisans. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of an exhibit of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love," which is often considered his greatest work, are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show of the artist's work which opens this week at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Through Sunday, Feb. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Drake Manuscript consists of two hundred captioned watercolors of life in the West Indies, thought to be the work of someone on the voyages of Sir Francis Drake. The manuscript is on view along with transparencies of the individual pages. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty drawings and watercolors by fifty contemporary American realists, including William Bailey, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, April Gornik, and Walter Hatke. From the collection of Rita Rich. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show documenting the Blizzard of '88, when, as every schoolchild once knew, the weather outside was frightful. Photographs, prints, newspapers, and memorabilia (snowballs preserved in the society's cold storage). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Feb. 1, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, and Luciano Pavarotti; conducted by Carlos Kleiber. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Luisa Miller" (a nonsubscription performance), with Aprile Millo, Mignon Dunn, Ermanno Mauro, and Sherrill Milnes; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Macbeth," with Shirley Verrett, Justino Díaz, Bruno Beccaria, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Leona Mitchell, and Nicola Martinucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2: "Luisa Miller," with Aprile Millo, Mignon Dunn, Ermanno Mauro, and Sherrill Milnes; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, and Luciano Pavarotti; Carlos Kleiber. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Macbeth," with Olivia Stapp, Justino Díaz, Bruno Beccaria, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Leona Mitchell, and Franco De Grandis; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Aprile Millo, Isola Jones, *Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes;* Nello Santi. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

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"Cinderella / Cendrillon"—Final performances of an adaptation of Massenet's 1899 opera "Cendrillon." Conceived and directed by Anne Bogart; a production of the Music-Theatre Group. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 2-5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-3108.)

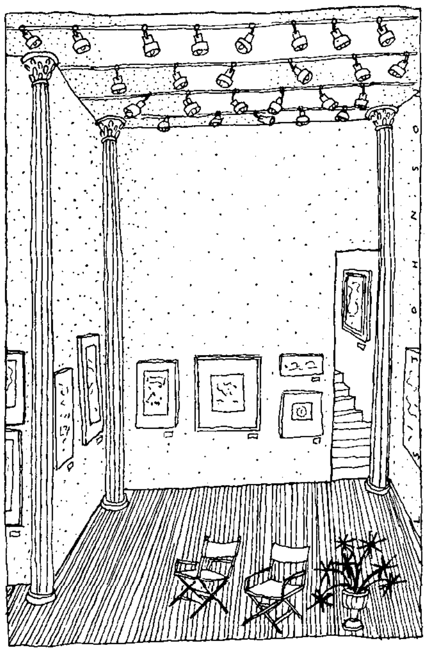
Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8: Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting a Scriabin-Mozart program, with Philip Myers, horn. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 7:30: Charles Dutoit conducting a Haydn-Bartók-Rachmaninoff program, with Zoltan Kocsis, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Brahms-Copland program, with Rudolf Firkušný, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8: Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting music by Sibelius, Mozart, and Ravel, with Franklin Cohen, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5, at 8: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting the New York première of Manfred Trojahn's "Variations for Orchestra" and Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting a program that includes the New York première of Philip Glass's "The Light."



Buffalo Philharmonic—Semyon Bychkov conducting Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 4, with Anne-Sophie Mutter as soloist, and Mahler's Sixth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Australian Chamber Orchestra—Jeffrey Kahane, piano, is the guest artist with this group of musicians, which performs without a *conductor.* (*Grace Rainey Rogers* Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing works by William Byrd, including the "Great Service." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Raquel Boldorini—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

"Schubertiade"—Final performances of this year's installment of the ten-year extravaganza. Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8: The New York Chamber Symphony and the Y Chorale, conducted by Amy Kaiser; the Bartók String Quartet; Cipa and Misha Dichter, piano; and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8: Richard Goode, piano; Hermann Prey, baritone; the Tokyo String Quartet; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8: Frederick Urrey, tenor; the Cleveland Quartet; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: Judith Blegen, soprano; John Cheek, bass; the American String Quartet; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3: Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Mr. Prey; the Vermeer Quartet; and others. (92nd Street Y.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—In a program of music by Vittorio Rieti, with Alexandra Hunt, soprano; Bennett Lerner, piano; and Eriko Sato, violin. The composer, who turned ninety this year, will be present. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—Performing works by Mozart, John Harbison, and Brahms. With Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Muir String Quartet—Playing, among other works, the New York première of Sofia Gubaidulina's Quartet No. 3. (Her second quartet had its première at Alice Tully Hall last week.) (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Michael Webster—Clarinet. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Thomas Lorango—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Music of the Verein Revisited—The third in a four-concert series, this one with Gwendolyn Jones, mezzo-soprano, and the Chester String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

American Chamber Ensemble—In a program of Jewish music. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

Guarneri Quartet—Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: In the second concert in a series of six, this time playing Beethoven Quartets in E Flat Major, A Major, and E Minor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8: With Stanley Drucker, clarinet; David Jolley, horn; Judith LeClair, bassoon; and James Van Demark, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall.)

Mannes Trio—With Marya Martin, flute. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Virtuosi Quintet—With Benton Hess, piano. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2. Tickets are free with museum admission.)

Elisabeth Söderström—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The fourth in a series of six chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting Sequentia, a chamber group, in a program that includes twelfth-century love songs written by troubadours from Provence. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—With Gerald Tarack, violin. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 4. Admission by donation.)

Marian Thompson—Soprano, singing Schubert's song cycle "Winterreise." (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Dorian Wind Quintet—Chamber music, with Lee Hoiby, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Playing new music for the saxophone. With Eugene Rousseau and James Forger, saxophone. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Bennett Lerner—Piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Kiri Te Kanawa—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—The second in a five-concert series of all thirty-two Beethoven quartets. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—With Dawn Upshaw, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Alliance for American Song—Presenting a program of American protest songs, from 1788 to 1985. With Iris Hiskey, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Stephen Oosting, tenor; Glenn Billingsley, baritone; Walter Hilse and Bennett Lerner, piano; and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Note—Mitsuko Uchida, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 8, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Washington Bullets, Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit Pistons, Thursday, Feb. 4, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Chicago Bulls, Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Feb. 6, at 7:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Feb. 7, at 1:30.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Track Meet—Panasonic Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 5, at 6.)

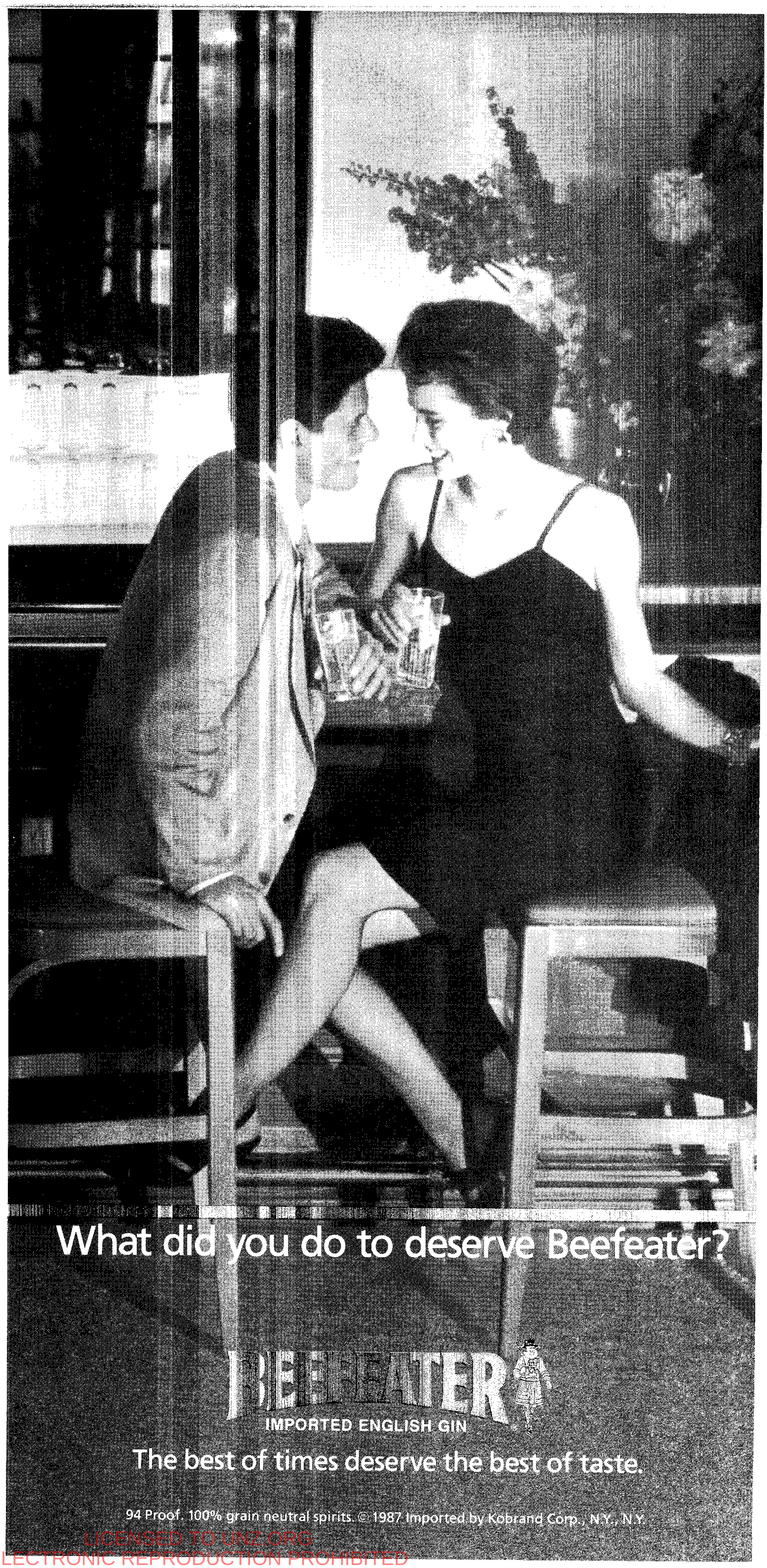
Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—William Stafford and Liz Rosenberg reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Gloria Naylor, Mary Lee Settle, Jeanne Schinto, and Dean Albarelli reading from their own short stories. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 475-5707.)

Lecture—Robert Kiley, the chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, presenting his views on the subway system. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 8-9, starting at 8:30 A.M.)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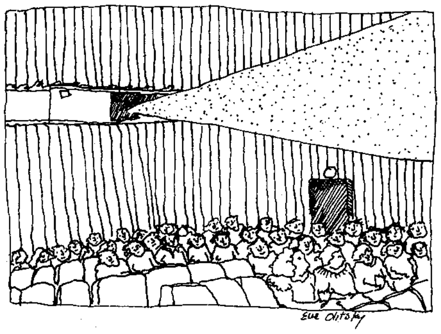
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"The Tree We Hurt" (directed by Dimos Avdeliodis; in Greek); and "The Red Balloon" (1956; Albert Lamorisse; a French film, without dialogue).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 2: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 3: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 4: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito. From Feb. 5: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson. From Feb. 5: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Hope and Glory" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "You Can't Hurry Love" (Richard Martini), with David Packer. From Feb. 5: "Cop" (James B. Harris), with James Woods and Charles Durning.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd. From Feb. 5: "Julia and Julia" (Peter Del Monte), with Kathleen Turner, Gabriel Byrne, and Sting.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Braddock: Missing in Action III" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris. From Feb. 5: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 4: "Ironweed" (†).
From Feb. 5: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"You Can't Hurry Love" (Richard Martini), with David Packer.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito. From Feb. 5: "Cop" (James B. Harris), with James Woods and Charles Durning.
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 2: "Three Strange Loves" (1949; directed by Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Birger Malmsten and Eva Henning. From Feb. 3: "Hoxsey: Quacks Who Cure Cancer?" (Ken Ausubel), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "Matewan" (†). From Feb. 5: "The Computer Animation Show."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Tampopo" (†). From Feb. 5: (Separate admissions) "Tampopo" (†) and "Patti Rocks" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 2: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "Housekeeping" (†). From Feb. 5 (tentative): "Julia and Julia" (Peter Del Monte), with Kathleen Turner, Gabriel Byrne, and Sting.
Theatre 2: "King Lear" (Jean-Luc Godard).
Theatre 3: "Singing the Blues in Red" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "You Can't Hurry Love" (Richard Martini), with David Packer. From Feb. 5: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 3: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Feb. 4: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.
From Feb. 5 (tentative): "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Promised Land" (Michael Hoffman), with Kiefer Sutherland and Meg Ryan.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Cry Freedom" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through Feb. 3: "Housekeeping" (†).
From Feb. 4: "Distant Harmony" (DeWitt Sage), a documentary about Luciano Pavarotti's tour of China in 1986.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Grand Highway" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Jean de Florette" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 4: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.
From Feb. 5: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Mélo" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Sabine Azema, Fanny Ardant, and André Dussollier.
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Half of Heaven" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Family" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Last Emperor" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 6: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 2: "Patti Rocks" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Feb. 4: "You Can't Hurry Love" (Richard Martini), with David Packer.
From Feb. 5: To be announced.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster. From Feb. 5: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Anguish" (directed by Bigas Luna), with Zelda Rubinstein and Michael Lerner.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cold Steel."
Theatre 4: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
Theatre 5: "Empire of the Sun" (†).
Theatre 6: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
Theatre 3: "Eddie Murphy Raw."
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 4: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
From Feb. 5: "Cop" (James B. Harris), with James Woods and Charles Durning.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Feb. 4: "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).
From Feb. 5: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Braddock: Missing in Action III" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Moonstruck" (†).

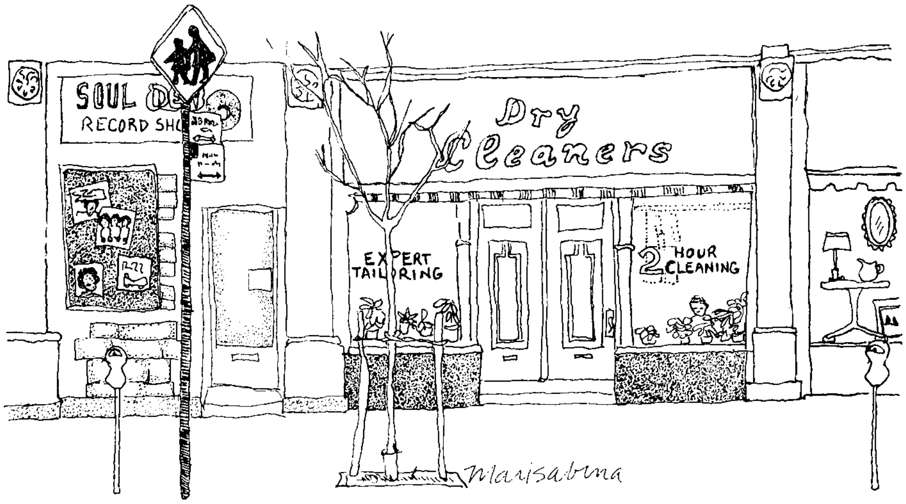
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 2: "Law of Desire" (1986; directed by Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Eusebio Poncela, and Antonio Banderas; and "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (1986; Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Feb. 3-4: "A Man in Love" (1987; Diane Kurys; in English, French, and Italian), with Greta Scacchi, Peter Coyote, Peter Riegert, Claudia Cardinale, and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962; Serge Bourguignon; in French), with Hardy Krüger and Nicole Courcel.
Feb. 5-6: "Land of Promise" (1975; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
Feb. 7: "Sotto, Sotto" (1985; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian); and "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.
Feb. 8-9: "Suspiria" (1977; Dario Argento), with Jessica Harper; and "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave.
From Feb. 10: "Gothic" (1987; Ken Russell); and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Feb. 1: A program of film clips showing black traditions in popular dance.
Feb. 2: "Small Town Girl" (1953; Leslie Kardos), with Jane Powell, Farley Granger, Bobby Van, and Billie Burke; and "I Love Melvin" (1953; Don Weis), with Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Una Merkel.
Feb. 3: "Alicia" (1977; Victor Casaus; in Spanish), a documentary on the Cuban ballerina Alicia Alonso; "Pavlova: Immortal Swan" (1935; Edward Nakhimoff); and "Giselle" (1964), danced by Alicia Alonso.
Feb. 4: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray; and "Yolanda and the Thief" (1945; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire and Lucille Bremer.
Feb. 5-6: "Tangos: The Exile of Gardel" (1985; Fernando E. Solanas; in French and Spanish); and "Carmen" (1983; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Feb. 7: "Don Quixote" (1973), danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Robert Helpmann, and the Australian Ballet; and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary about Maya Plisetskaya.
Feb. 8: "French Cancan" (1954; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf; and "Invitation to the Dance" (1956; Gene Kelly), with Kelly and Tamara Toumanova.
Feb. 9: "Mambo Madness and Other Latin Rhythms," a program of films showing Latin dance in America from 1930 to 1950; and "Creation of the World" (1978; Vera de Figueiredo).
From Feb. 10: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933; Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, and Aline MacMahon; and "Footlight Parade" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 1: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "I Shot Jesse James" (1949; Samuel Fuller), with Preston Foster and Barbara Britton.
Feb. 2: "O. Henry's Full House" (1952), five stories, each by a different director; and "We're Not Married" (1952; Edmund Goulding), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen, and Victor Moore.
Feb. 3: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell; and "It's a Great Feeling" (1949; David Butler), with Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, and Doris Day.
Feb. 4: "Cal" (1984; Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch; and "Danny Boy" (1984; Neil Jordan), with Stephen Rea and Honor Heffernan.
Feb. 5-6: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975; Dick Richards), with Robert Mitchum.
Feb. 7: "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
Feb. 8: "Shockproof" (1949; Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight; and "The Steel Helmet" (1951; Samuel Fuller), with Robert Hutton and James Edwards.
Feb. 9: "One P.M." (1969; Donn Pennebaker), with Rip Torn; "All Boys Are Called Patrick" (1957; Jean-Luc Godard; a short film, in French); and "See You at Mao" (1970; Jean-Luc Godard), a documentary.
Feb. 10: "What's the Matter with Helen?" (1971; Curtis Harrington), with Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 1: "October" (1927; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).
Feb. 2: "Charlie Chan in Rio" (1941; Harry



School of American Ballet student performance: Merrill Ashley. Copyright:Martha Swope, 1967.

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Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Feb. 3: "Flamingo Road" (Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, and David Brian; and "Sadie McKee" (1934; Clarence Brown), with Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Edward Arnold, and Gene Raymond.

Feb. 4: "The Last Hurrah" (1958; John Ford), with Spencer Tracy, James Gleason, Pat O'Brien, and Jeffrey Hunter; and "All the King's Men" (1949; Robert Rossen), with Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick.

Feb. 5-6: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

Feb. 7: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

Feb. 8: "Playtime" (1968) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Feb. 9: "Bound for Glory" (1976; Hal Ashby), with David Carradine; and "Leadbelly" (1976; Gordon Parks), with Roger E. Mosley.

Feb. 10: "Little Murders" (1971; Alan Arkin), with Elliott Gould; and "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" (1966; Norman Jewison), with Alan Arkin, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters, and Brian Keith.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490); a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Feb. 5 at 2:30: "Luciano Serra Pilota" (1938; directed by Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Amedeo Nazzari.... ¶ Feb. 5 at 6: "La Corona di Ferro" (1941; Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Gino Cervi.... ¶ Feb. 6 at 2: "Sissignora" (1941; Ferdinando M. Poggioli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Emma and Irma Gramatica.... ¶ Feb. 6 at 5: "Four Steps in the Clouds" (1943; Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Gino Cervi.... ¶ Feb. 7 at 2: "Non Mi Muovo!" (1943; Giorgio M. Simonelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Eduardo, Peppino, and Titina De Filippo.... ¶ Feb. 7 at 5: "L'Uomo Dalla Croce" (1943; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Tavazzi.... ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: "La Corona di Ferro." . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "Luciano Serra Pilota." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Four Steps in the Clouds." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 6: "Sissignora."

Theatre 2: Feb. 1 at 3 and 6:30: "Orpheus" (1950; Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.... ¶ Feb. 2 at 3 and 6:30: "The Gunfighter" (1950; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Helen Westcott, and Millard Mitchell.... ¶ Feb. 4 at 3 and 6:30: "Romeria: Day of the Virgin" (1986; Jerome R. Mintz), a documentary.... ¶ Feb. 5 at 3 and 6:30: "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles); and "White Mane" (1953; Albert Lamorisse; a short film).... ¶ Feb. 6 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles).... ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Lusty Men" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy.... ¶ Feb. 8 at 6:30: A program of short films by Donna Cameron, who will be present.... ¶ Feb. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Machiko Kyo and Masayuki Mori.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of the films of Keisuke Kinoshita, all in Japanese, with English subtitles. Feb. 2 at 6:30: "The Impulsive Murder of My Son" (1979), with Tomisaburo Wakayama.... ¶ Feb. 5 at 6:30: "The Children of Nagasaki" (1983), with Go Kato.... ¶ Feb. 9 at 6:30: "Times of Joy and Sorrow" (1957), with Hideko Takamine.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason.... ¶ Through March 1: "New York World Television Festival," a program of twenty-seven international productions that have won awards during the past year. The schedules of performances are complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Feb. 1 at 8: "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese, with English subtitles).... ¶ Feb. 2 at 8: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1964; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles).... ¶ Feb. 3 at 8: "Magnificent Obsession" (1954; Douglas Sirk), with Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman; and "Rabbit's Moon" (1950; Kenneth Anger).... ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: "The Flower Thief" (1961; Ron Rice), with Taylor Mead.... ¶ Feb. 5 at 8: A program of films by Alexis Krasilovsky.... ¶ Feb. 6 at 8: "Attack of the Mushroom People" (1963; Inoshiro Honda and Giji Tsuburaya; in Japanese, with English subtitles); and an episode of "Starman," a Japanese television show.... ¶ Feb. 7 at 8: A program of French 8-mm. films by Jean-Claude Rousseau, who will be present.... ¶ Feb. 8 at 8: "Sound of the Mountain" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles).... ¶ Feb. 9 at 8: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles).... ¶ From Feb. 10, showings at 8: A program by dancer-filmmaker-performance artist Ellen Fisher.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Broadcast News—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsman who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything *that she despises. Basically all the picture is* saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/11/88.) (Gramercy, Coronet, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)

Cry Freedom—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (New Carnegie.)

The Dead—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; *Donal Donnelly* is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I.)

Empire of the Sun—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly, though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) John Williams' editorializing music swells and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Beekman, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

The Family—Ettore Scola's chronicle of a *Roman middle-class family from 1906 to* 1986 uses formal gimmicks to disguise its lack of substance. The film's nine episodes take place at precise ten-year intervals; both the first episode and the last involve the taking of a group photograph; and all the action is set in the family's spacious apartment. Scola is a proficient craftsman, and the movie never seems claustrophobic. It might be better if it did feel more confined, though: the exercise would have some point, at least. As it is, the film's comfortable European-humanist manner is infuriating. Scola and his co-scenarists (Ruggero Maccari and Furio Scarpelli) work the dull middle ground of human experience—amazingly little happens to any of this family's dozens of members—but the story's uneventfulness doesn't really mean anything, either. The filmmakers seem to be aiming for the blandest kind of universality. They want to celebrate ordinary life, but without daring to seem ordinary themselves: terrified of boring us with the crushing sameness of the everyday, *they fill* the movie with little "touches," bits of business to keep us chuckling contentedly. If we didn't know better, we'd swear that this fussy, empty movie had been made to demonstrate the decadence of bourgeois filmmaking, European style. With Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ardant, Stefania Sandrelli, Andrea Occhipinti, Jo Ciampa, and, in a cameo, Philippe Noiret. In Italian.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (Bay Cinema, Cinema II, Art Greenwich Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Half of Heaven—Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón's film, set in Franco's Spain in the years following the Second World War, has an odd, elusive tone. It tells the story of Rosa (Angela Molina), a smart, energetic country woman who, after a series of small adventures, winds up as the owner of a fancy restaurant in Madrid. There are elements of soap opera in the way the narrative moves—from struggle to heartbreak to triumph—mixed with a fantastic, magic-realist strain. Both Rosa's grandmother and her own daughter have witchlike powers, which they use in very ambiguous ways. Rosa herself is spectacularly down-to-earth, and often doesn't know what to make of the supernatural interventions in the determinedly normal course of her life. Gutiérrez Aragón directs in the spirit of his heroine. His uninsistent, one-thing-after-another style is a mixed blessing: when the story takes its more flamboyant turns, his detachment produces distinctive comic effects; at other times, not enough seems to be happening on the screen. Despite the occasional dead patch, the movie is generally absorbing and enjoyable. Molina is lovely and skillful, and Fernando Fernán-Gómez, as a drunken middle-aged government official who guides Rosa in the more earthbound aspects of her life in Madrid, gives a richly funny performance. Also with Margarita Lozano, as the grandmother, and Carolina Silva, as Rosa's strange daughter, Olvido. Screenplay by the director and Luis Megino. In Spanish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

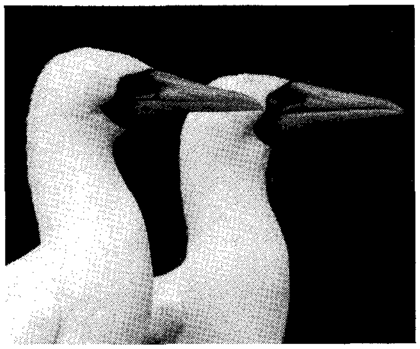
Ironweed—The director, Hector Babenco, treats William Kennedy's Albany novel, set in 1938, as a joyless classic; the movie has no momentum—the running time (two hours and twenty-four minutes) is like a death sentence. As Francis Phelan, the alcoholic hobo hero who is torn by guilt over the family he deserted twenty-two years ago and sees the phantoms of men he has done violence to, Jack Nicholson seems to be in a slow-motion dream. The only moments of reprieve from all the sombre artistry come when Meryl Streep, who is Francis's hobo crony Helen, sings "He's Me Pal" in the all-out, sentimental-Irish manner of a balladeer of a decade or two earlier; it's a spectacular re-creation of the old technique for "selling a song." Tom Waits, Hy Anzell, and Margaret Whitton provide brief changes of mood and emotion. The screenplay is by Kennedy. (1/11/88) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Feb. 4.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Cinema 3.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne—A spinster in spite of her sensual nature, Judy Hearne, who lives in Dublin, is all pretension. Everybody sees through her, and she knows it, but she can't get rid of her own mealymouthed phoniness: it's ingrained in her. Maggie Smith, who plays the part, lets you read every shade of feeling in Judy's face; she makes you feel the ghastliness of knowing you're a figure of fun. Taken from Brian Moore's 1955 novel (a work of surpassing empathy written when he was only twenty-seven), the movie, directed by Jack Clayton, is a phenomenal piece of work. It's about Judy's misunderstanding the attentions of

South America's Booby Prize.



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her landlady's brother (Bob Hoskins) and thinking herself to be in the midst of a romance; it's about her isolation, her secret drinking, and her rage against the Church for her wasted life. Maggie Smith and Wendy Hiller (who plays Judy's tyrannical aunt) are magnificent together, and Ian McNeice, who plays the landlady's son, gives the film a baroque touch that helps offset the shallow, virtuous ending. The adaptation is by Peter Nelson. (12/28/87) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette": changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French.—T.R. (Plaza.)

Matewan—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. Sayles may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, Anita Gillette, Louis Guss, Feodor Chaliapin, and Nada Despotovich. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. Cinematography by David Watkin; musical score by Dick Hyman; editing by Lou Lombardo. Shot in Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Toronto. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Warner.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

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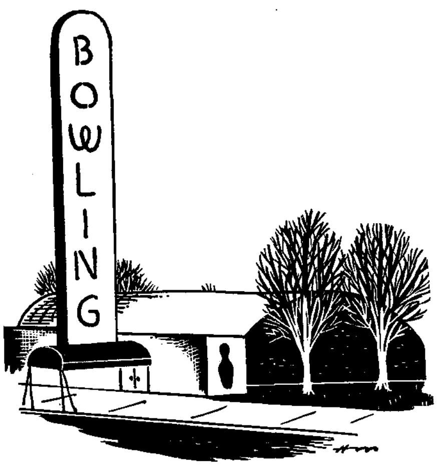
Patti Rocks—David Burton Morris's low-budget drama means to tell us something new about the war between men and women, but the movie is heavy-spirited and monotonous. Billy (Chris Mulkey), a working-class husband and father who considers himself quite a stud, is appalled when one of his girlfriends, Patti Rocks (Karen Landry), gets pregnant and won't have an abortion. He drives all night, in the company of his divorced friend Eddie (John Jenkins), to visit her and persuade her to change her mind. The conversation between the two men while they're on the road is the centerpiece of the movie; it's designed to bring out their hideously sexist attitudes, which will later be challenged by Patti's quiet strength. Billy's discourse is particularly colorful; he has a prodigious array of demeaning sexual epithets, most of which have nasty, violent overtones. He really is a pig—but that's *all* he is. Once the guys get to Patti's apartment, it's clear that the movie isn't going anywhere very interesting.—T.R. (Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Feb. 5.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Singing the Blues in Red—As an exercise in left-wing self-examination, Kenneth Loach's film is doggedly authentic; there's none of the hip posturing and sneaky bad faith that often mar "committed" films. Unfortunately, it's not very lively. The movie, which was released in Europe with the much better title of "Fatherland," focusses on an interesting figure: Klaus Drittemann (Gerulf Pannach), an East German folk singer who's expelled by his government because his songs are critical of its totalitarian brand of socialism, but is no happier with Western-style capitalism (here embodied by aggressive reporters, mealy-mouthed Cabinet ministers, and sleazy record-company types). He's skeptical of everything, uncomfortable everywhere. Loach and his screenwriter, the playwright Trevor Griffiths (who also worked on "Reds"), want us to see Drittemann—whose name means Third Man—as a noble, troubled leftist hero, a man whose ideological statelessness is emblematic of the dilemma of European socialism. Pannach projects a wary intelligence that holds our interest for a while, but he never has a light moment, and the performance becomes monotonous. And the film goes terribly wrong in its last third, which is set in England: Loach and Griffiths, as if fearful that their criticisms of East German repression might provide aid and comfort to the reactionary enemy, overload the case against the West. (They don't really *have* to drag in a Nazi collaborator.) The movie is awkward, humorless, intellectually confused, and not very well acted—but it isn't facile, and that's something to be grateful for. Superbly shot by Chris Menges. In German and English. —T.R. (Quad Cinema.)



Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—With Daniel Day-Lewis, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East; starting Feb. 5.)

Wall Street—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas. The dialogue gets overexplicit, the tone becomes desperately moralistic, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?," and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

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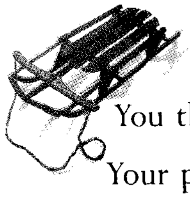

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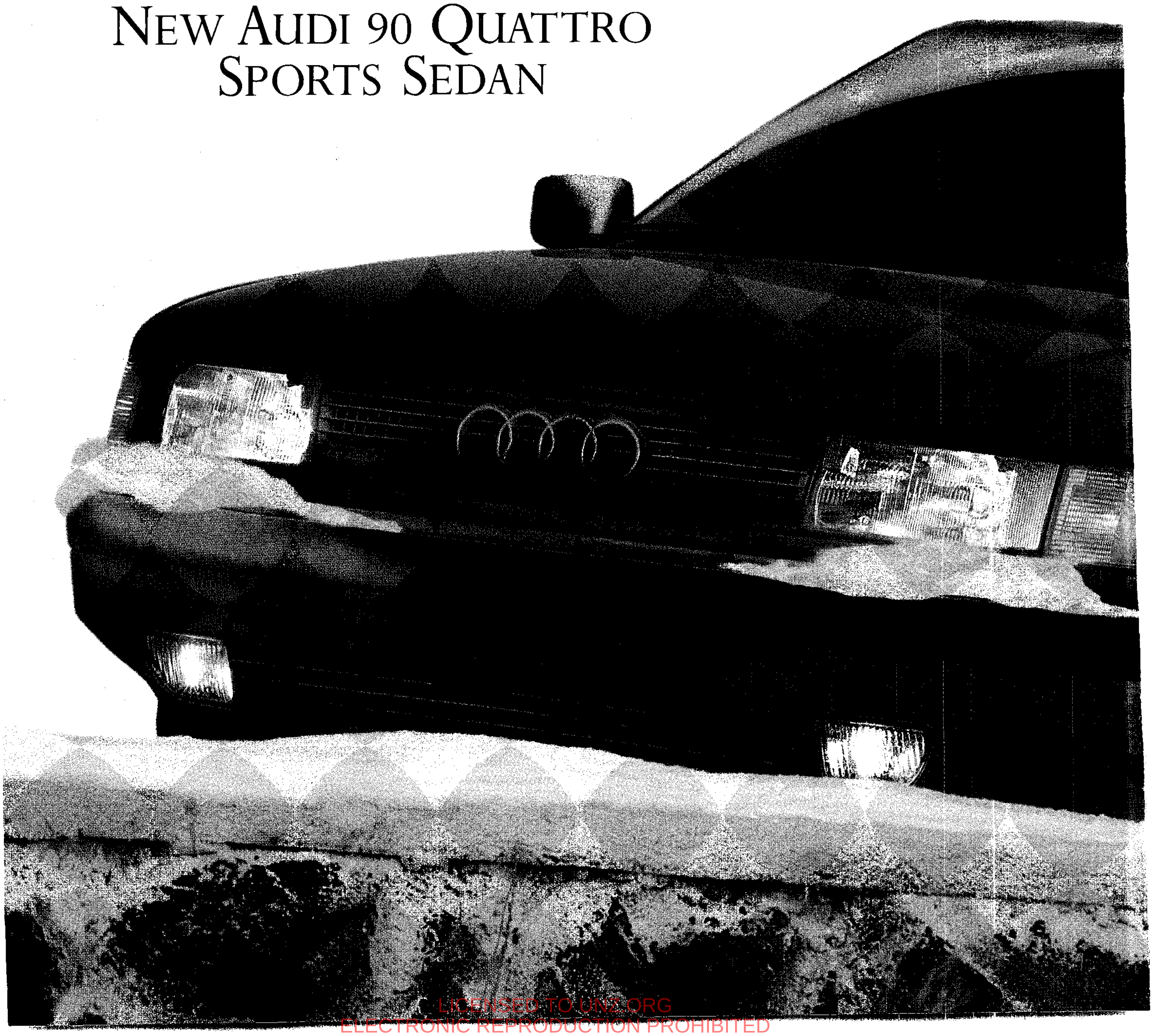

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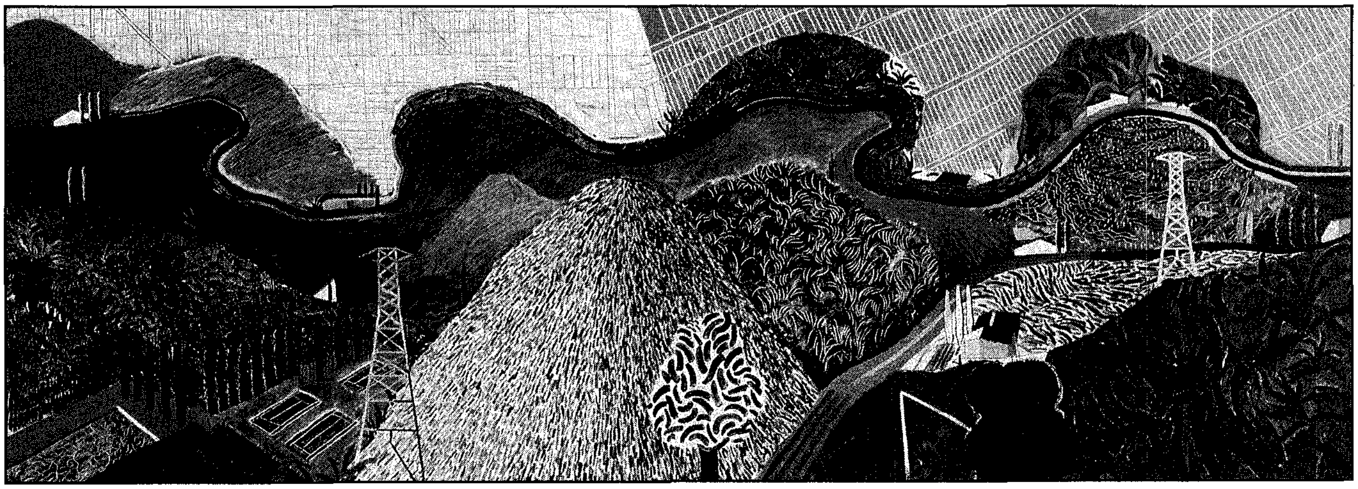
Run away with David Hockney.



MULHOLLAND DRIVE: THE ROAD TO THE STUDIO, 1980. © David Hockney, 1980. Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

Down Mulholland Drive and out onto Pear Blossom Highway, across the Brooklyn Bridge, and under the water in his pool. It's an incredible journey and to celebrate the artist leading the way, AT&T is sponsoring DAVID HOCKNEY: A Retrospective. 150 paintings, 60 drawings, 30 photographs, several suites of prints and illustrated books, as well as examples of Hockney's collaborative work in stage design go on exhibition February 4 at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. The show then travels to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and to the Tate Gallery in London. We at AT&T share David Hockney's point of view: that standing still is not an option. When a unique vision expands our horizons — whether the medium is science and technology or oil and canvas — AT&T is there to make the connection.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

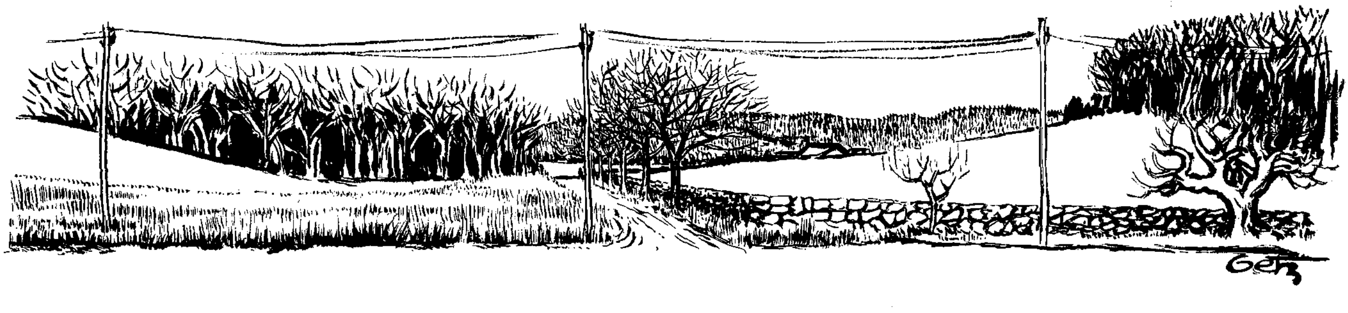
A WELL-KNOWN Polish columnist named Stefan Kisielewski regularly contributes to the aboveground Krakow weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny* and therefore has to keep inventing new ways of sneaking items past the government censor. Among the more entertaining of these innovations is his so-called occasional list. Every so often, under some such heading as "*Moje Typy*" ("My Picks") he offers a simple catalogue of proper names, in alphabetical order: "Jerzy Adamski, Jerzy Ambroziewicz, Zdzislaw Antos, Tadeusz Barzdo, Maksymilian Berezowksi . . ." Two short columns, of forty or fifty proper names, with no amplifying comments whatsoever, yet everyone in Poland knows that to appear on Kisielewski's list is to be singled out as the lowest sort of scoundrel. (Once, in a subsequent column, Kisielewski published a retraction of a name on his list, and everybody knew what *that* meant, too.) The censor, of course, is confounded, for what, precisely, is there to censor?

Lately, we've been thinking about Mr. Kisielewski and his list while reading our own daily journals of record, and a parallel sort of list has been taking shape in our own mind—not a list of names but, rather, a list of stories that seem to us to require no elucidation.

There's the case of Andrei Mukhin, a Soviet research associate affiliated with the All-Union Mental Health Research Center, who was recently quoted in an article in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (subsequently reprinted in the *Times*) on the subject of the mental health of dissidents. "Along with pronounced forms of mental illness, there also exist ill-defined forms," Mr. Mukhin said. "In the latter instance, a nonspecialist might not understand that he is dealing with a mentally ill person. However, that person could be obsessed by any pathological idea. He might think he is a psychic, a prophet, a messiah, or perhaps a rights activist."

Then, there's a sequel to the story of S. Brian Willson, the Vietnam veteran who engaged in an act of peaceful civil disobedience protesting United States military support for the Nicaraguan Contras. Last September, after informing the proper authorities, he and some fellow-protesters, in an attempt to stall the passage of an oncoming weapons-laden train, sat down on the railroad tracks leading out of the Navy's Concord Naval Weapons Station, near San Francisco. The train, instead of slowing down, speeded up, and ran over Mr. Willson, dragging him several dozen yards, cracking his skull so badly that his brain could be seen, and severing both his legs—this in full view of a crowd of media observers and other spectators, including Mr. Willson's wife and son. (According to the Navy's report on the incident, at the moment of impact the train was going sixteen miles per hour in a five-mile-per-hour zone.) Late last month, Ralph Dawson, David Humiston, and Robert Mayfield, the civilian members of the train crew, filed papers in a California Superior Court suing Willson for the "humiliation, embarrassment, [and] emotional distress" that the incident had caused *them*.

And then there are the seemingly endless instances involving Elliott Abrams, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, who has been turning up all the time lately on TV and in the newspapers as Congress has been preparing to vote on the latest request for aid to the Contras. Abrams framed one demand after another that the Nicaraguans would have to meet before the Reagan Administration would acknowledge that the Sandinista government was entering into compliance with the Arias peace plan, which would require the Reagan Administration to withdraw its request for further Contra funding. When Nicaragua's President, Daniel Ortega, acceded to every one of those conditions, Abrams (famous for his defiant testimony last summer before the Iran-Contra hearings, in which he admitted to having deceived several congressional committees about the Administration's then illegal Contra initiatives) suddenly reversed field and, in interview after interview, demanded to know



how anyone could be expected to trust Daniel Ortega.

Meanwhile, another Administration official, when he was pressed about the Sandinistas' repeated assertions that they have a right to self-defense, replied that such a claim might “be right under international law, but it's really a matter of who has the power.”

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Intuflo

THE Intuflo Hardware Store, on Columbus Avenue near Sixty-eighth Street, knows that man does not live by wing nuts or duct tape or power sanders alone, though it obliges its customers by stocking all these. On alternate Tuesday nights, Intuflo services its customers' souls, by holding a series of poetry readings. Metal folding chairs are arranged in two single lines down the store's center aisle; wine and seltzer are set out on the counter at the back; a homemade lectern, painted yellow and blue, is put in place on the platform at the front of the store, between the Combat Roach Control System display and the rotating rack of nylon laundry bags in various colors; a spotlight, trained on the lectern, is clamped to the back of a chair propped on top of some piled-up bags of rock salt. The store's Wheel of Discounts, a giant wooden carnival-style pinwheel, its sections painted red, green, blue, and yellow, and numbered with gold stick-on labels (a lucky customer can win the option to buy a three-ninety-eight paintbrush, say, for a dollar), is used as a backdrop.

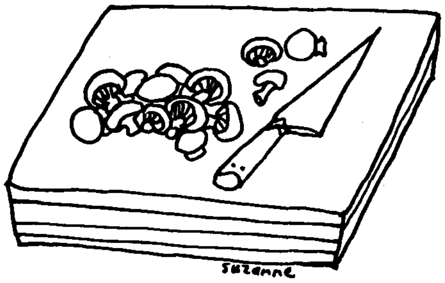
The name Intuflo is a contraction of “intuition flow,” and it and the store are twin brainchildren of Richard Savitsky, the store's head, who is a former entertainment and real-estate lawyer and a recent co-founder of a firm specializing in malpractice suits against lawyers and banks. Mr. Savitsky is also the author of what he calls the Intuflo Economic Support Theory. “If you surround people with the support mechanism necessary to effect their ideas,” he explains, “you help them to do what they do best, and everybody profits, economically as well as spiritually.” Mr. Savitsky has written poetry himself on occasion. He conceives of his hardware stores (there's another Intuflo, in the East Village, which he says is “an adjunct” to the Sixty-eighth Street store) as “centers for ideas and for the diversification of products, where people of common interests can come in and get together.” What kinds of interests? All kinds. “Maybe we'll have a philatelists' night,” he says.

One recent evening, Susan Baran, a small-boned blonde who is a poet and, along with a fellow-poet, Marc Cohen, a co-director of the series, stepped up in front of the Wheel of Discounts to welcome an audience of thirty or so, many of whose members had been greeting one another by name. As she introduced Michael Malinowitz, the first poet on the program, our eyes went shopping, taking in the Day-Glo orange Bigfoot Super Snow Pushers standing upside down in a cardboard box, like pencils in a mug; the enamelled shopping carts (red or black) hanging overhead; and, to our right, a pegboard wall on which were displayed a Skil variable-speed jigsaw, a Titan dual-heat utility heater, a Black & Decker Dustbuster Plus, a Rival ice crusher, a Sure Fire self-lighting propane-torch kit, a First Alert rechargeable flashlight, a Hydro-Sweep water-powered super broom, and a d-Con automatic fogger.

Mr. Malinowitz, who is an editor of *The Bad Henry Review* and a former student of John Ashbery's, has a serious face and dark hair just beginning to gray in front; he was wearing a band-collared gray-and-green striped shirt and jeans. (What, we wondered, is an automatic fogger?) He declaimed his poems in an even voice, with an endearing air of modesty, verging on apology: he would hasten to the end of a sentence or a line, and occasionally read roughshod over the punctuation. The poems that Mr. Malinowitz read were a selection from his work of the past five years. They included a poem called “Horror Movie”—a synopsis of the convoluted plot of a film, “Dead of Winter”—which had the audience laughing after the first few mazelike lines. Then he pulled out a dog-eared volume that proved to be his 1987 date book, and recited, haltingly (“I'm having trouble reading my own handwriting,” he said), a random sampling of the five-line poems he has been writing as a kind of diary. This was October 31st:

> A night in the country:
> Three dogs, low heat, love
> Poem, French snoring, floor
> Sleeping—someone stood up
> For Dixie. I didn't shave.

There were entries documenting a vacation, baseball, and liqueurs, but most of the poems were about love, of the rapturous, passionate variety. All in all, Mr. Malinowitz seemed to have had a pretty good year.



After intermission, Ms. Baran introduced the evening's second poet, Nancy Schoenberger, who teaches at the Academy of American Poets and in the M.F.A. program at Columbia. Ms. Schoenberger, a youthful but wise-looking woman wearing an olive-drab cotton skirt and a black sweater, a single strand of pearls, pearl earrings, and red lipstick, began with a poem entitled “Long Like a River,” which addressed the question of whether animals have souls, and was occasioned by the death of her dog, Nemo. When she came to the end, the audience applauded. “Please don't clap between poems,” she said, “because I'll feel sorry for the poems that don't get any applause. But I appreciate the sentiment.” Then Ms. Schoenberger read “Sidereal Time,” a series of vignettes, or “evocations of childhood,” in which an enigmatic father, a test pilot, figured prominently:

> And when the sonic boom
> shakes the classroom to the soles of its feet
> the girl knows her father is working
> and the world is safe. BOOM. BOOM.

And

> He moves from star to star, from hour
>   to hour,
> from minute to minute. The night is long.
> He can be depended on. The night is long.

(On the pegboard wall we noticed an appliance called an inside-the-shell egg scrambler, which claimed on its package to mix the yolk and the white in five seconds. Some more things that caught our eye: a bagel cutter; a Thermo-Grip hot-glue gun; Sheareraft barber shears; an Eveready floating lantern that comes with its own battery.)

Ms. Schoenberger went on to read two travel poems from her book “Girl on a White Porch,” one of which recounted her impressions of a trip to Iran before the revolution. At the end of the last poem, the audience burst into the applause it had been saving.

No one seemed eager to go home. People stood chatting in the aisle or made their way to the back of the store for another plastic cup of wine. (An automatic fogger, we learned upon examining the box more closely, is a do-it-yourself exterminating device that can kill seventeen kinds of bugs in two hours.) Ms. Schoenberger said that when she first saw the Wheel of Discounts she mistook it for a giant dart board. Mr. Malinowitz told us that readings at Intuflo are different from readings elsewhere, and offered an explanation: "I think because these events aren't fancy or official there's a tendency on the part of the poets to read something experimental rather than play it safe with poems that have already been published."

Ms. Schoenberger said, "I like the atmosphere. There's something intimate and refreshing about reading in a hardware store, as opposed to a theatre or an art gallery, where the mood is a little more sombre. And it's visually interesting. If your mind wanders, there's always something to look at."

Sorry

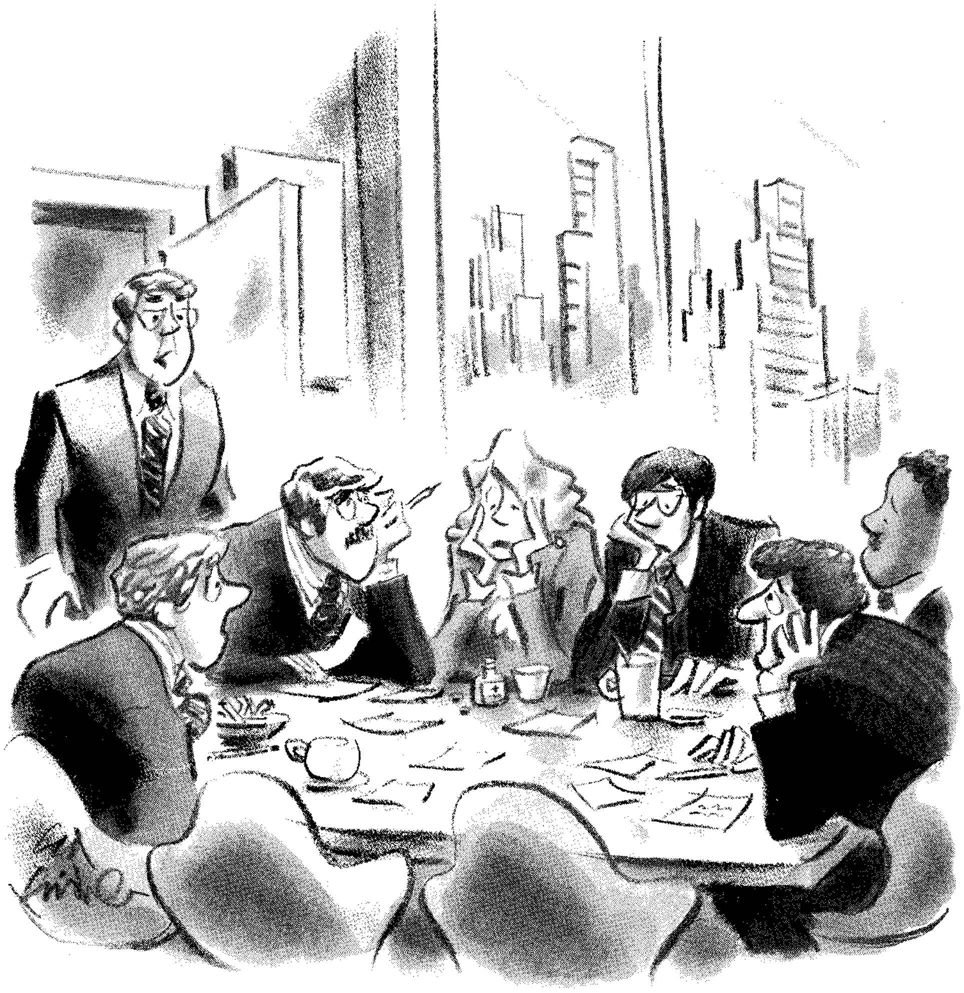
NOTE left inside a Los Angeles Trans Am that had been stolen, found by the police, and returned to its owner:

> Your CB is in the trunk box. The radio is out because I couldn't stop my friend from takin it (insurance will cover radio) I'm sorry it had to be your car but I was lookin for one and the car lot left the key in and unattented
>
> Your left back tire loses a little air at times Your brake light comes on alot and sometimes stays on when you drive (check your brakes)
>
> This sucker eats alot of gas. I don't know why you bought this kind.
>
> I hope this didn't put you out for me takin your car I would have preferred a dealers car. But this was all that was advabale Sorry
>
> Needs gas

Simon Rattle

IF Christopher Robin had become an orchestra conductor, he might have looked a lot like Simon Rattle—a slight, soft-spoken young Englishman with a mop of curly brown hair who is one of the fastest-rising stars in the musical firmament. We had a talk with Mr. Rattle when he was passing through town on his way from California, where he had been a guest conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, to England, where he has been musical director of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra for the past eight years. The Birmingham Symphony, a lively young orchestra with an opulent sound, is rapidly moving into the international orbit and will be making its first American tour this spring. The trip, Mr. Rattle told us, will permit American audiences to compare the Birmingham's recordings—there have been more than twenty—with the real thing. "We've grown and worked together to the point where we make music instinctively," he said. "And we're building a repertoire together, which is exciting. Although I've been a guest conductor recently in Los Angeles and in Berlin, I'm basically monogamous. I've been offered a number of jobs, but nothing anywhere as good as the one that I have."

Mr. Rattle went on to tell us that he'd been around youth orchestras since he was eleven, and that at fifteen he was hired as a percussionist by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, his home-town orchestra. ("They needed somebody to play the marimba, and I was there.") At nineteen, after three years at the Royal Academy of Music, he won a conducting competition ("I did Strauss's 'Don Juan' in fifteen minutes. It was probably the fastest, noisiest, and least subtle performance of the work in history") and found himself directing two professional orchestras—the eighty-member Bournemouth Symphony and the smaller Bournemouth Sinfonietta. He worked with them for two years. "I had an incredible amount to learn," he said, "and wasted some of their time, but there was also a lot of help and encouragement." Now, at thirty-three, he stands near the top of his profession. He has built the Birmingham Symphony into a virtuoso orchestra



"Aw, come on, guys! We've marketed worse candidates!"

• •

that can handle Berio, Henze, and Messiaen as well as Haydn, Mahler, and Strauss, and he has made nineteen television documentaries, in which he conducted and discussed composers from Elgar to Gershwin. "I really thought I'd just be getting started as a conductor about now," he said.

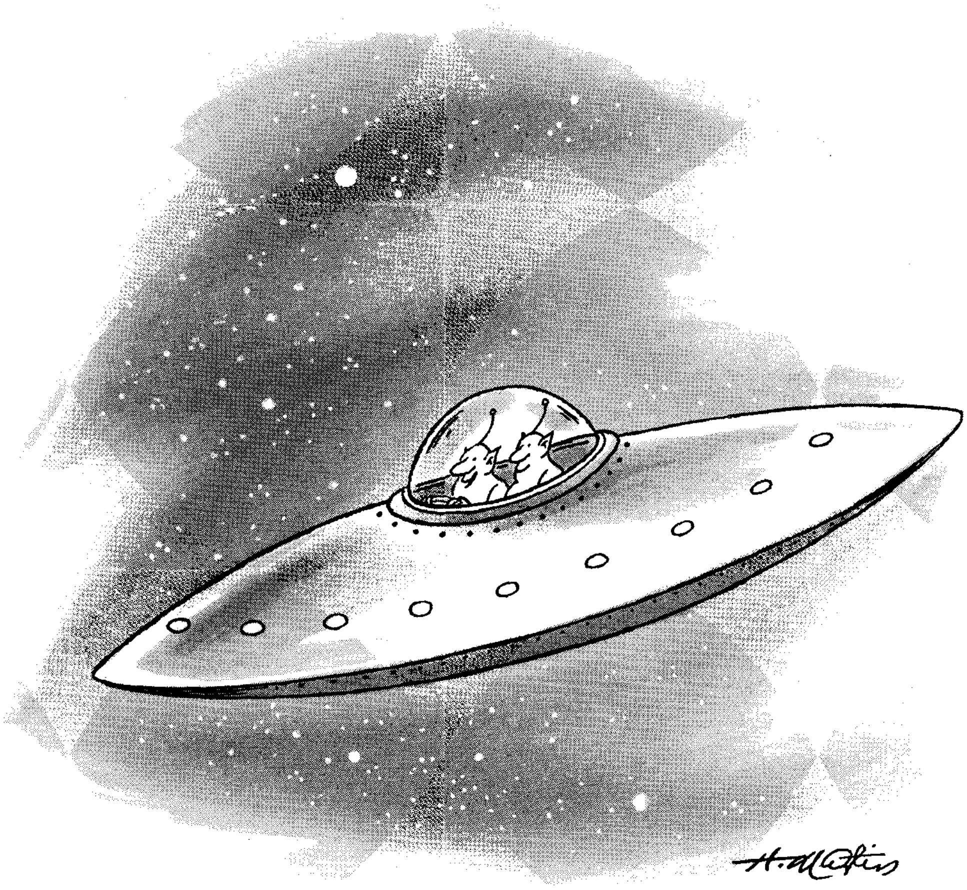
We asked what he'd been conducting in Los Angeles, and he told us that he'd presented the local première of a big choral work by John Adams. "It's called 'Harmonium,' and it's a gorgeous romantic score," he said. "I also programmed a rather unusual concert that combined Beethoven's three 'Leonore' Overtures with Stravinsky's Piano Concerto and Symphony in Three Movements. The three 'Leonore's are a journey through Beethoven's mind, and, as a matter of fact, playing them in sequence was first suggested by Richard Wagner. And putting Stravinsky in there made people think of how the two composers interact."

We asked Mr. Rattle what he considered the main characteristics of the three orchestras—Los Angeles, Birmingham, and Berlin—that he had recently conducted.

"The Berlin Philharmonic has the greatest collective legato that I've ever heard," he said. "The rhythm, the clarity, the long, singing line of its playing, and the power that it has in reserve are absolutely breathtaking. When I did Mahler's Sixth with the Berlin last November, I was so terrified before the first rehearsal that I told my wife, 'If feeling like this is what it means to be conductor, maybe I should find another profession.' But the players' musical response was so immediate, so professional, that conducting them was one of the delights of my life. Los Angeles, where I've done guest conducting since '79, has a full, rich sound that is more immediately percussive and darker than Berlin. It's also a very open, generous orchestra. People come to rehearsals early and are willing to work a lot to get things right. At Birmingham, we've tried hard to create different sounds for different works, so it's not easy to talk about a basic sound. Because it's still growing, I should describe it as an orchestra that tends to make mosaics rather than big tapestries. It's enormously chamber-music oriented, and there's great intensity, but it's not overweight. It's an orchestra that can make Mahler sounds very well, but Bruckner sounds are harder for it. The musicians are willing to commit themselves to the difficult task of building a repertoire of contemporary music. For Henze's Seventh Symphony, which I think is one of the great works of this century, we had twelve rehearsals."

We asked Mr. Rattle about the art of conducting.

"You never conduct as if you were playing the piece yourself," he said. "Orchestras aren't like Stradivarius violins. Orchestras are made up of individuals, and what's important is what musicians do together. I'm less interested in the mechanics of conducting than in the making of music. It's what goes on in the middle—in that invisible space between conductor and orchestra—that can result in the kind of performance that makes everyone happy. We rehearse a lot in Birmingham, but I'm not a disciplinarian. When I've been working somewhere and found that I had to spend most of my time lion-taming, I simply haven't gone back. All conductors encounter situations in which, for reasons of temperament or tradition, things just don't work out. One of my worst experiences was conducting an orchestra where the musicians stood up on chairs and yelled when they disagreed with one another. Since most orchestras and conductors size each other up very quickly, you usually know during the first rehearsal coffee break whether or not there's going to be a problem—by then, all concerned have had time to agree on what they think. The first performance is another testing time, because you don't know how the audience will react. Guest conducting is hard on the nerves—it's like being married to a different person every couple of weeks. It can be a great experience, but it can also be harmful to the repertoire, because as a guest one has to be terribly careful to do only works that can be prepared in a given rehearsal time. Almost all the great orchestras of the past have been built by individuals working away for many years, and it's this tradition that appeals to me. It lingers on long after the conductor has left. I mean, Fritz Reiner is still there in Chicago, Stokowski stayed on in Philadelphia for a long time, Szell's ghost is alive and kicking every time the Cleveland plays Mozart, and Klemperer is still conducting Beethoven with the London Philharmonia, even though there's almost no one left in the orchestra who ever played with him. A conductor can



"Let's buzz Earth. I have a sudden urge for an Egg McMuffin."

have an extraordinary impact on music if he stays in one place long enough, and I mean to do just that."

Ludlow Street

A YOUNG married woman we know writes:

We find a place on the lower East Side. Ludlow Street. No one we know would think of living here. No one we know has ever heard of Ludlow Street. Maybe someday this neighborhood will be the way the Village was before we knew anything about New York, the way the upper West Side was eight years ago, the way the East Village is now. My mother wants to know why we have to be the first to try everything. (She thinks we married too young. Said to me, "Aren't you even going to *live* together first?" Mother likes to be liberal where we're conservative, conservative where we're liberal.) We explain that moving down here is a kind of urban pioneering, and tell her she should be proud. We liken our crossing Houston Street to pioneers' crossing the Rockies. (Was it the Rockies?) We talk hardwood floors, rent stabilization, seven hundred and fifty dollars a month. "Isn't that an awful lot?" Mother wants to know. She lives in Ann Arbor, and has no idea.

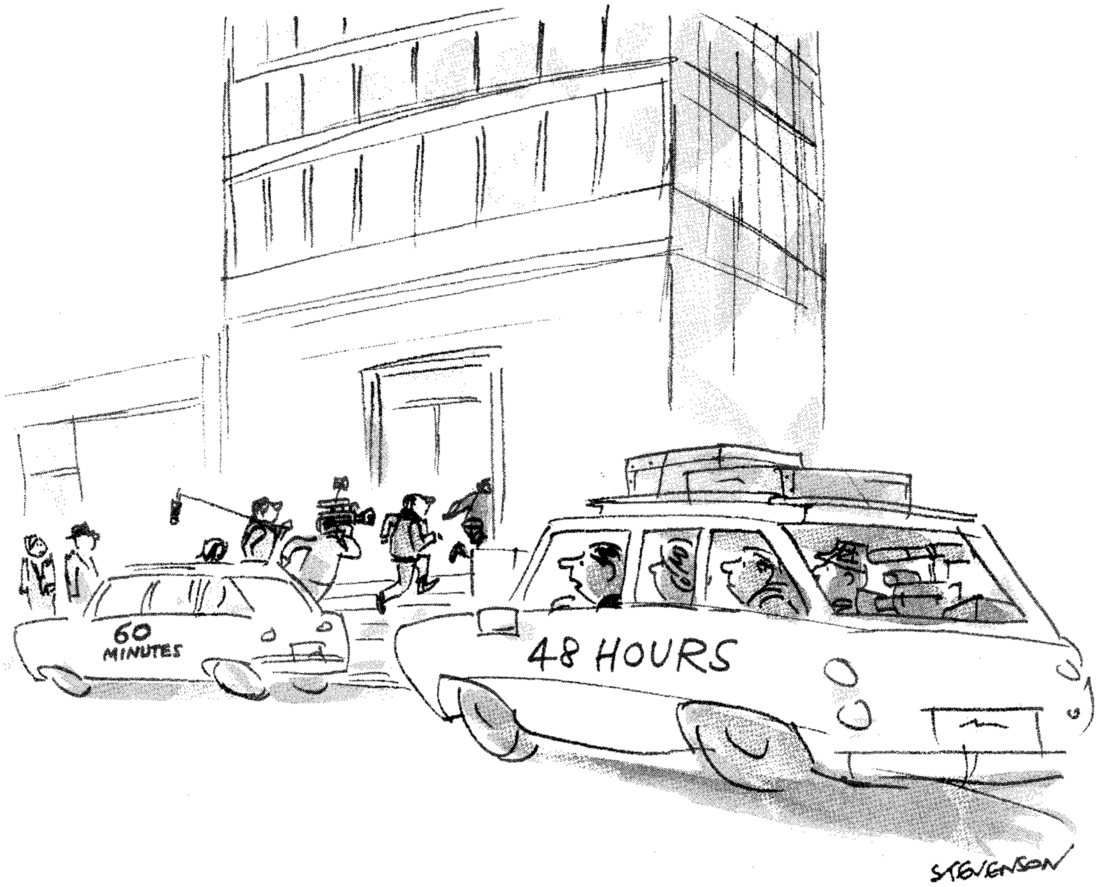
So we discover the ungentrified life. No shops open after six. No *supermarkets*. We can't figure out how to eat. Yellow Pages don't help. We wander until we find a co-op on Grand Street. It's a long walk. We go on Saturdays, take a handcart. We have to buy for a whole week. We get jugs of applesauce, jugs of milk, jugs of everything. Fill our freezer with boneless breast of chicken.

Once we have food, mice move in with us. We find their evidence in the broiler, on top of the fridge. How do they get up there? Then they grow bold. They come out and sniff around while we're home. We break down and tell Mother. She says get mothballs—they hate the smell. How does she know these things? We get mothballs, scatter them around. From every corner, mothballs glitter at us. We live in a cloud of naphthalene.

We brag to Mother that Ludlow Street becomes more chic by the day. East Villagers stomp down here in those British postmen's shoes they wear, and frequent our cheap Mexican restaurant, El Sombrero. They only wish the East Village were still so authentic, so raw, so unhip it's hip. Mother can't get her mind around this concept. She decides to come and see for herself.

We try to pacify Mother with the landmarks of lower-East Side history: Ratner's dairy delicatessen, on Delancey Street; Schapiro's kosher winery; the Henry Street Settlement. Mother seems more interested in the neighborhood's many clothing stores for tots. We show her the former site of Adam Purple's garden, on Eldridge Street, where there are still some purple footprints on the sidewalk. Mother doesn't quite get it. She wants to take me shopping on Orchard, the famous discount-shopping street. She asks her favorite question: "What do you *need?*" My first thought: A black miniskirt. Should I tell her I'm desperate for one? No. Desire for Mother's approval is creeping up on me. I say bras. I need bras. Mother loves this. Bras smack of all that's tidy, clean, civilized. The opposite of life on Ludlow Street. Mother follows her nose to a girdle shop, run by a Chassidic couple. Pleasant woman in a kerchief asks me my size while her husband, in a black hat, sits in a chair watching. I balk. Mother reads my thoughts, and I read hers. She thinks I'm being a twerp. She announces my size—remembers it immediately, as if it were her birth date. The outing is a success.

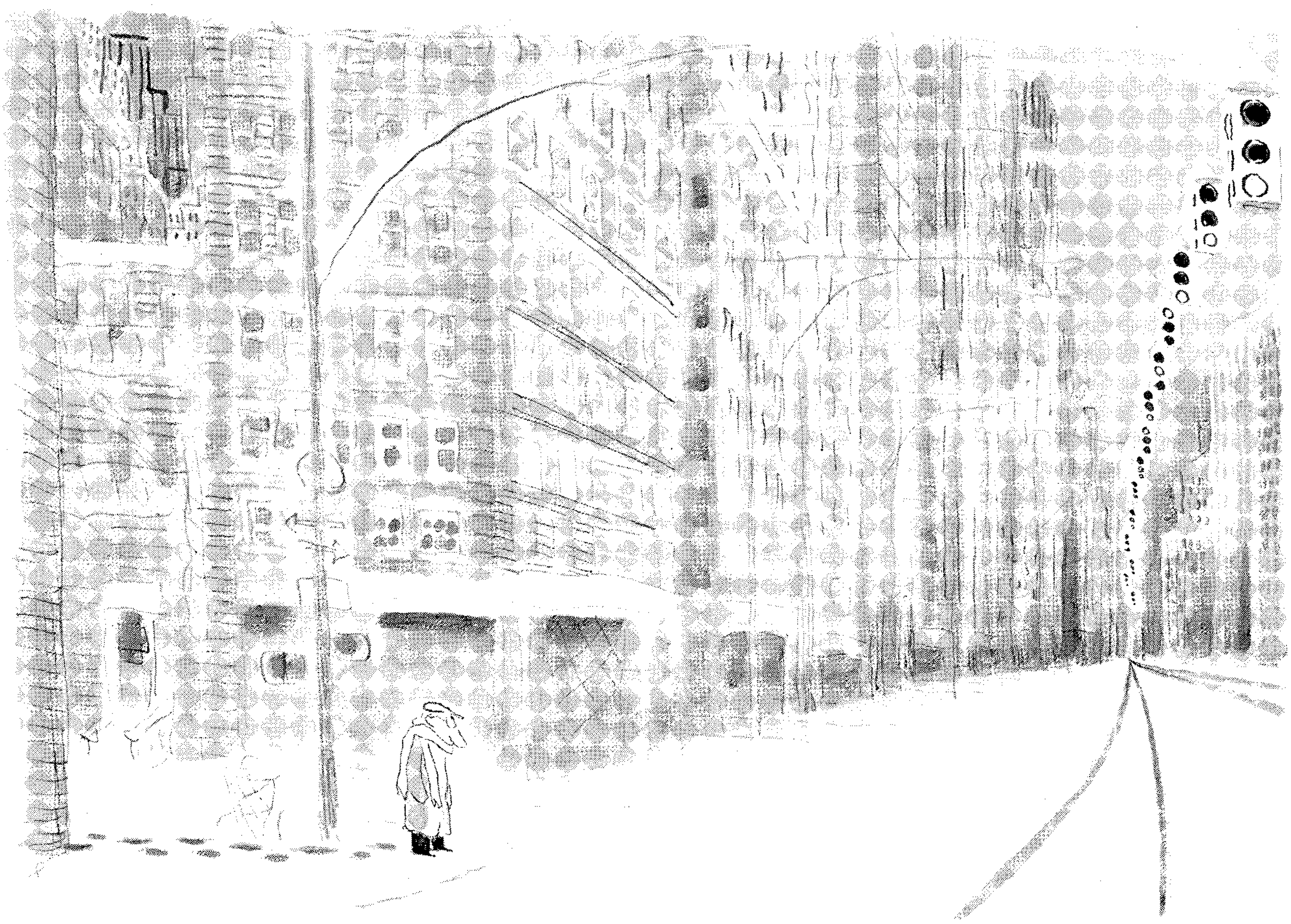
At bedtime, Mother chooses the hardwood floor over the couch. We can't take responsibility for *that*. She does admire our high ceilings and old-fashioned radiators. And the iron gates on the windows—she says they look Parisian. So what doesn't she like? The only thing left is the square footage. Before long, she blurts out that the place isn't big enough for one, let alone two. We say it doesn't matter. We're married! Let us be crowded. We *like* each other. Ha! A window in Mother's mind pops open. Mother can *relate*. Mother's happy we're happy.



"*Oh-oh.*"

• •

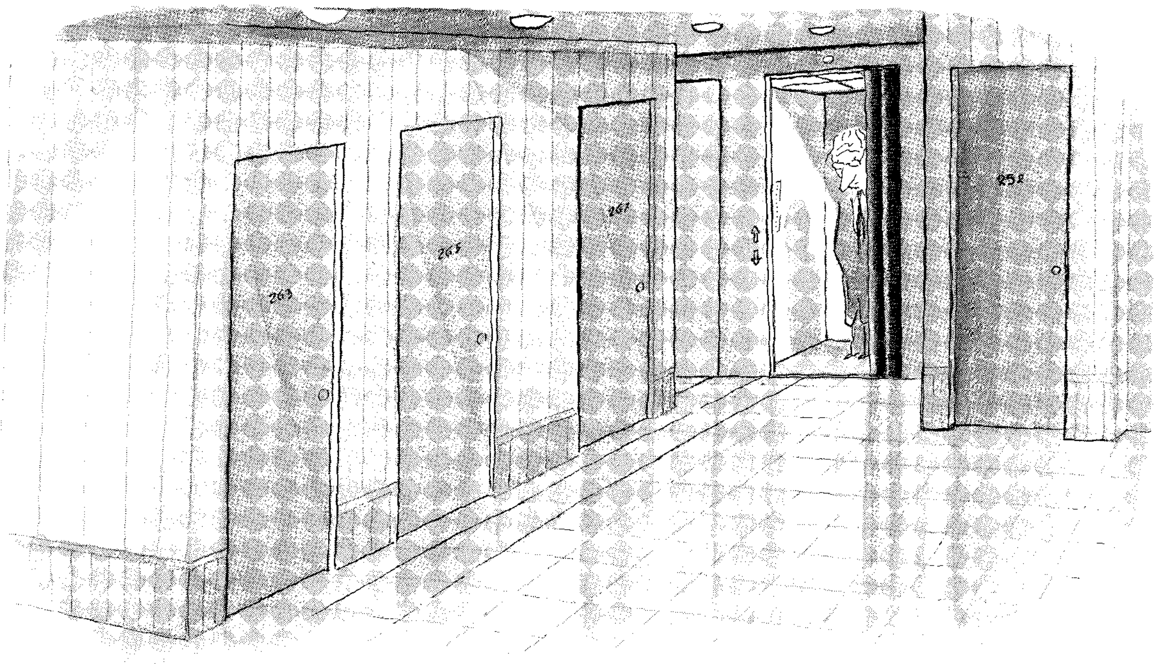
PAR AVION

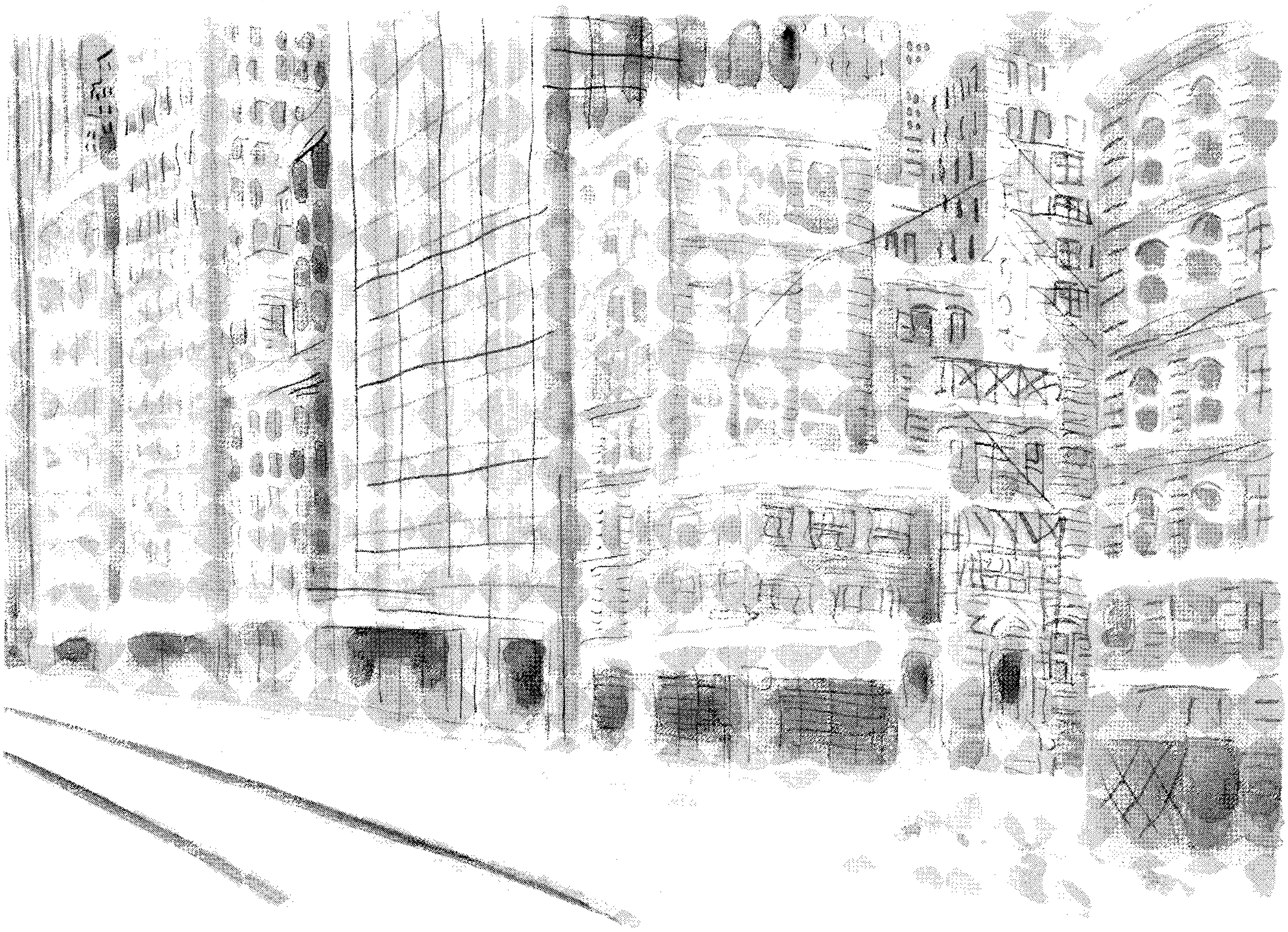


Dear René-Alexis,

Imagine yourself alone in New York on a snowy Sunday morning. You pause at an intersection as the stoplights direct the phantom traffic.

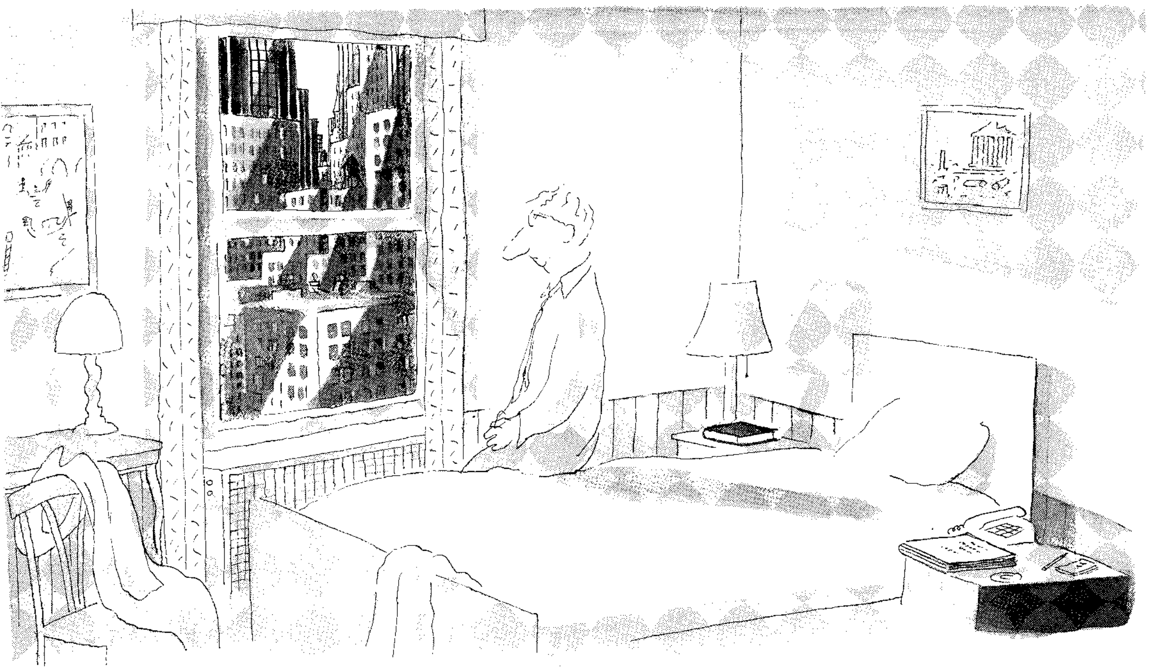
Imagine yourself ascending to your hotel room in an elevator which stops, unbidden, at floor after floor. (Silently, the doors open and close, yet no one joins you.)

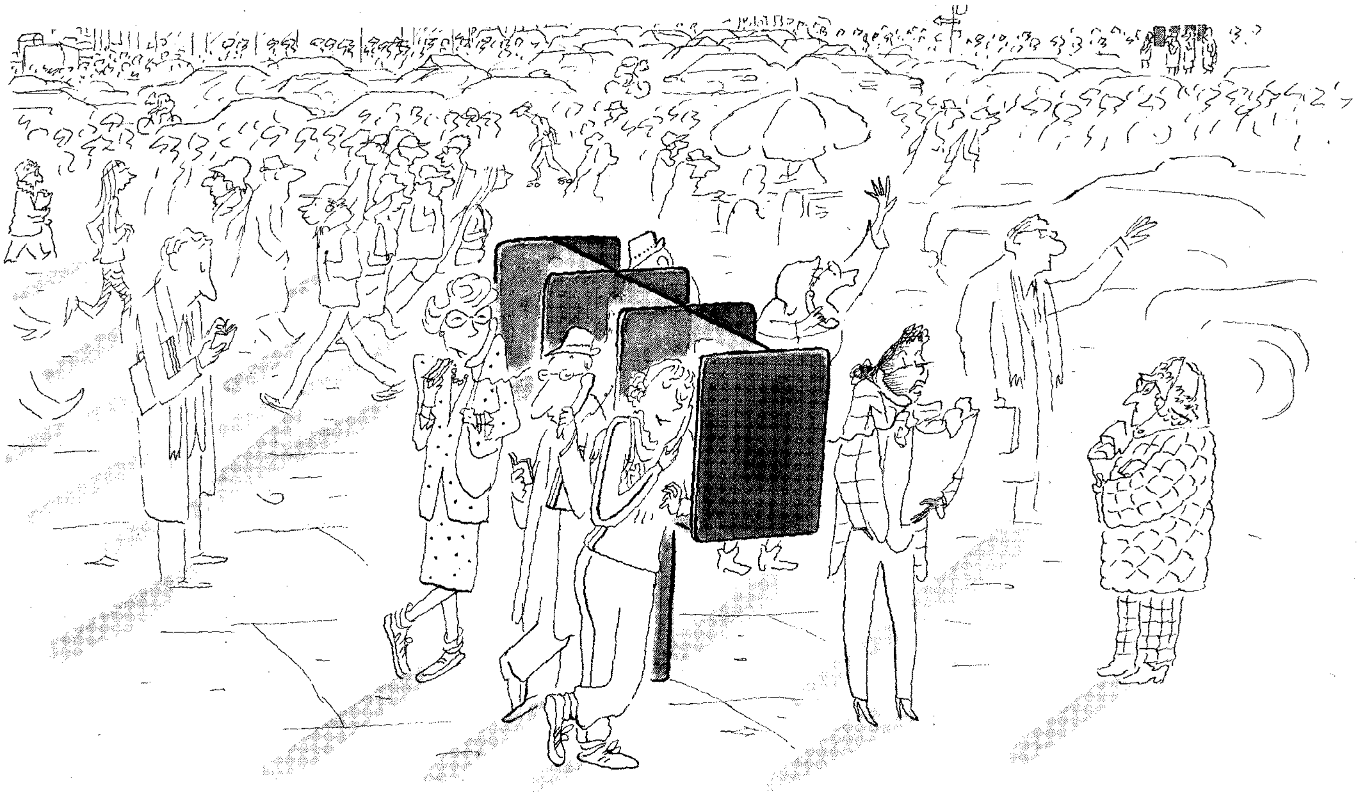




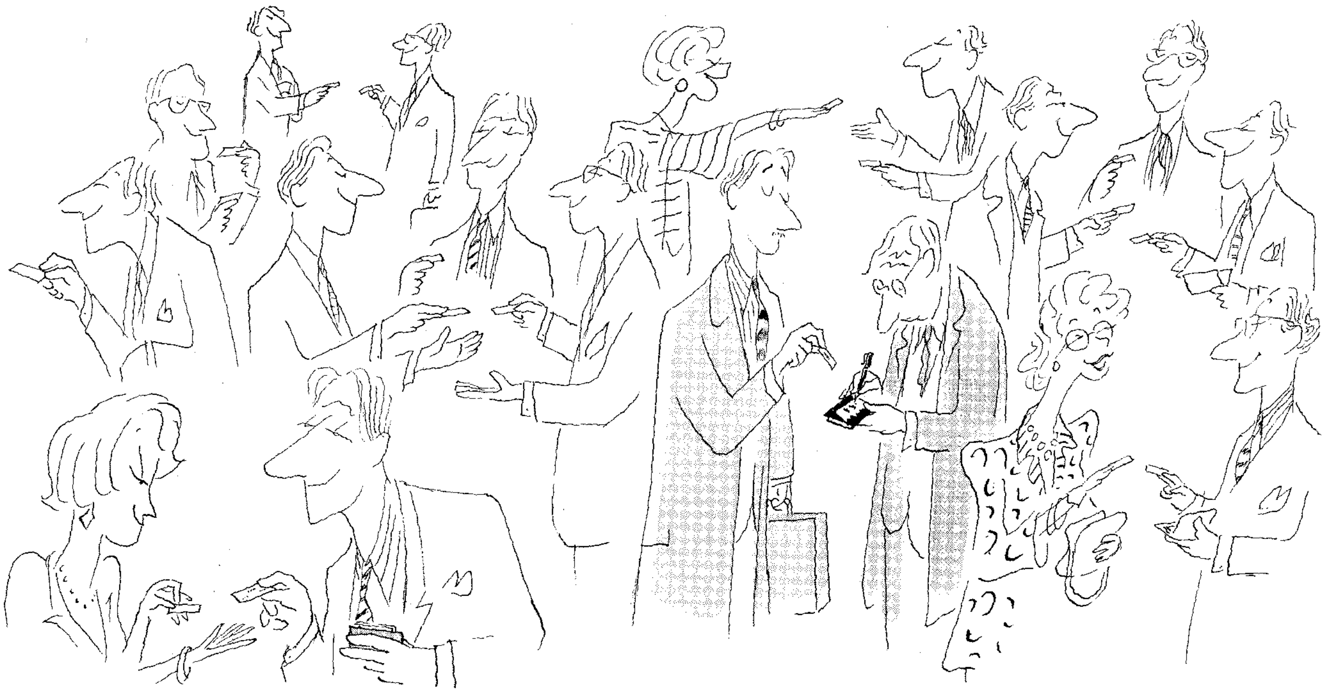
Imagine yourself observing from your hotel window the lengthening shadows as they enfold the city in a profound and melancholy embrace.

At that moment, my friend, you can understand why your room and every other hotel room in New York contains not only a Bible but a telephone directory—to help you keep in touch.



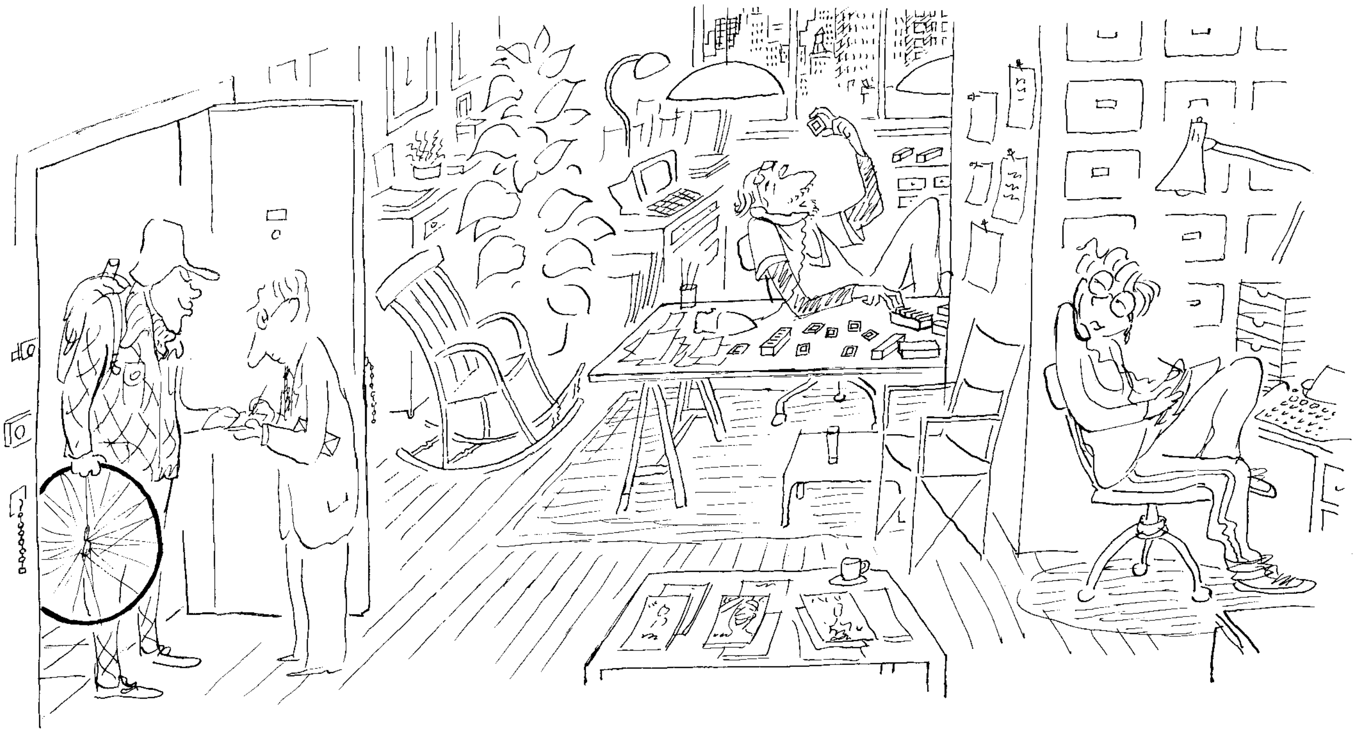


Yes, my dear René-Alexis, here in New York the most important thing is to get, and stay, in touch. The telephone is, of course, an absolute necessity. There is also its auxiliary, the answering machine, which allows New Yorkers to monitor one another's progress every passing instant, through the day and night. And for the more affluent there are answering services. (It is important to remember that the operators are *paid* to sound sympathetic. One must on no account respond by inviting them to lunch.)

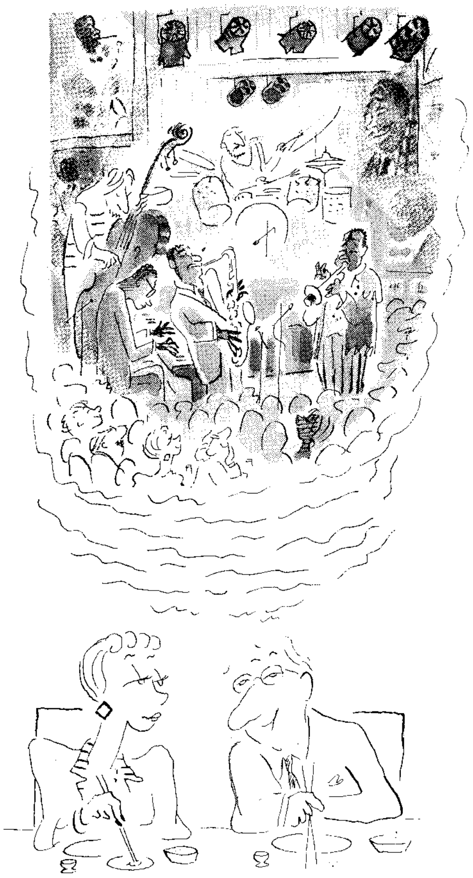


Another indispensable ritual is the exchange of business cards, and one should always carry a generous supply. They should convey all the usual information, of course, and should be printed in a manner that suggests one's personality, income level, and professional aspirations.

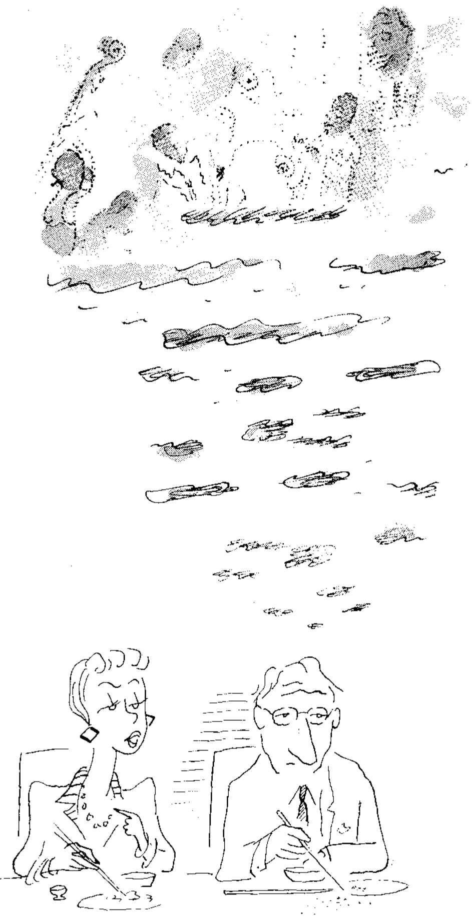
These ways of keeping in touch are known as "networking," and are said to be essential to success here. But I must add that this system is extremely fragile, and that mastering its techniques does not always guarantee success.

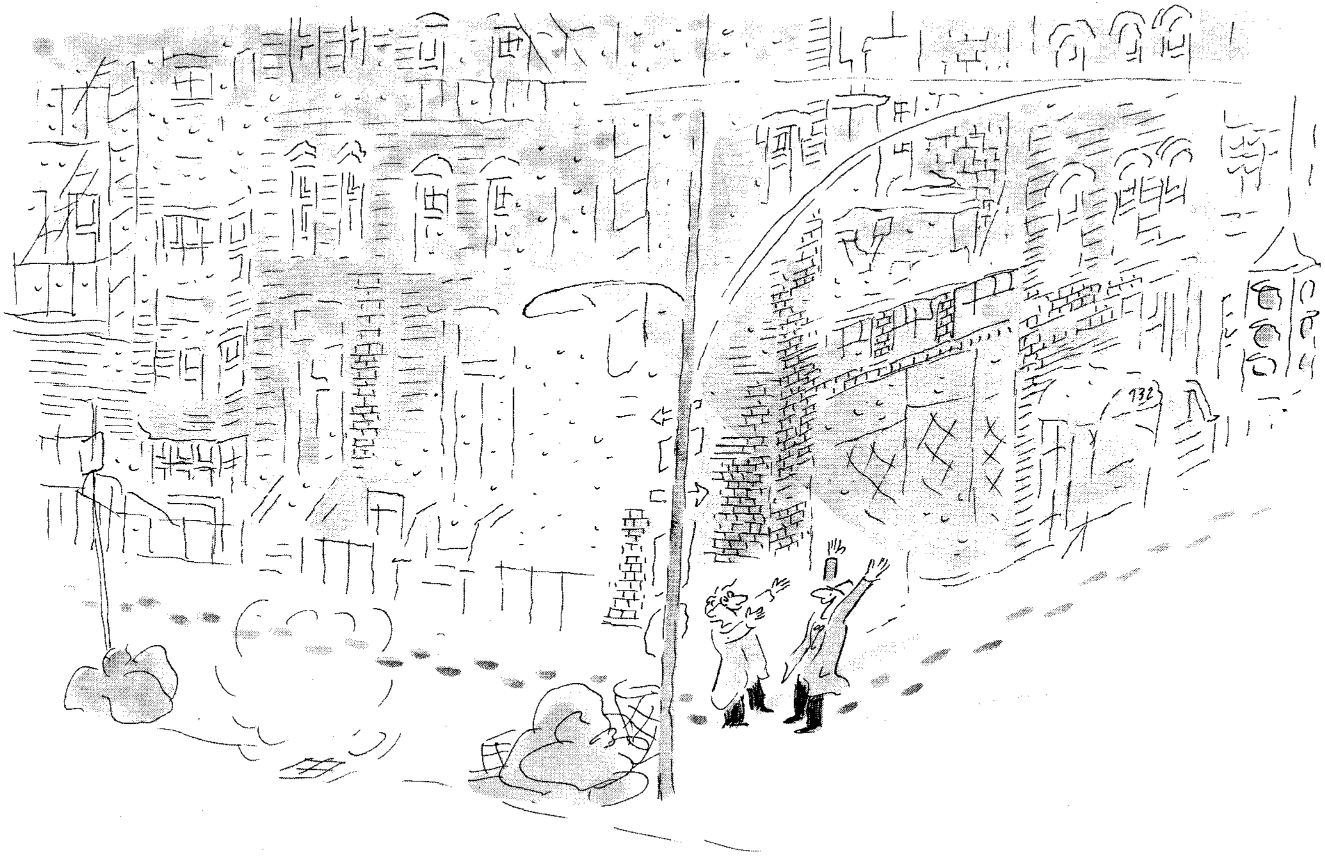


This fragility is well illustrated by the experience of my friend Charles. He and his wife run a small ad agency out of their apartment. Their work for a major account just won some kind of award, and the client threw them a large party in appreciation. I was visiting them the following day when the buzzer sounded. Since both Charles and his wife were on the phone, I answered the door. What I signed for turned out to be a message from that very client citing unexpectedly adverse market conditions and cancelling their contract. The note ended with warm personal regards and a promise to stay in touch.

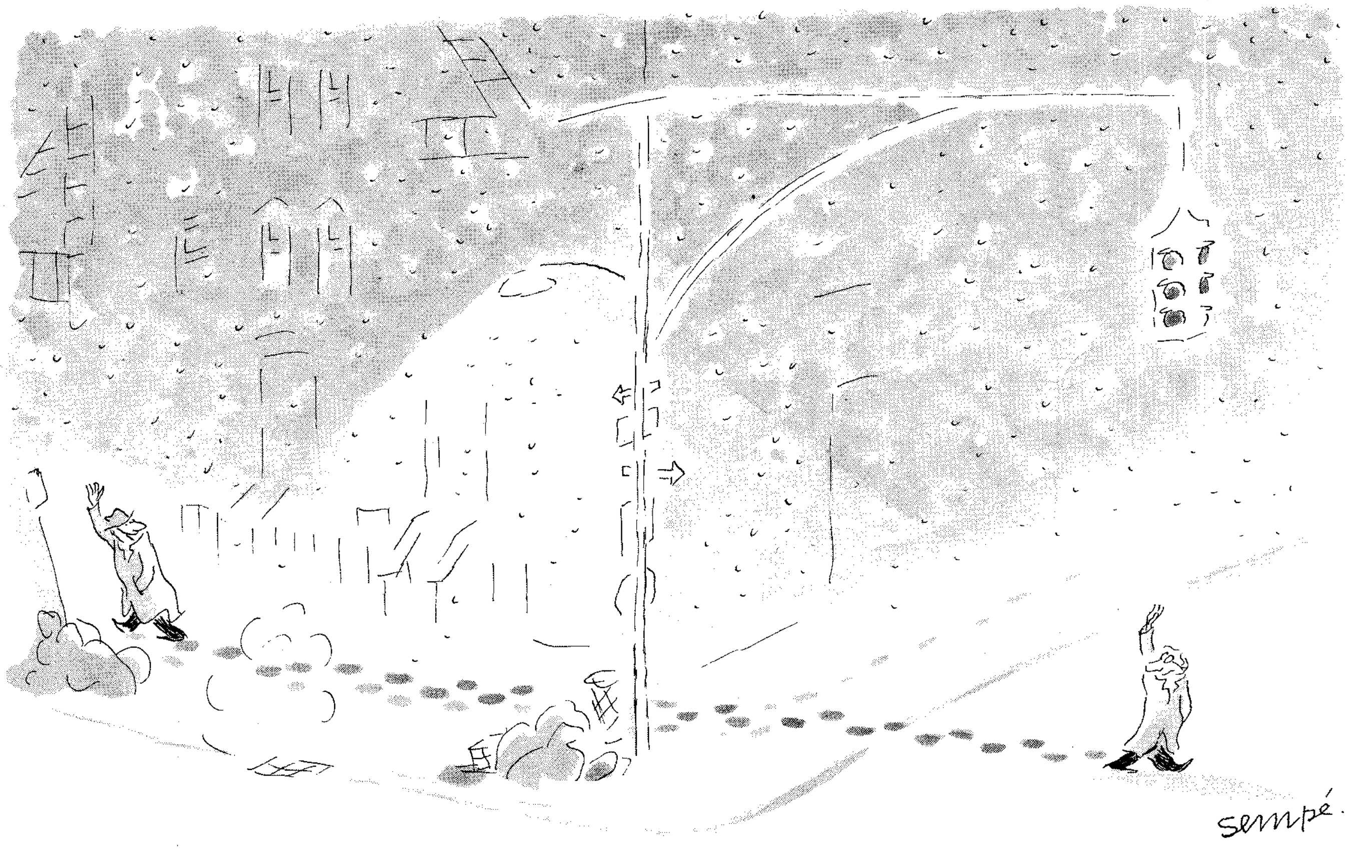


Later that week, I attended a "sit-down" dinner given by my friends Phil and Mary Brisman. (The food was Chinese, and arrived the same time I did.) I was seated next to Mary's attractive younger sister, Kate. The conversation turned to music, and I found myself reminiscing about a favorite jazz group of mine currently playing at one of those small West Side clubs that for Parisians *mean* New York. Kate told me she had grown up with jazz. Her father loved it passionately, she said, and listened to it all the time. I was encouraged and sensed a "network" growing between us. You can imagine my disappointment when she smiled and confessed that her own taste in music was quite different and had, in fact, caused her as an adolescent to be banished to a soundproof room in the basement.





I left the party early—and alone—and so was delighted to spot a familiar Parisian face on the way back to my hotel.



A quick comparison of our schedules seemed to rule out a lunch date, but, like real New Yorkers, we exchanged cards. And as we parted we, too, promised to keep in touch.

À bientôt,
JEAN-PAUL

DOWN IN FLORIDA

A FEW days before New Year's, William, my former husband, called and asked if there was any chance I'd consider accompanying him to Florida to visit his parents. Lainie was in the hospital with a stomach pain that had started to go away—maybe nothing serious, but Pep was terribly worried—and did I feel like flying South?

"Why do you need me? It doesn't really sound necessary," I said.

"Uh-oh, this is unmanageably devastating!" he cried. "You're not considering not going?"

"Well." I suddenly recognized that I probably didn't have a reason not to. I knew who would stay with the kids. "I mean, would you buy my ticket?" I said.

After a brief silence, William said, "Of course!" as if he had said it immediately.

"O.K. If I can."

"Why is it in doubt? What does it hinge on?"

"I have to see if I can cancel plans with my putative boyfriend," I said. (This was my one repeated effort at wit during that strained period, an allusion to my old wisecracking self—two words: "putative boyfriend.") Long silence. Then William recovered, which it was in his interest to do.

I called the guy to cancel New Year's Eve; he tried to be gracious about it, but he couldn't entirely conceal the fact that he didn't really care. I called William back. "It's all set," I said.

"You won't regret this act of charity. Well, undoubtedly you will, but by then you'll already be down there," he said. He sounded genuinely grateful.

Pep picked us up at the West Palm Beach airport, with his friend Herman riding shotgun. Pep was minuscule, Herman slightly larger. Pep, a natty dresser, was wearing some kind of fancy miniature windbreaker with lots of grommets, and Herman was wearing an ordinary nylon windbreaker and a golf cap. Immediately, they seized our suitcases and demanded we get into the car—they were so insistent and shoved us in with such ferocity it was like being kidnapped. Then for a while we heard them out behind us in the dark, wrestling our bags into the trunk.

William and I settled into the back seat and started asking questions. Pep sat on a flattened pillow, peeked over the wheel, and drove us slowly down a boulevard where it was foggy and neon lights were flipping past in the haze: "Galaxy Skateway," "Cinema Ten." Herman said, "This is the era of discounts for senior citizens at any given time. You don't have to break your neck for the twilight show. That's one of the beauties of down here."

We asked about the beach. Was it relevant? Was it rocky? Was it nice? Pep didn't answer. He put on his turn signal long in advance, and, while we all watched, finally made a left. Herman said, "We don't go. Nahh, it's a big sandy beach. We don't go."

Several times while we were married, William and I had thought of travelling to the Keys, but we'd never got around to doing it. Often during the winter we had imagined ourselves driving a car along a spine of land with glassy water all around, riding to Key West. We asked Pep and Herman about the Keys. Isn't it spoiled, we said.

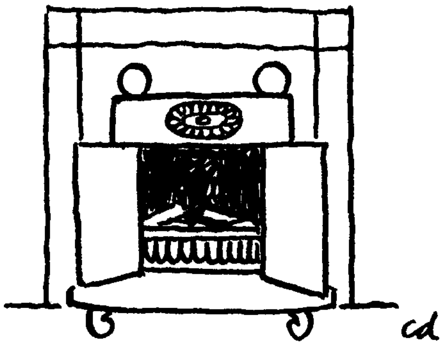
Herman said, "Nahh, when I went it wasn't worthwhile going. This is a period going back thirty-five years ago."

Herman's subjects were four: Florida. What used to happen. What happened this week vis-à-vis his health. And the locations of the apartments of his and Pep's friends along our route. Herman said, "I doubt you know: the population of Florida is increasing at the rate of seven thousand new people per week."

Herman said, "We were talking today about my thing: calisthenics. Once upon a time I used to do handstands. Weight lifting. High bar. I was excellent, may I say."

Herman said, "Yesterday I thought I had a miracle and I took a Vibramycin. On your right, you're approaching Leo."

William tried an old, reliable attitude of his—urgent joviality. As we passed a small shopping center, he leaned near the back of his father's head and announced, "That store wasn't here last time! That's right, Peppy, I've been keeping track of every establishment. And so I am able to tell you that two years ago when I came down, Happy Traveler and Golden Dragon did not flank World of Hair."



Pep said nothing. Under us, the plush seat shifted, and we rode along in the murky Florida night.

AT their apartment complex, Herman left us near the swimming pool and took off for his own place with a jaunty step. To get to Pep and Lainie's, you crossed a shallow artificial ravine on a wooden walkway held up by ropes—a walkway suggesting adventure, but remarkably easy to navigate. Pep looked down and watched his foot in its two-tone loafer step onto the first plank, then shook his head all the way to the front door. "That guy," he said.

"I thought he was a pal of yours," William said, and looked at me.

Pep had switched on a little flashlight attached to his key ring, and was getting the door open. "He's a jerk," he said.

Inside, it was colder. We set down our suitcases and immediately started aimlessly walking around. The furniture was rattan, and there was a pattern of palm fronds and giant tropical leaves all over the cushions. There was a bamboo pattern on the bathroom wallpaper, and a trellis pattern sweeping across the kitchen. At the rear of the apartment was a tiny atrium with a terra-cotta floor, and a mesh roof through which we could see clouds and light night sky.

A little cream-colored cat walked out of the bedroom and into the kitchen and looked at Pep. Pep said, "O.K. O.K. It's coming. It's coming."

William joined his father in the kitchen. "Who's this? Butter?" he said, and bent and absently patted at the cat. Pep held up a cat-food can and stared at the label.

William slipped off his shoes, opened his suitcase, and started strolling from room to room, brushing his teeth. He went back to the dining area and called, through toothpaste, "So, Pep, Herman's not really a close friend?" He was still trying to get his father to look at him, to talk.

Now Pep was working on serving three gigantic rolls and a paper tub of cream cheese. He said into the refrigerator, "That's right, he's a friend. Y'know, Willie, he's a talker. He can get on your nerves. There are times too much of a friend can be too much."

AFTER the rolls, we got back in the car and went to the hospital, to show Lainie that William and I were there and to say good night. It was a low, modern hospital with lots of windows, sitting all alone out in a flat, new area. It looked like a regional school. Inside, it was decorous and quiet—there seemed to be very few patients.

In Lainie's room all the lights were on, and she was lying on her back wearing a Walkman and gazing at the ceiling. She pressed a button to sit herself up. She lifted off the headset, and for a moment a tinny version of Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" fell out into the room.

"Hi, dear," she said to William warmly, and then the same thing to me, as we kissed her in turn. Her blond hair was arranged in its pageboy almost as smoothly as usual; she was wearing giant gold hoop earrings. Amazingly, she also had on a pink satin quilted bed jacket, like a woman in a forties movie, and in recognition of our arrival she smoothed it out and retied the bow at the neck. Pep went right into the closet and started rummaging around.

Immediately Lainie asked questions about our trip and related topics, moving rapidly from the specific to the general—had we encountered *traffic* on the way to Newark airport, was traffic on the turnpike as *horrendous* as she recalled, wasn't the East Coast becoming an untenable *megalopolis*, and so on. She flung her arm out in an arc, then a wider arc, to indicate a megalopolis growing.

At once, William was driven wild. In an effort to contain the topic, he applied his usual verbal tourniquet: he adopted a tone of mingled irritation and nonchalance, and barked out a rapid series of yeses and nos. Before Lainie could even approach the indignation stage (lively sympathy for her remarkable child, who was spending his valuable time sitting in imaginary traffic), William succeeded in getting her completely discouraged.

William, Lainie, and I settled in and readied ourselves to converse. "Dad always has to poke around," Lainie said. She called, "Sweetie, what are you doing! Come out of there!"

Pep came out of the closet, carrying big knitting needles holding the beginnings of a blue sweater, and tried to put the knitting into Lainie's hands. Lainie said, "Sweetie, why are you giving me this! I don't want to knit now, I want to talk to everybody!"

"Yes, talk to us," I said. "First of all, Lainie, I have to say you look wonderful. You look fine."

"Remarkably well!" William said.

"Who's staying with the children?" Lainie said.

"The gym teachers," I said, and William and Lainie looked at me.

"We are nonplussed," William said. Sexy grin. "Tell us more."

I explained that the boys' gym teacher and his wife, the girls' gym teacher, sometimes slept at the homes of students while their parents were out of town, and that Nora, our daughter, loved the gym teachers both as a couple and individually, and in anticipation of their arrival had baked some brownies and dusted their room. Lainie gazed at me, smiling, shaking her head.

Pep walked over and felt the air-conditioner vent. "I had that Herman with me," he said morosely.

"We thought he was Pep's best friend," I said.

"Dad's being silly," Lainie announced. "Herman Simon *is* his best friend. Dad's just feuding with him because of some little nonexistent thing."

"The guy's a *bocher*," Pep said. He looked at me. "Know what's a *bocher*?"

"Pep, once again you don't think I'm Jewish?" I said, and I cast him a flirtatious look, thinking to cheer him up.

Lainie said, "It means an unmarried man. Which is *absolutely ridiculous* about Herman."

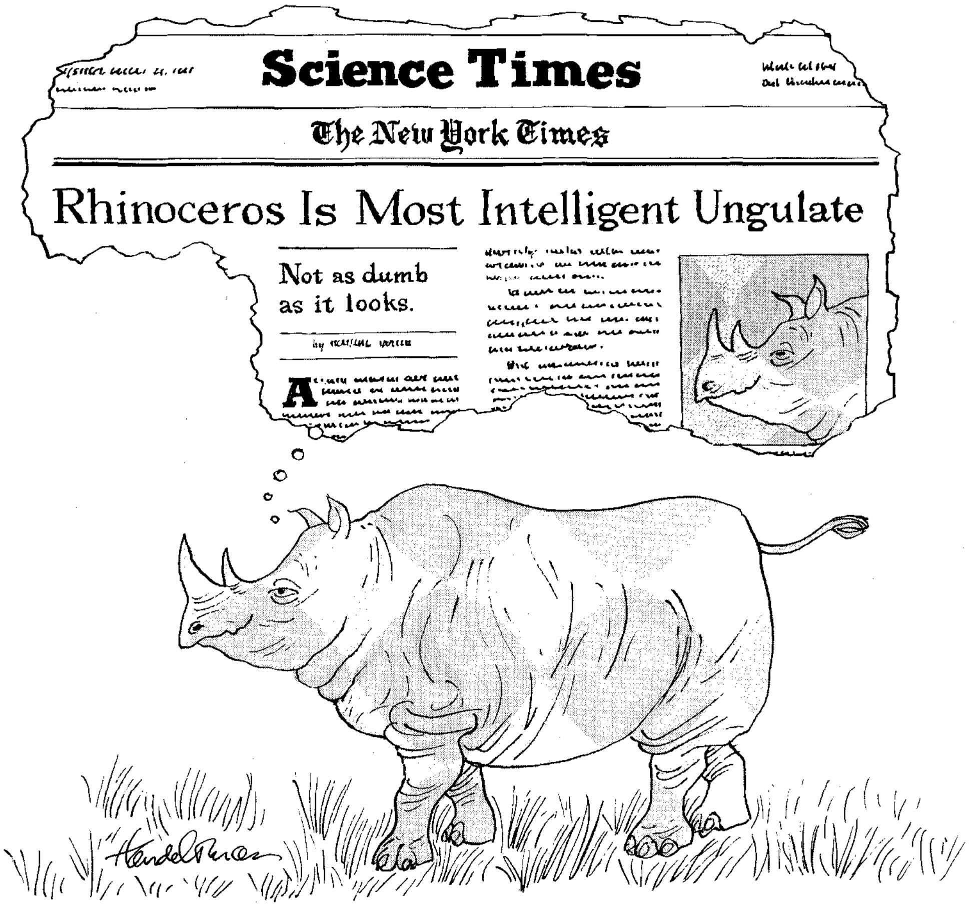
A discussion ensued about whether Herman was really in any meaningful sense a *bocher*. It turned out that Herman had the habit of playing pinochle at night, and that Pep didn't approve.

"Sit down, sweetheart. Why are you walking in circles?" Lainie said, and Pep sat down.

He said, "You ever saw Herman's wife out at night?"

Lainie said, "Dad thinks Herman's wife should get out more. But Esther really isn't that well. Maybe she doesn't *want* to go out constantly. She makes an appearance when it's called for."

William laughed. He said, "Mother, on how many occasions could the appearance of Herman's wife possibly be 'called for'?" He reached over and tweaked the bow of her bed jacket.


Science Times
The New York Times
Rhinoceros Is Most Intelligent Ungulate
Not as dumb as it looks.

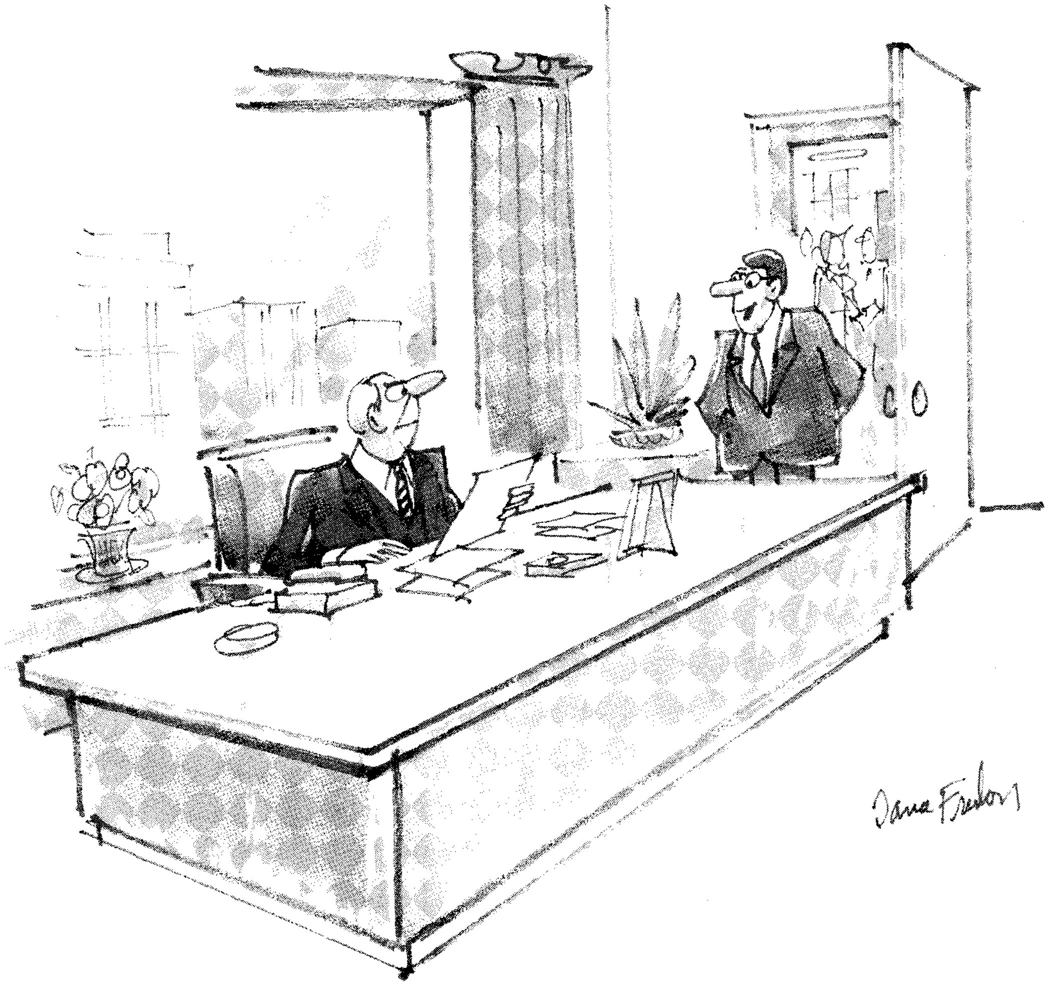
"Excuse me!" Pep said loudly. "Where did you see Herman's wife? Name one place! Name one place! At night this is!" He said to William, "She's never seen Herman's wife out anywhere this whole winter, and still she defends Herman. Your mother is a very generous woman, but at times a little too generous for her own good!"

In a small way, William started helplessly laughing, slightly falling apart.

Pep stood up. He leaned and grasped the back of a chair, looking excited and earnest, rather as if about to accept an Oscar. He said, "*I* wouldn't want to leave *my* wife home for the evening!"

"I don't know why Dad has such a grudge against Herman," Lainie said.

Pep flushed. He said to her, "Herman's wife never goes anywhere. You haven't seen her out because she hasn't *been* out."



"I don't mean to keep popping in on you, sir, but I just naturally gravitate toward power."

• •

THAT night William and I slept in the living room, on two twin-bed couches set at right angles to each other along the walls. The air-conditioning was blowing up near the top of the room, and we lay under blankets made out of some fine synthetic thread, which fell lightly over us like velvety sheets of blue spun sugar.

"Feel your blanket," I said.

William said, "Oh, this blanket? Why, this blanket is made of pure Heroicon, or Modernelle." I thought this was very funny. I was feeling really comfortable. Except for a few lapses early on, it had been three years since we'd shared a bedroom.

For a while after we got in bed we outlined our tactics—how we would talk to the doctor the next day, how we would try to persuade Lainie to go to a more high-powered hospital if it seemed necessary, how we might confer with specialists when we got back home. Then for a while we rolled around and laughed about the discussion of Herman, taking turns playing the parts and telling each other what our faces had looked like and what Pep had said. Finally, when it was really late, we drifted into just talking, with many long pauses, up at the ceiling. In the dark, we could still see we were surrounded by Caribbean leaves and fronds. We didn't face each other: our beds met in the corner at a table holding a ceramic lamp, and the top of my head wasn't far from the top of William's.

About three in the morning I said, "Have you noticed we've made no effort to turn and look at each other?"

Dreamily, Willie said, "Because you're divorced and down in Florida, you already forgot my face?"

I WOKE up first. I stepped outside in my nightgown and looked along the catwalk and across the court toward the swimming pool. It was seven o'clock and already bright, and far down the way a small woman was walking a small reddish dog. Pink sky—it was cool and blowy out, not sultry at all, nothing like what I'd expected of Florida in the morning.

I went in and got back into bed. William was sleeping. As I lay down, I heard him say, "You're waking me up because I know you're awake." He opened his eyes and tipped his head back to look at me upside down. "I can't see you," he said resentfully, while he reached behind him for his glasses. He put them on, but then he didn't look at me. When I woke up again, the curtains were open and sunlight was streaming in, the shower was running, Pep was pouring boiling water into decaf powder, and it was time to get up and go back to the hospital.

As we walked into Lainie's room, a round young nurse said, "Here we go! Here's your family!"

Lainie started brushing at her face to dry her tears. Pep walked over and handed her his handkerchief, then sat down on her bed.

William said, "Lainie, dear, what's going on!" and Lainie ignored him. She talked to Pep: absolutely nothing was being accomplished here; if they were doing tests, she would probably be feeling like a guinea pig, but as it was she was just sitting here cooling her heels all week like a bump on a log; when was she getting out and what was the prognosis; that Dr. Astrakhan was so helpful at first and now he hadn't even been in in two days; she felt perfectly fine now and she had felt perfectly fine the whole weekend; if it was really true that she was here only for observation, how long should observation drag on and on and on?

“Lainie, today's the day we're hoping to talk with your doctor,” William said. “I'm sure he won't be in the least reluctant to give us some answers.”

Pep and Lainie ignored William. Lainie didn't unfold Pep's handkerchief but used the folded square to blot at her eyes. “I'm on an emotional roller coaster,” she said to Pep.

“That's right,” Pep said.

“I see *no reason whatsoever* why I should continue to be confined here. I want to see Butter! I miss my little *cat!*”

William and I stood there for a while wearing sympathetic expressions, with Lainie and Pep ignoring us.

“There's nothing trivial, Mother, about wanting to see a beloved pet,” William said.

“Is there something we can do?” I said.

“Pep,” William said. “This is a not unexpectable situation. How about if we all sit down and try to thrash out what's going on here?”

“You don't mean ‘thrash out,’ ” I said.

“Mother, it seems to me crucial in this situation for you to try very hard to maintain some consistent sense of perspective and proportion,” William said. “The fact of the matter is that—” Pep waved at him. William stopped talking, turned his back to Pep, threw open his mouth, and frantically bit the air like a maddened dog.

Lainie leaned against her pillow and shut her eyes. Pep held her hand. He didn't bother to turn and look at us, but spoke over his shoulder. We listened to musical clicking as he felt in his pocket for his keys. He said, “You can go out and give yourselves a tour of the area, and we'll see you back in a couple hours.”

William and I went out into the bright, hot day, got into Pep's car, and drove two towns over. On the way, I said, “Wouldn't it be great to not talk for a while?” He looked wildly insulted. We had already had a fifteen-year struggle over whether I should try to control how lavishly William talked to me.

“Entirely fine,” he said. “Mandate what you gotta mandate.”

So he treated me to a silent trip around Palm Beach, driving slowly past many pastel buildings and the fire company, with its chartreuse fire engine, and down the avenues of high palms, sharing the road with glittering cars with sunlight flashing off their fenders—Cadillacs, Jaguars, and Silver Clouds.

We went into a restaurant for lunch, ordered a bottle of Chardonnay, and in silence drank it fast. We ate chicken-salad sandwiches, licked our fingers, ordered slabs of cake.

When we came out, it was almost four o'clock and still hot, and inside the cash-register hut the parking-lot attendant was singing a Buffalo Springfield song: “There goes another day and I wonder why you and I keep telling lies.” How could a guy young enough to be parking cars remember the Buffalo Springfield, or had there

SKID

Where the snow effigies stood
hard-packed and hosed to ice
in front of the frat houses,
in the middle of the little bridge
over the stopped river,
my leased car spun three times

before the chainless tires caught.
Each time round I saw a face:
the man who imagined he loved me,
the woman who confided in me,
the child who cried “No” upon meeting me,
as if he saw at once to what use

we put those vanishing, invented selves.
The slurred tracks, ringed dark
on the outbound path, froze and unfroze
for weeks after the party to celebrate spring.
Down the road, the local museum
considered the Ice Age. The glacier

slid in and out of its lit shape
through a fan of color transparencies,
each ray labelled with an age, a thaw,
the gauged bed of the moraine. Showed how
the ice junk heap hauled the broken shapes
in which we live, cave and gully and flat.

And a further dissolution, part of
a shape we would not recognize for centuries,
like the coins that tumble down the dark slide
to the weighted spar that triggers the mechanism
that lifts the needle to the jukebox disk: “Blue Moon”—
you saw it standing like an atomic field

charged with particles: little “you”s and “me”s,
estranged suddenly from the vanity of their motion,
and the prefigured feel of it, music and moon,
turning full force into its mindless will,
then stopping, my foot on the accelerator.

—Carol Muske

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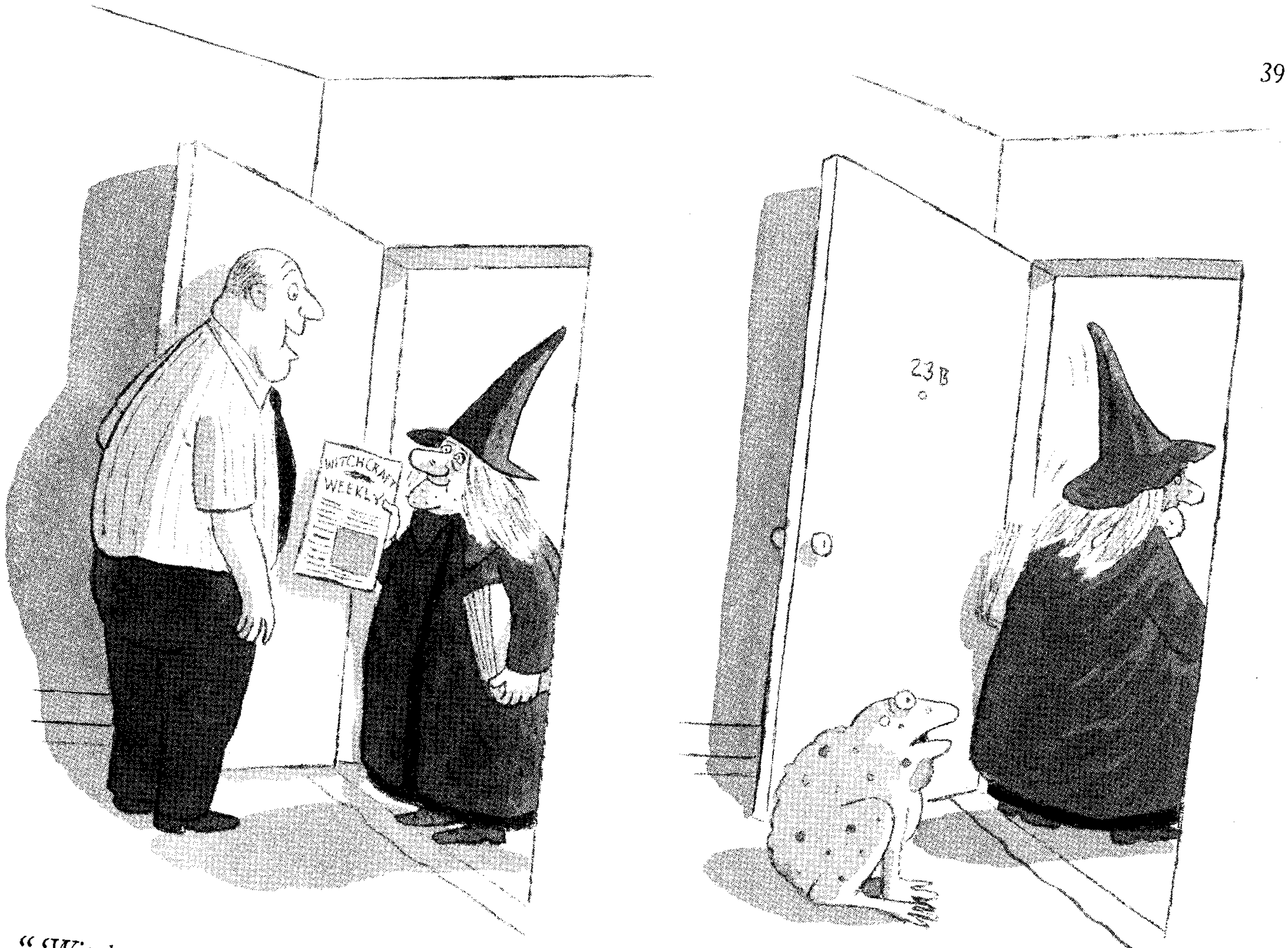


"'Witchcraft Weekly'! You've got to be . . .

. . . kidding."

been a revival of interest? I waited for him to come out so I could look at him. Of course, he was grizzled and wore a ponytail—the one he started growing around 1965. I was somewhat drunk.

In the car I said, "It's always so strange and sad that so many of the guys who went to Vietnam look like hippies now. All the people who were home looking like that and protesting the war have inevitably moved on—you know, they're academics or they're lawyers, or M.B.A. people, or whatever they are, and these vets seem to be the only people who are stuck back in that time. And they remain isolated somehow, and ultimately they're still on the outside—except now they're the ones wearing long hair, wearing headbands, smoking dope. I don't know if I told you about my friend Barney, who—"

"Oh, good. Good. This is what you decide to break the sacred silence with?" William said. "Something really very central to the problem at hand." He looked mad, but also as if he might be about to cry. "Jesus Christ. Let me off the hook," he said, and peeled out of the lot.

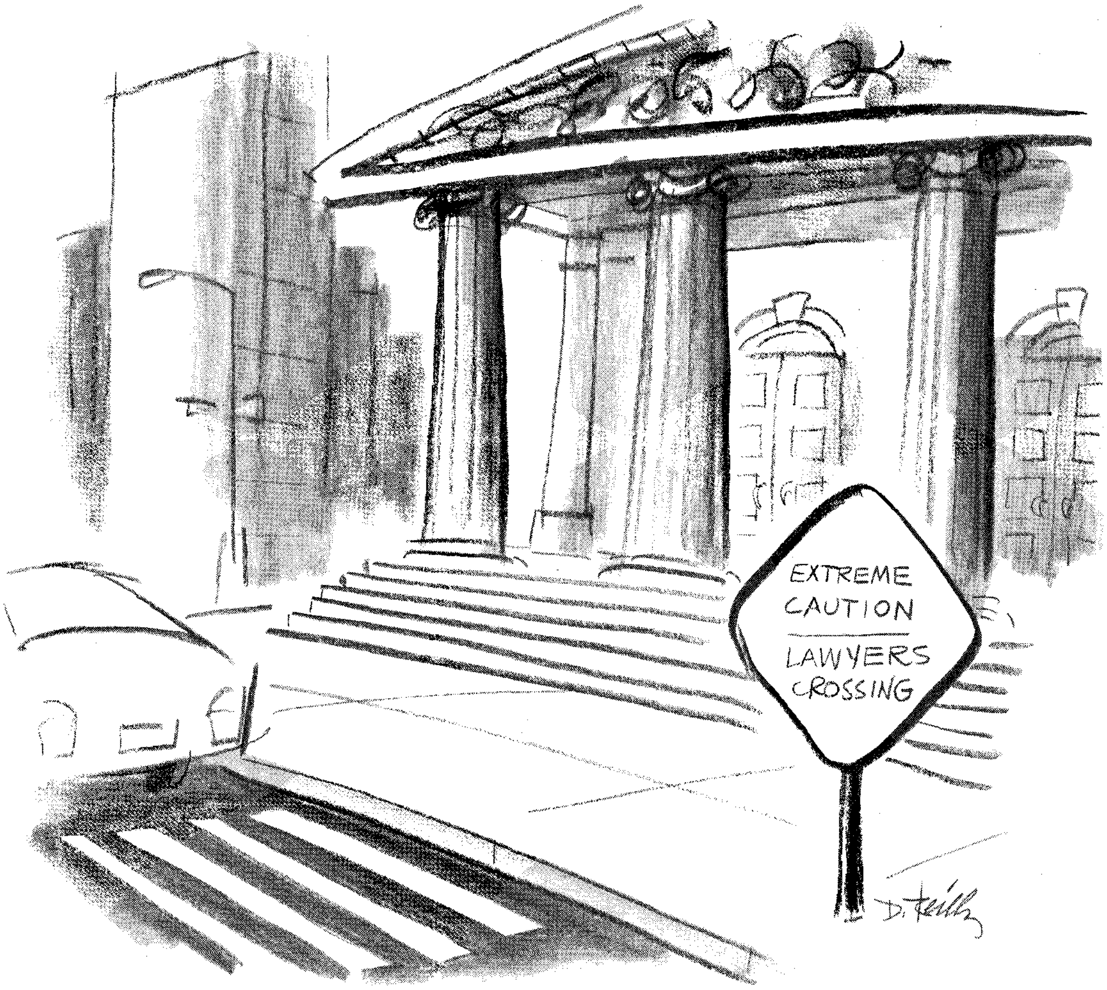
WHEN we turned in at the hospital, we saw Pep out in front. He was standing on the step, carefully watching for us in the other direction. When we got near him, he suddenly turned and started leaning over the hood and waving at us through the windshield.

"Pull up! Pull up!" he called. He pointed to a spot in the driveway right in front of his foot, where the car should land.

Lainie had gone to sleep. She felt much better. Astrakhan had called to say he wouldn't be able to get in until late tomorrow—New Year's Day, but he'd be there. William started saying, "Did you tell him we want to—"

"You don't just tell him like that on the phone!" Pep cried. Pep stood in the driveway leaning into William's window, and now he was talking. Angrily, he gave us his thoughts: that the doctor is a busy man and you don't just jump in and pressure him on the phone, that he and Lainie are perfectly satisfied with the care here, that they have no intention, in case William was thinking this, of going up North to another hospital, that they have been completely comfortable living in Florida these past six years, they haven't wanted for anything, the environment is excellent, they have about forty-five friends here. Pep looked furious and ready to stand his ground if we moved to try to rip him away from his friends and the home he had come to love.

"Pep," William said, "we're really ranging far afield here. We completely understand your and Lainie's situation. Believe me, everybody here wants the same thing. Nobody's trying to pull any wool over anybody's eyes. Nobody's trying to arrange anything



that doesn't comport precisely with what you and Lainie would wish for yourselves. So how about getting in the car?"

Pep wanted to drive. He had his hand on the handle of William's door, but he didn't open it. He just kept standing out in the hospital driveway in the late-afternoon sunlight, waiting for his big dominating son to relinquish the driver's seat, to voluntarily hand it over.

AT night, after some bagels, we called Lainie, and we each got on to say Happy New Year. She told us, listening on three phones, "That nice Astrakhan called *again*, and he said he wanted to reassure me *again* that he does *not think* this is going to turn out to be anything serious at all, which I thought was so thoughtful. So I feel fine now, and I want to knit and go to sleep."

"Wonderful, darling," Pep said.

We called our children in New Jersey, but the gym teachers said they were out. William went out and bought a bottle of champagne, and we prepared to spend New Year's Eve in the atrium. Around eleven we rolled out the television and plugged it into the outdoor plug, and while we were getting it set up the doorbell rang and it was Herman.

"Herm, everything's all right?" Pep said at the door.

"Nahh, sure. New Year," Herman said. He yelled into the house, "Hi, kids!"

"Hi, Herman!" William and I called in unison, as if we really were kids.

"Keep your jacket on," Pep said. "We're outside. We're out in the, uh, tile-porch area here . . ."

"Essie conked out," Herman said to Pep. He came back to the atrium and sat down and looked around. He said, "So. Where's the cat?"

"He's around. We just saw him," I said. "Oh, here he comes back!"

"Hey, Margarine," Herman said.

"A little bubbly, Herman?" William said, and brought him a glass. Herman took it while he stretched and poked with his foot, trying to touch the cat.

"She's standoffish," Herman said.

Pep came out and sat down, and Butter immediately fell over and lay on his foot. "Turn off the volume," he said to William, and the roaring of Times Square stopped. A few big drops of rain were falling in through the mesh roof, and we could suddenly hear drops snapping on the leaves of the rhododendron, but nobody suggested going inside.

William came up behind me and put his arms around me and started singing a Billy Joel song—an early, fast one, slowed way down.

"Is this your idea of New Year sentiment?" I said.

He made his voice oily. "Nobody looked any finer. Or was more of a hit at the Parkway Diner," he sang, nipping at my hair.

"Would it be some warped notion of a rapprochement?" I said. We were really starting to feel better. On the television, the revellers were packed into the screen, silently pushing each other and shrieking.

"Pep, you used to go to Times Square every New Year's Eve, right?" William said, from close behind me.

"Nahh, we both went together!" Herman said. "In days of yore we did *all* these things!"

"In my early days—" Pep began, and he shifted to settle himself in his chair, so we could see it was going to be a long story. Pep grinned. He lifted his glass at his son. He said, "And I can tell you, Willie, take my word for it: I was much, much younger at the time. That's how long ago we're talking about. When even my friend Herman here was still expecting to stay young."

—JANE SHAPIRO

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Blotter of the Hudson* (*Ohio*) *Times*]

A Firelands Dr. resident asked for assistance in freeing a sparrow whose neck was stuck in a bird feeder.

REPORT FROM ISRAEL

THE YELLOW WIND—I

I BELONG to the generation that celebrated its bar mitzvah during the Six-Day War, with the occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. We had broken the taboo of the border, we strode through the streets of cities forbidden until then.

Afterward, everything happened.

And eventually I decided I had to write something about the occupation. I couldn't understand how an entire nation like mine, an enlightened nation by all accounts, was able to train itself to live as a conqueror without making its own life wretched. What happened to us? I wanted to go into the heart of the clash between Jew and Arab, to see things with my own eyes.

ON a day of turbid rain at the end of March, I turn off the main road leading south from Jerusalem to Hebron, and enter the Dheisheh refugee camp, near Bethlehem. More than six thousand Palestinians live here, in an area of eighty-five acres—one of the more densely populated areas in the world. The houses are piled together, and the house of every extended family branches out in ugly concrete growths—rooms and niches, with rusty iron beams spread through them like sinews.

In Dheisheh, rainwater and sewage flow down the paths between the houses. I soon give up picking my way among the puddles; there is something ridiculous and almost unfair about preserving such refinement here. Beside each house is a yard: small, fenced with concrete blocks or corrugated aluminum, and very clean. A large earthenware jar filled with springwater and covered with a cloth stands in each yard. But every person here will tell you without hesitation that the water from the spring of his home village was sweeter. "In Ain Azrab," says a very old woman named Khadija (the conversation is in Arabic), "our water was so clear and healthy that a dying man once immersed himself, drank a few mouthfuls and washed—and was healed on the spot." She cocks her head, examines me with her gaze, and mocks: "So, what do you think of that?"

I discover—with some bafflement, I admit—that she reminds me of my grandmother and her stories about Poland, from which she was expelled: about the river, about the fruit there. Time has marked the faces of both women with the same lines, of wisdom and irony, of great skepticism toward all people, both relatives and strangers.

"We had a field there. A vineyard. Now see what a flowering garden we have here," Khadija says, and she waves her brown, wrinkled hand over the tiny yard.

"But we made a garden," murmurs her daughter-in-law, a woman of dark, unquiet beauty. "We made a garden in tin cans." She nods toward the top of the concrete-block fence, where in several pickle cans red geraniums are growing, in odd abundance.

A strange life: double and split. Everyone I speak to in the camp has been trained—almost from birth—to live this double life: they sit here, very much here, because deprivation imposes sobriety, but they are also there; that is, among us, the Israelis, in the villages, in the cities. I ask a five-year-old boy where he is from, and he immediately answers, "Jaffa." Jaffa is today part of metropolitan Tel Aviv.

"Have you ever seen Jaffa?"

"No, but my grandfather saw it." His father, apparently, was born here, but his grandfather came from Jaffa.

"And is it beautiful, Jaffa?"

"Yes. It has orchards and vineyards and the sea."

And farther along the path I meet a young girl sitting on a concrete wall and reading an illustrated magazine. I ask where she is from. She is from Lod, not far from Ben-Gurion International Airport. Forty years ago, it was an Arab town. She is sixteen. She tells me of the beauty of Lod. Of its houses, which were as big as palaces. "And in every room a hand-painted carpet. And the land was wonderful, and the sky was always blue."

"Have you visited Lod?"

"Of course not."

"Aren't you curious to see it now?"

"Only when we return."

This is how the others answer me

"Love you, love us, and I'm comfortable with our debt level."

also. The Palestinians, as is well known, are making use of the ancient Jewish strategy of exile, and have removed themselves from history. They close their eyes against reality and stubbornly fabricate their Promised Land. "Next year in Jerusalem," said the Jews in Latvia and in Krakow and in San‘a, and the meaning was that they were not willing to compromise, because they had no hope of any real change. Here, too, again and again, that absolute demand: everything—Lod and Hebron and Jaffa and Jerusalem. And in the meantime nothing.

IT'S all "bolitics," the Palestinians say. Even those who can pronounce the "p" in "politics"—the word has become part of the Palestinians' vocabulary—will say "bolitics," as a sign of defiance, in which there is a sort of self-mockery. It's all bolitics—the Turks and the British, and Hussein, who slaughtered us without mercy and now all of a sudden makes himself out to be the protector of the Palestinians, and the Israelis, who change our laws and deprive us of our land and our tradition and our honor, who have constructed for us here a great, enlightened prison, and what they really want is for us to escape from it, and then they will never let us return to it.

"It's all bolitics," the old woman who reminds me of my grandmother says, laughing.

Someone once said, "The strongest weapon the Arabs in the occupied territories can deploy against us is not to change." And it is true—when you walk through the Dheisheh camp, you feel that that conception has unconsciously internalized itself here.

Khadija suddenly remembers: "There, in the village, in Ain Azrab, we baked bread over a straw fire. Not here. Because here we don't have livestock, and their leavings." She falls silent and hugs herself. Her forehead wrinkles in wonder. Her fingers go through the motions of kneading.

Everything happens elsewhere, in some splendid past or longed-for future. The thing most present here is absence. One senses that people here have voluntarily turned themselves into doubles of the real people who once existed in some other place. Into people who hold in their hands only one real asset: the ability to wait.

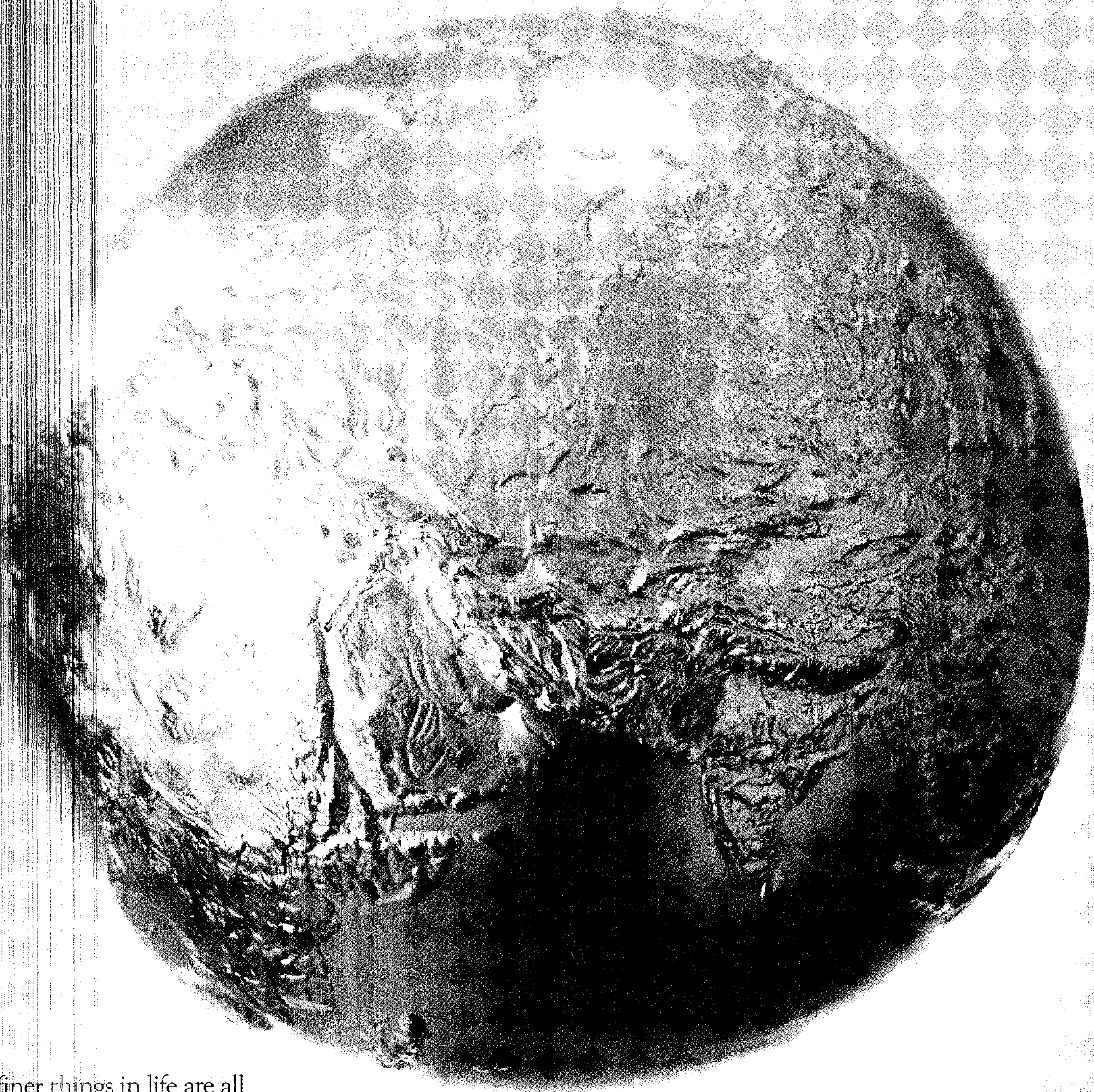
About half a million Palestinian refugees live today in the Gaza Strip. In the West Bank, there are about four hundred thousand. (I am speaking here only of refugees or their descendants, and not of the entire Arab population under Israeli rule.) In Jordan, there are about eight hundred and fifty thousand. In Lebanon, there are some two hundred and fifty thousand. Syria also has about two hundred and fifty thousand. A total of about two and a quarter million refugees. Even if the problem of the refugees living under Israeli rule is solved, the bitterness of their more than a million brothers in the Arab countries, living in no less appalling conditions, will remain.

I DRINK tea with three women in Dheisheh. One hears the most penetrating things from the women. It is the women who march at the head of the demonstrations, who shout, who scream out before the television cameras: women with sharp features, women bearing marks of suffering. Khadija is seventy-five years old; her mind is clear and her body healthy. "*Allah yikhalik*," I say to her ("May God preserve you").

She laughs to herself, and says "What is it to him?" and explains to me that a man is like a stalk of wheat—when he turns yellow, he bends.

She has lived in this house, a standard refugee house, for nearly forty years. The United Nations Relief and Works Agency (U.N.R.W.A.) built it, and the U.N. symbol can still be found on the walls and doors. The house consists of two small rooms. The electricity is often out, and today, because it is raining, the house is almost completely dark. Khadija and her sister sit on a straw mat and examine some medicine that the camp doctor has prescribed for the sister, who suffers from asthma. The teachers and doctors who work in the refugee camps often come from outside, from the nearby cities. The simplest jobs, cleaning and sanitation and construction, are done by camp residents. In the house in which I am sitting live five people. In the room where we are drinking our tea is one cabinet, with a suitcase on top. There are a few

The World of Golden Possibilities.



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wooden chairs, made by an untrained hand, a few shelves holding vegetables. The daughter-in-law, tense, offers oranges and a paring knife. An item of furniture found in every house here is the dower chest of the woman of the house, made from the soft trunk of the Judas tree. Here she keeps her dowry: the bedsheets, the wedding dress, and perhaps some childish luxury—a toy, a pretty handkerchief. After all, she was no more than a girl when she was married.

"And if someone were to offer you today a *dunam*"—a quarter acre, the standard measure of land in countries once under Turkish rule—"of land in a nice place, with light, in the open air?"

Yes, yes, she laughs, of course, but only on my own land. There.

She declaims this, like the politicians. She, at least, has the right to do so. I try to remember how many times Palestinian leaders missed opportunities to gain for themselves and their people a homeland: there was a partition proposal in '37, and another proposal in '47, and maybe there were other chances. We drink silently. The men are at work. On the wall are two nails, which serve as a wardrobe. On one hangs the black *iqal* (headband) of a kaffiyeh.

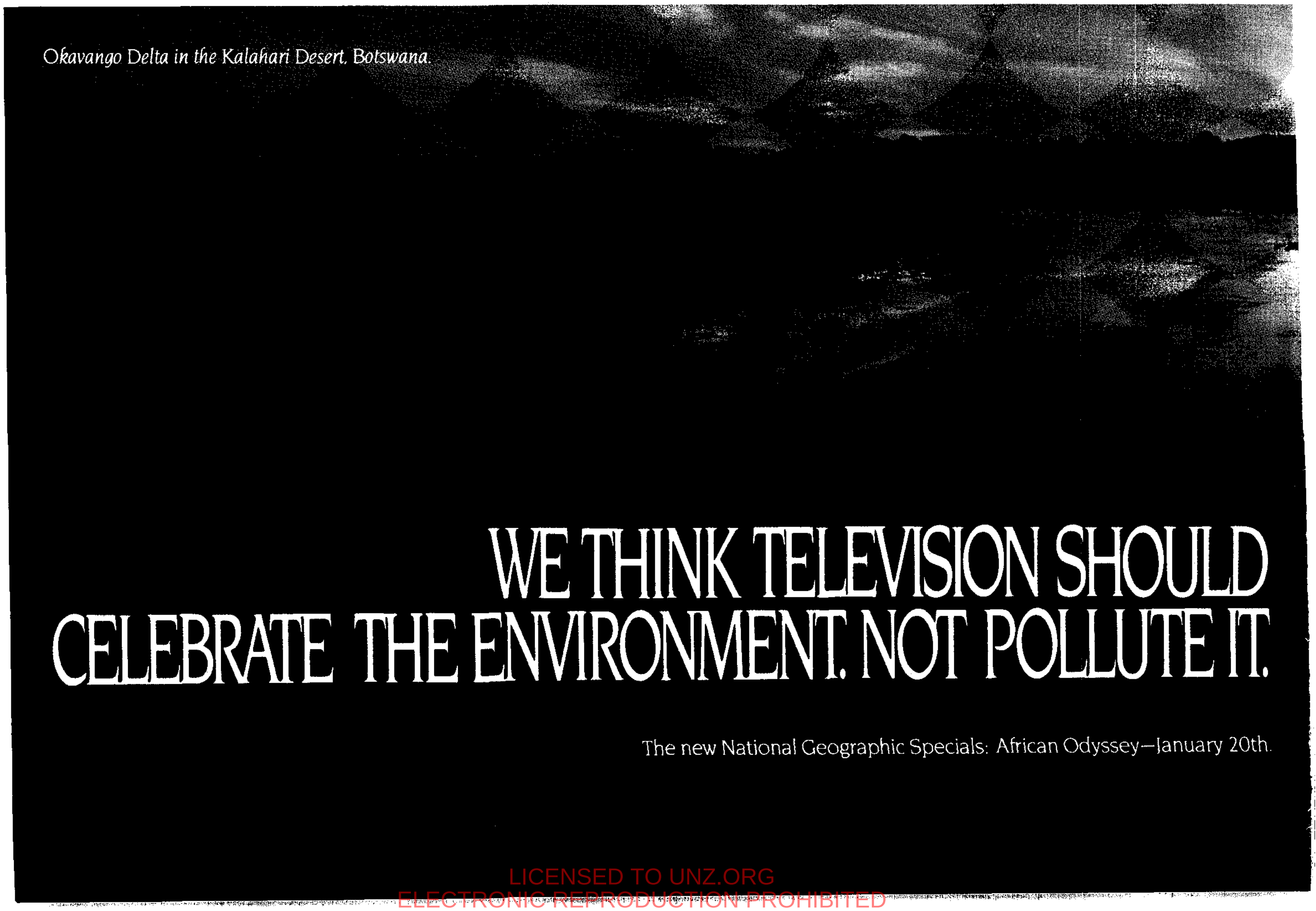
Whoever has served in the Army in the territories knows how such rooms look from the inside during the night. Whoever has taken part in searches, in imposing curfews, in capturing a suspect at night remembers the violent entry into rooms like this one, where several people are sleeping, crowded three or four together under wool blankets, wearing their work clothes in their sleep, as if ready at any moment to get up and go wherever they are told. They wake in confusion, squinting from the flashlight; children cry, sometimes a couple are making love.

Khadija follows my gaze to the bare concrete walls, the heating lamp, the wool blankets rolled up on the floor. Suddenly, she boils over: "Do we look like gypsies, do we? Miserable, are we? Ha! We are people of culture!"

Her sister, the sick woman, nods rapidly, her sharp chin stabbing at her sunken chest: "Yes, yes, people of culture!"

The young woman, the daughter-in-law, wants to say something but is silent. Her hand clamps her mouth closed. I am confused. The young woman tries to make amends. Change the subject. Is her mother-in-law willing to tell this Israeli here about, for instance, her childhood in Ain Azrab? No. Is she willing to recall the days when she worked the land? No. Salt in a wound. Would you be willing, *ya mama*, to sing the songs the *fellahin*, the winegrowers, the shepherds sang then? No. She only tightens her cracked lips stubbornly, her baldish head shaking, but her left foot begins to tap to a far-off rhythm, and her body moves silently forward and back, and as she traps my cautious gaze she slaps her thigh with a trembling hand, and her nose reddens with rage: "Culture! You people don't know that we have culture! You can't understand this culture. It's not a culture of television." Suddenly, she is completely emptied of her anger; once again, her face takes on an expression of defeat. Her eyes close, and she nods in sorrow, as if to say, "You can't understand. You can't understand anything. Ask, maybe, your grandmother to tell you."

AGAIN in Dheisheh. It is a quiet day today. No demonstrations. No stone throwing. The Army can be seen only from afar, riding along the


Okavango Delta in the Kalahari Desert, Botswana.
WE THINK TELEVISION SHOULD CELEBRATE THE ENVIRONMENT. NOT POLLUTE IT.
The new National Geographic Specials: African Odyssey—January 20th.

road. (A week later, there would be riots and demonstrations, and rocks would fly, and around Dheisheh would rise a six-metre fence, to prevent stones from being thrown at passing cars. Dheisheh would become invisible as far as travellers along the road were concerned, and the fence would become a new Palestinian symbol.) The rainwater and the sewage still flow in rivulets along the paths. A man is putting a heavy stone on a tin roof to prevent it from blowing away. A group of young men are building another room onto a house.

The owner of a little grocery store is surprised at my entry, and rises in concern. His merchandise is scanty and old. For the most part, it consists of cigarettes, soft drinks, and dusty cans of pineapple displaying suntanned young women. A friend of the store owner checks first to make sure that I am not from the *mukhabarat* (the intelligence service), and then says that he will speak of anything except politics, since politics is a science in which it is very difficult to discover anything new, no? It is better to remain silent, he says. Then he finds that he cannot hold back, and hurriedly whispers, "Napoleon, Bismarck, Hitler—none of them lasted. They were too strong. It's best to sit quietly and wait."

A GROUP of small children are racing up a slope. The Dheisheh kindergarten: two teachers, young women ("Don't give our names, but you can quote"), and thirty-five children, from two to five years old.

These are the children who in '67 sold us figs for a *grush* and washed our parents' cars for ten *grush*. Then they grew up a little and became the *shabab*, the young men, the ones with a look of hate in their eyes, rioting in the streets and throwing stones at our soldiers, and then they grew a little more, and from among them came the ones who made the Molotov cocktails and the bombs. These are the same children from '67. Nothing has changed in the refugee camps. But for now they are little children in kindergarten.

The children shout and cheer, and, after making a conscious effort—necessary, perhaps, for all strangers, and for Jews and Israelis in particular—I begin to differentiate their faces, their voices, their smiles, their characters. It requires an investment of energy on my part, since I have trained myself to look at Arabs with that blurred vision which makes it easier to deal with their accusing, threatening presence.

The teachers giggle, they blush, they consult each other: yes, they would be happy to take me to see their kindergarten. We stride upward among boulders and puddles. In every direction someone is busy building, renovating, painting. The families are large, and more and more must be built.

On the roof of one of the houses sits a boy, perhaps twelve years old, his head shaved and his eyes closed, playing intently on a comb wrapped in paper.

Between two buildings sits a concrete structure, plastered white on the outside and closed with an iron door on which is the U.N. emblem. It looks like a public bomb shelter from the fifties. One of the young teachers opens the iron door, full of what appear to be bullet holes, and I enter the Dheisheh kindergarten. First, one has to get used to the dimness. There is no electricity in the kindergarten. I stand in a long, narrow space divided into two rooms. There is not one picture on the grayish walls; because of the dampness, the wall crumbles if you try

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to pound a nail into it. In one corner of the room are a metal table and two chairs. One other piece of furniture: a thin reed mat.

The teacher tells the children to sit, and they do so, crowding onto the mat. They chatter with each other until the teacher tells them to be quiet. From that moment on, they are totally silent, not making a sound during our entire conversation. In an Israeli kindergarten, the children are unable to remain quiet for a single minute. They jump up from their places, run to the teacher, say what they have to say, argue. They are free children, and you can understand what this freedom is only when you see its opposite. "The children are so quiet and disciplined," I say to the kindergarten teacher, and she answers with an Arabic proverb: "The gosling floats like the gander" —like father, like son.

"Where are you from?"

"From Zakariyya. A village."

"Were you born there?"

She laughs. Even her mother has no memories of it; her mother was five years old when they fled. It is her grandmother who preserves the family tradition. Grandmother was married at the age of seven to a twenty-year-old man. This is what happened: The Turks were fighting the British, and the Arabs feared that the Turkish soldiers would take the girls. So they betrothed them while they were still in diapers. Grandfather himself went out to the Great War, and once when he returned on furlough his wife called him a bad name. He became angry with her, lifted her up in his hands, and threw her far away. That's how little she was. And the kindergarten teacher doubles over with laughter as she tells the story. Today, that grandmother has four sons and a daughter in Dheisheh. She has survived the Turks, the British, the Jordanians, and the Israelis—four occupations.

She is attractive, the ruddy-cheeked teacher; she is sharp and excitable, and is not afraid to say what is on her mind. She was born in Dheisheh, and she supposes she will spend her whole life here. She is engaged to a young man from the camp.

"How do you enjoy yourselves?"

"There isn't much to do here," she answers. "We go to friends, to relatives." Even after the wedding, the couple will have no place to be alone.

"Where will you build your house?"

"In the camp, over my parents' house."

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"He's perfect!"

"And you don't want to leave here for a better place?"

"Only for my homeland. Even if they offer me a palace. Our parents made a mistake when they left their homes. We won't make that mistake."

"And you don't dream sometimes that you might live in a better place?"

"Dream?" She laughs. "I have a responsibility to the suffering my parents endured, and to my own suffering," she says.

"And because of this responsibility to suffering you won't try to achieve even limited possible happiness?"

"I can't. I don't want to."

"And who will help you return to your village—Arafat?"

"Arafat? Arafat is bourgeois. He drives a Mercedes. He doesn't feel the suffering of the refugees. All the Fatah commanders have houses in Syria and the Gulf states. Arafat has no supporters here. Only we can represent ourselves."

"And if Arafat achieves a political settlement? There is talk now of an international conference, you know."

"Understand: we are against Arafat because Arafat wants peace. We want a solution by force. What was taken by force will be returned by force. Only so."

I remember the similarity between the symbol of the Irgun, the underground military organization that fought for an independent Jewish state, and that of the Fatah, one of the guerrilla groups fighting for an Arab Palestine: here a fist grasping a rifle against a map of the Land of Israel, and there two fists holding rifles, against the same map.

The young and enthusiastic kindergarten teacher was neither the first nor the last of those I met during the weeks I spent in the West Bank who voluntarily turned themselves into objects, into impersonal symbols.

"And the children, what about them?" I ask.

"The children here know everything," she says, and the other teacher nods. "Some of the children here are the fourth generation in the camp. On any night, the Army may enter their house, right into the house, conduct a search, shout, turn over the blankets and slash at them with their bayonets, strip their fathers. Here, Naji, here."

Naji is two and a half years old, short for his age, with black eyes, curls.

"A month ago, they took his father, and he doesn't know where he is or if he will ever return."

The second teacher, who is somewhat heavy, blue-eyed and delicately made up, always on the edge of a blush, says, "A little while ago the military governor visited the kindergarten and asked if I teach the children bad things, against Israel and the Jews."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I said that I don't. But that his soldiers do."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? I'll explain. When a child goes for a walk outside and sees a tree, he knows that the tree bears fruit and leaves, right? When he sees a soldier, he knows very well what that soldier does. Do you understand?"

"What do soldiers do?" I ask a girl of about four, called Naima, green-eyed, with little gold earrings in her ears.

"Searches and beatings."

"Do you know who the Jews are?"

"The Army."

"Are there other Jews?"

"No."

"What does your father do?"

"Sick."

"And your mother?"

"She works in Jerusalem for the Jews. Cleans their houses."

"And you?" I ask a chubby boy, somewhat dreamy. "Do you know who the Jews are?"

"Yes. They took my sister."

"Where to?"

"To Faraa."

Both his sisters are there, in jail, one of the teachers explains.

"What did your sisters do?"

"They did *not* throw stones," he says angrily.

Suddenly, a little boy gets up, holding a short yellow plastic stick in his hand, and shoots me.

"Why are you shooting me?"

He runs to the teachers, peeks at me from behind them, and laughs. He is two years old.

"Whom do you want to shoot?" one of the teachers asks. Both are smiling, like two mothers taking pride in a clever child.

"Jews."

Their lips form the answer with him.

"Now tell him why." They encourage the little one.

"Because the Jews took my uncle," he says. "At night, they came in and stole him from the bed, so now I sleep with my mother all the time."

"Is this the answer, to bring up another generation, and another, in hatred? To teach them that this hatred justifies the refusal to work toward a solution? Couldn't you try another way?"

"There is no other way," the two teachers answer, both of them, each in her own fashion, in a whisper or with self-assurance, but in the same words.

I stand and listen and try to be neutral. To understand, not to judge. Not to be like an American or French correspondent, completely severed from the whole complex of events, and quick to pass judgment. But I also stand here as a reserve soldier in the Israeli Army, and as a human being, rising up against this education in hatred, against such tremendous expenditure of energy in the preservation of malice.

A boy raises his hand: he needs to go to the bathroom. I accompany him. The bathroom is only a little niche separated from the room by a curtain. In its center are a hole in the ground and a porcelain platter. There are little piles of excrement all over, and the urinating boy steps in some.

I remember the textbooks full of hate and anti-Israel propaganda found by Israeli soldiers twenty years ago, after the war, in the schools and kindergartens. Those books were confiscated, but their content is now transmitted orally. It doesn't matter who is really to blame for the refugee camps: we, the Israelis, will pay the price. We, and not the Arab countries or the world. It is we whom these children will hate.

"What games do you play here?"

"Games like everywhere," says the blue-eyed teacher. "Tag. Hide-and-seek. There are toys, too."

Two small cardboard boxes hold the kindergarten's toys—old, faded toys that someone donated. Not one toy is whole. None of the cars have wheels; the dolls are missing limbs.

They also have songs, the kindergarten children in Dheisheh. The teachers stand them in a line: "What do we sing when the Army goes by? One, two, three, four!"

And the children break out in song:

We went out into the street.
We waved the flags.
We sang for our country the nicest
of songs,
A song of freedom and unity,
A song of victory through struggle.
Bloom, my land.
By throwing stones and burning
tires
We will free the motherland.

I recall the Jewish children who sang patriotic songs when British soldiers passed by. They must also have felt like heroes.

"And jokes about us?" I ask them. "Do you tell jokes about us?"

They think for a minute, astounded that there aren't any. There really aren't. No jokes at all? No slang expression, twenty years old, to describe the border guards, the Shin Bet (the secret security service), the military governor?

"We," says the smiling teacher, "laugh mostly at ourselves."

"I don't tell the children bad things about Israel," the blue-eyed one says, and adjusts her sweater, "but I tell them stories, stories about animals." A hint. "Like, for example, there were small sparrows on a terebinth tree, playing and having a good time, and suddenly came a cruel black raven who coveted their tree and expelled them from it. They were very sad. They almost died of sorrow, until they got up and gathered together, and flew against him as a great and united group, and so were able to expel him from their tree."

"You made it up?"

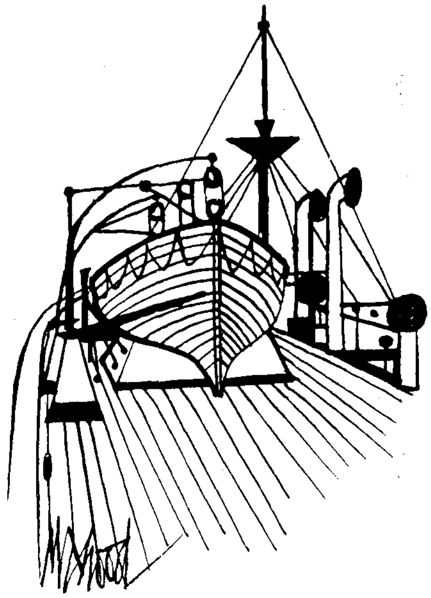
"Yes. I have a few stories like that. The children already understand."

"And so they succeeded in organizing themselves together, the birds?"

"Yes. They are very wise. They're birds, not Palestinians."

WHAT do the Arabs dream about? And what do Jewish children dream about? Is it possible to hope that the dreams of both the Jews and the Arabs provide some sort of escape from and easing of the harsh reality of life? Or are dreams only a direct continuation of it?

Dr. Yoram Bilu, a senior lecturer in psychology and sociology at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, examined, with the help of two of his students, the dreams of six hundred and forty-four eleven-to-thirteen-year-old children in different parts of Israel and the West Bank. His study included children of the Kalandia refugee camp and children of Gush Etzion and Kiryat Arba, Jewish settlements in the West Bank. Every child who took part in the study was given a colored notebook, and was asked to record, over a period of about two months, up to four dreams immediately upon waking. The age of the subjects was fixed so that they were old enough to write down their dreams but not old enough to be bothered by explicit sexual dreams. And one other important point: the children in the refugee camp did not know that the study was being made for the Hebrew University. The notebooks were given to them by an Israeli Arab, a student at the university, and afterward were carefully translated.



About twenty per cent of the Jewish children dreamed of encounters with Arabs. In contrast, nearly sixty per cent of the children in the Kalandia refugee camp had at least one dream involving some sort of encounter with a Jew.

Among two hundred and twelve dreams of encounters (Jews and Arabs), only two characters are identified by name or defined by personal appearance. Almost all the descriptions are stereotypes, the characters given only an ethnic identification ("Jew," "Arab," "Zionist," etc.) or defined by value-laden terms with negative connotations ("the terrorists," "the Jewish oppressors," etc.). The Arabs do not try to refine their stereotyped characters. The Jews make some sort of effort: in general, the word "Arab" is associated for them with the word "criminal." "I lived in an Arab town, full of criminals," wrote an eleven-year-old boy from Kiryat Arba. Another boy dreamed, "I entered a grocery store, and two men, an Arab and a gangster, attacked me there." A child from among the Jewish settlers in Hebron wrote, "We have to educate the Arabs, so that they will be good, law-abiding citizens. I taught them to write Hebrew, until they became good people, and then they were freed from jail, and they didn't make any more problems."

On occasion, the Arabs find escape in apocalyptic dreams, in which the final, decisive battle is held, and the Arab armies, dressed in shining white, are ranged against the Jewish infidels, wrapped in black.

Jewish children also have trouble facing the constant struggle, which offers no escape, and they find release

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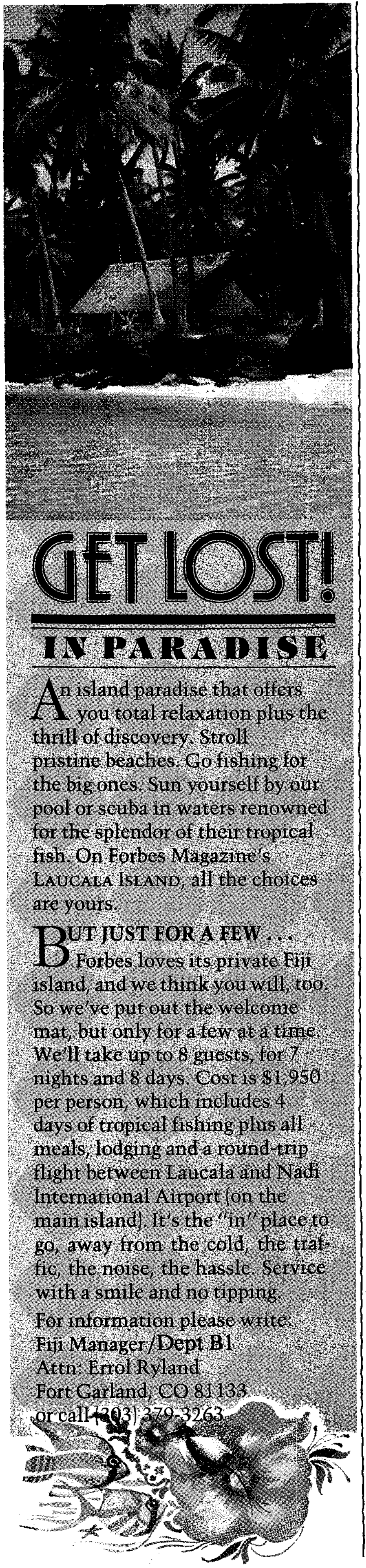

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in imagination and transference. They told, for example, of a colored flying saucer that landed on the border between Israel and "the land of the enemy," and of soldiers from Uganda who attacked a Jewish child; a twelve-year-old dreamed that he was walking in the heart of Hebron, minding his own business, when he was cruelly attacked from behind, "and I turned around and managed to see that it was a Chinese boy."

The majority of the interactions in the dreams are violent and aggressive, and often end in death. The dreams of the children of the Kalandia refugee camp indicate that for them reality is hard and threatening, the world fragile. The typical "plot" of such a dream is played out in the camp. The boundaries of the dreamer's house are permeable, nothing provides him with defense or security, strange people invade the house and attack the child. Sometimes they torture him to death; his parents are unable to protect him. In one dream, for example: "The Zionist Army surrounds our house and breaks in. The soldiers continue to search the house. They throw everything around, but do not find the person they want. They leave the house but return, helped by a treacherous neighbor. This time, they find me and my relatives, after we had all hidden in the closet in fright."

The Holocaust appears in some dreams of the Gush Etzion children. An eleven-year-old girl writes, "My friend and I decided to go to Jericho. Suddenly, I heard someone calling from behind. They were my parents. They said that I should get rid of the yellow coupon I had in my hand. This was a large yellow piece of paper, showing that we supported the partisans. The city, Jericho, was against the partisans. But it was too late, because suddenly someone came, took us to a grove of trees, and ordered us to crawl on the ground along with many other people. Crawling, we reached a tunnel, but only my father was allowed to enter. They said that this place was for the men . . . My mother and I had to continue to the place for the women. Suddenly, I saw something move. It was frightening. An old woman suddenly emerged from a burial cave. Her face was covered with ashes."

Guilt feelings appear only among the Jewish children. For instance, in the dream of a twelve-year-old girl from Kiryat Arba: "Suddenly, someone grabs me, and I see that this is my house, but my family has gone, and Arab children are walking through our rooms, and their father holds me, he has a kaffiyeh and his face is harsh. I am not at all amazed by what is happening. I take it as if this is the way things should be. I am not surprised to see these Arabs living in my house."

Dr. Bilu's study is long and detailed. The dreams offer little in the way of escape or relief; there are few moments of pity or friendly contact. One fact is particularly interesting, concerning what does *not* appear in this study: among some two thousand dreams of Jewish and Arab children, there are only two that indicate a longing for peace.

I TOLD a friend that I wanted to visit some classes at one of the West Bank universities. He said "Classes? They go to classes there?" and laughed in amazement. "It never occurred to me that they go to classes. All we hear about them is that they throw stones and burn tires."

At Bethlehem University, the doors of the classrooms have small glass windows. A stranger can peek through them and see the lesson in progress: the teacher, the students, and, above all, the attentiveness. That is the first impression: the forward tilt—unconscious—of their bodies. The students hang on the teacher's every word.

In the hallway, near the stairwell, stand a lecturer and his students, conferring. They speak about Freud, about humor as a way of expressing aggression. On one wall of the hallway is a very large bronze plaque that depicts a lion overpowering a doe—a familiar Palestinian symbol. Sitting under it, on two chairs pulled together, are a boy and a girl whispering together, her hair almost falling into his face. Ask people here about the role of politics in academic life, I tell myself, and ask about permissiveness.

On the basement floor of the science building, where the physics classrooms are, three professors take counsel with each other. Professor Abdel Rahman Zurub explains their problem to me: the summer session generally runs six weeks, but because of frequent closings of the university by the Army they have to make do with only four weeks of studies. They refer to the calendar again and again, shaking their heads in concern. We may need to give up on Electromagnetism II, Professor Zurub says.

The students won't be able to grasp

the material, says Professor Hanna Hallak, putting question marks next to the courses in danger of being cancelled.

The third, Raymond Ayoub, a mathematician from Pennsylvania State University who is teaching here on a Fulbright grant, tells me, "We can offer only the basic courses, the ones most necessary for their degree. Nothing that can really enrich them, or expand their horizons."

Bethlehem University is fourteen years old. It was established by the Vatican and has the Vatican's backing. About fifteen hundred students study at the university; the faculty numbers about a hundred and thirty. The West Bank has five degree-granting universities. They enroll about ten thousand students. The best-known of them is Bir Zeit, north of Ramallah, which has been shut down for four months by order of the military administration, following violent demonstrations there. A few thousand more Arabs study at teachers' colleges, seminaries, technical schools, and commercial colleges. Bethlehem University is considered no less extreme in its politics than Bir Zeit, and is known to be a stronghold of the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine, a Marxist Palestinian faction. But because of the Vatican's support the administration treats the institution with a bit more delicacy than it does the other West Bank universities.

Hanna Hallak, who teaches physics and mathematics, suggests that I come with him to see the laboratory.

"When were you last closed?"

"We opened just yesterday, after a three-day closing imposed in honor of your Independence Day. Here, this is our laboratory. Modest, I know. We make much of the equipment with our own hands. In the carpentry and metal shops."

Poor and primitive equipment: microscopes and measuring instruments and Bunsen burners, all ancient-looking. A demonstration for students is in progress, and I have a quick lesson in the refraction of light. To the extent that I can judge, the explanation is on the level that one would get in an Israeli high school. More impressive is the way the students relate to the material—with respect and interest. They wear expressions of total concentration.

Could I sit in on a class session?

Caught off guard, Hanna Hallak removes his glasses and polishes them.

Not at all?

He avoids my gaze.

"Are there things you prefer to hide?"

"It is not a simple matter to let an Israeli into a class session. It would cause some tension."

"You mean that the students would be suspicious of a teacher who brought an Israeli to class? Even, say, a mathematics class?"

"Let's continue our tour. I will show you our greenhouse."

"Do you have courses in politics and current events here?"

"Take a look at the catalogue."

The catalogue is attractive and is written in English. On the cover is a photograph of the university's main building: a carved stone tower with a statue of Jesus above, and a large clock with its hands at four minutes after twelve.

> Political Science 201—This course is an introduction to the study of political science. It involves the following subjects: social environment, transition of a society into a political entity, definition of terms in the political sciences, types of sovereignty . . .
>
> Political Science 304—The Palestinian Problem. A detailed study of the problem, focussing upon critical incidents, historical documents, people, and organizations involved in the overall situation. The aim of the course is to clarify the situation in an attempt to understand the problem in perspective. . . .

But there are also:

> English 311—Drama. A critical study of selected plays significant to the development of drama as a literary genre. Emphasis will be placed on the influence of classical and European theatre on dramatic works in the English language. . . .
>
> Psychology 431—The Exceptional Child. Through comparison with the normal child, this course aims at studying the gifted, the creative, the mentally retarded, the blind, and the socially deprived. The focus will be on etiology, social and individual problems, and the modern methods of solving these problems.

And this, too:

> Sociology 438—Israeli Society. This course aims at studying the Israeli society and how it has melted heterogeneous groups who differ in their customs, traditions, situations, and cultures into a homogeneous society. The course also aims at focussing on the problem facing the process of creating a homogeneous society composed of different subgroups.

Hanna Hallak leads me to the almost empty greenhouse. A few shrunken cactuses and geranium plants. Biology students learn plant anatomy from these plants. From the greenhouse I gaze out at the wonderfully beautiful campus—flower beds, stone buildings, stately pine trees, gravel paths. Hundreds of students,

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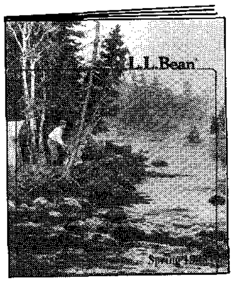

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and they make hardly any noise. Most of them sit, during their break, in the sunlight, studying alone or in groups.

I absorb their seriousness. Hard work is in the air of this small campus, an atmosphere of study. Those who say that the universities are nurseries of terror don't understand the complexity of the issue. There is something deeper at work here. I say to myself, "There is no idleness. Not like the campus quadrangles I know. Here the students seem, somehow, determined. Even during their breaks."

Back to the bustling corridor. It is very crowded. Everyone races between classrooms. The space is full of youth and chatter. Boys and girls exchange glances. There are almost as many women studying here as men, and women are often the best students: first, because many of the most talented boys find their way to other countries, and a girl, however talented she may be, will not go far from her father's house; second, because girls are less involved in politics. I note that almost all the students are well dressed. None are sloppy. You can feel that people come here with respect, almost in celebration.

In the milling crowd I make out a crown of red hair. The face of a young man striding in the middle of a knot of students. This redhead from Bethlehem jokes *non-stop*, eager to entertain. I join the students in their walk to class, look for the girl he is trying to impress, and think I have found her. I don't think he'll succeed.

Two short conversations.

James Connolly, who was born near Manchester and educated at the University of London, the chairman of the English Department: "I am here because it is an important service to the population. The students here are eager to learn. They are never satiated by their studies. In many ways, I prefer them to those in England. Their motivation for gaining knowledge is immense. Of course, the general level here is lower than in a Western university. We try to admit as many students as possible. There are difficult entrance examinations, but we accept mediocre students as well. We have to meet a great demand."

"What do you teach here?"

"I teach English poetry. They are so sensitive to lyric rhythm! Maybe because the rhythm of the Koran flows in their blood."

"What will you be teaching in your next class?"

"The poetry of John Donne."

"And does what is called 'the situation' make its way into the class?"

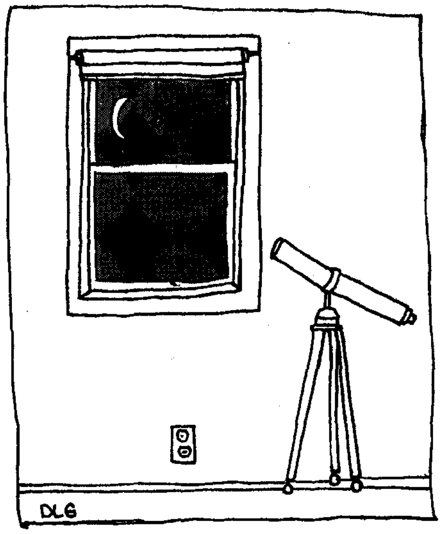
"I try to prevent it. My status here as a foreign lecturer is very sensitive. Other teachers have been expelled from the West Bank after being accused of incitement. Sometimes, in English-language classes, I ask the students to write a composition on what concerns them. Then I get not a few compositions on their suffering under the occupation."

"And what do you do in such cases?"

He throws me a blue-eyed, British sly smile. "Why, I correct the mistakes in the English, of course."

Muhammad El-Hajj Yahia teaches social work. He is a native of Taibeh, an Israeli Arab village, and is a graduate of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. "The first year here is hard for every student," he says. "Don't forget that the students generally come from a traditional society. This affects their spirit and intellectual ability. They are not an open people. They are used to learning by rote, by memorization, to having to guess at the wishes of the authoritative teacher. At first, they are incapable of working on their own and thinking as individuals. They lack even the tools needed to develop self-awareness. As a teacher, I endeavor to pass on to my students the approach I learned at the Hebrew University: independence, critical thinking, and curiosity. I tell them not to base conclusions on a single source of information, not to accept anything I say as dogma, always to question. At first, they do not succeed in overcoming the obstacles within themselves. Later, they do overcome them and break loose. This is the most important education I can give them."

A bullhorn suddenly barks outside.



From the window I see a student in a black leather jacket gathering people around him. Students come from every corner of the campus to listen to him. He voices a furious protest against the university cafeteria's serving food today, during Ramadan, the Muslim holy month of fasting. "Oh, it's only a demonstration of fanatical Muslims," says a Christian student working in the room, but those around me exchange quick glances.

As the demonstration continues, I talk with a student who has an official position in the student senate, who refuses to give me his name, and offers a stream of tired and insincere declarations. He has to raise his voice in order to be heard over the noise of the demonstration. The shouts are now turning into the regular chants of a chorus. I get up to look, and see that the pastoral courtyard contains hundreds of students, gathered in tight circles around the speaker. He shouts a phrase, and they answer him with a roar, waving their fists in the air. To my surprise, they are now shouting hostile anti-Israel and anti-occupation slogans. The object of their anger has switched so quickly. In the crowd are many white-kerchiefed women. They are some of the most extreme of the Muslim women who study here. I am pulled gently away from the window: *better that they not know I am here.* But even a stolen glance allows me to make out that red head among the sea of darker ones. Now he is completely foreign, waving his fist with the others and shouting. Oddly, that is the main thing that remains in my memory from this moment—being totally disappointed in a person whom I did not even know.

One of those present in the room walks away from the window, looks at me, and says, "We have a little problem outside."

The campus calms down within half an hour, and I go out into the courtyard. I present myself to a group of students and ask to talk with them. They giggle awkwardly, and suddenly look very young. One of them, a young woman, takes up the challenge. "I am willing to talk, but not here," she says. Her name is Raula, she is from Ramallah, and she is studying social work. "I wanted a profession that would allow me to give something to people," she tells me. "Something that would give me an opportunity to work with my heart, and not just with my head or hands."

Raula leads me through the court-

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PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Another Antigone—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play about a professor of Greek drama who is accused of anti-Semitism. George Grizzard gives a marvellous, eloquent performance. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/25/88.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (11/2/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys Next Door—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi is accomplished and fascinating as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Feb. 7, no performances until Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 2, when the show will reopen at the Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 869-0550.)

The Cherry Orchard—Even the fine performances of Erland Josephson as wistful, hapless Gaev and Željko Ivanek as scruffy, passionate Trofimov cannot shed light on Peter Brook's opaque production of Chekhov's masterpiece. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Cold Sweat—A play by Neal Bell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Man and Superman—In this latest revival of Shaw's 1903 anti-romantic comedy, David Birney is miscast as the glib radical-intellectual Jack Tanner, and Frances Conroy is misdirected (by William Woodman) as his unwanted ward, Ann Whitefield. But the production—which does not include Act III and the brilliant dream sequence commonly known as "Don Juan in Hell"—is saved by the deftly winning performances of Michael Cumpsty, Anthony Fusco, and Kim Hunter (as Mrs. Whitefield, Ann's mother). (1/25/88) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—This is as much a celebration of Shakespeare's comedy as a presentation of it, with A. J. Antoon at the helm. The real source of magic lies in the beautiful scenery of Andrew Jackness and the rich, gorgeous score by Michael Ward. (1/25/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 3, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hard-

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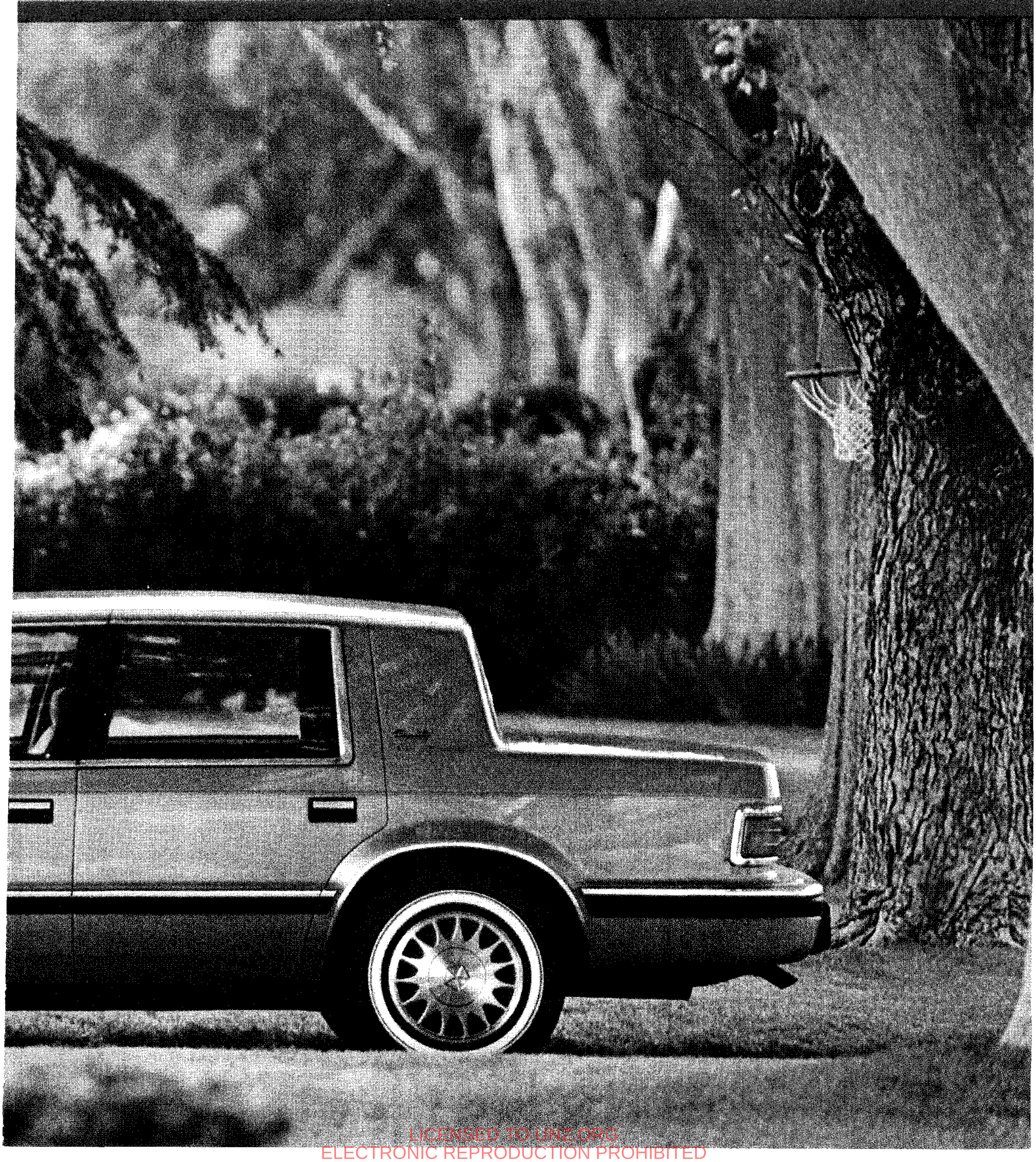

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

yard, through the piercing glances, and into a room that looks like the office of some sort of cultural committee: metal cabinets overflowing with posters, tables piled with pamphlets, stacks of newspapers. A red-tinted map of Palestine is stuck on a wooden board, with the caption "Palestine is ours." On one wall is a picture of Che Guevara, and on another a drawing of a long-haired girl with strong brown eyes. "Her name is Taghrid Batma," Raula says, and her voice takes on a special color, as if she were reciting a folktale. "Israeli intelligence agents killed her in '82. Why? Because she was a good Palestinian. She organized many demonstrations and was an activist. That's why."

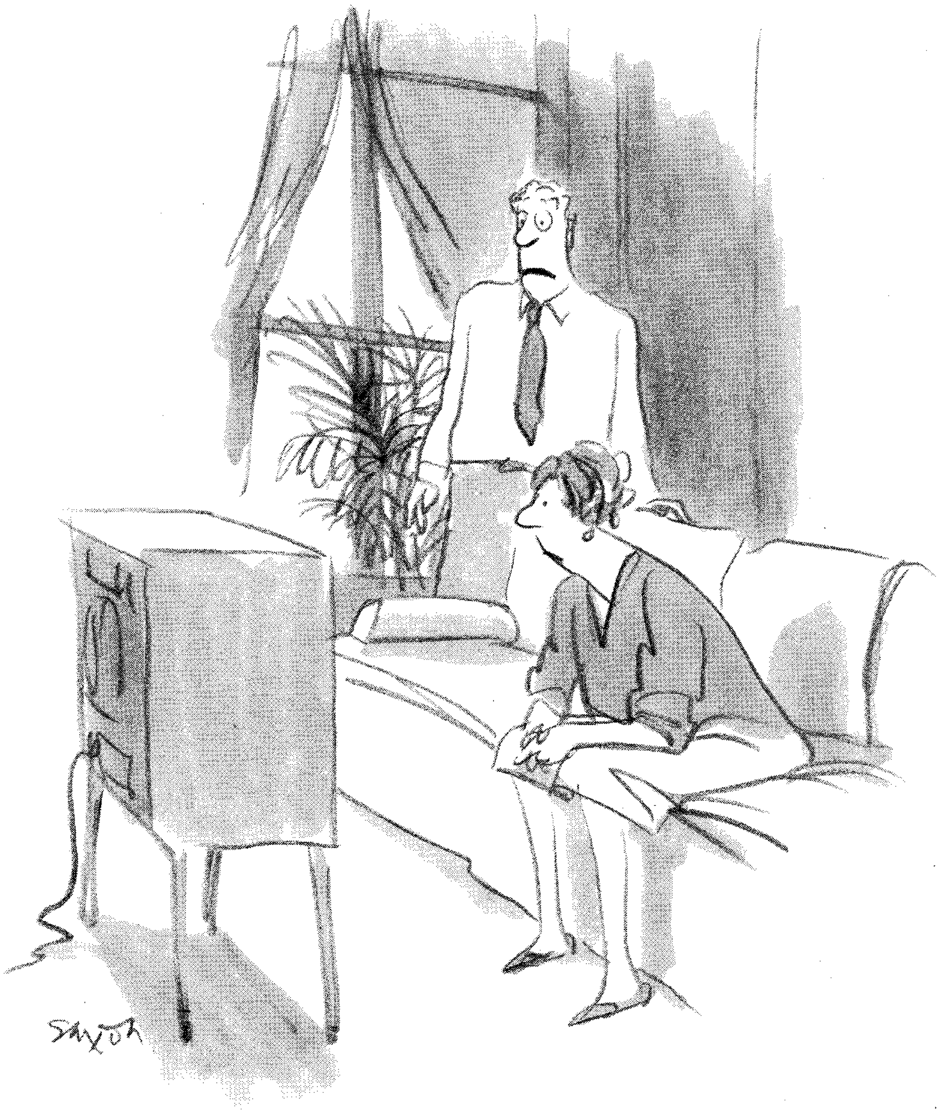
For some reason, I do not feel like speaking to her about the side the Palestinians present to us, the Israelis, and I ask about the couple I saw whispering to each other in the corridor, about the glances exchanged between boys and girls in the courtyard, about that hardly hidden fluttering of eyes that makes the atmosphere of this campus more charged and potent than that of Israeli universities.

Raula laughs. "Relations between men and women here are very free," she says. "Why are you surprised? We are educated, progressive adults, and we know what to do with the culture we have acquired."

"Did your parents agree that you should live this way, so closely with men?"

"My mother knew exactly what happens here, and she sent me here anyway. Besides, we all know that the university is the greatest matchmaker for educated young people. Maybe Mother was thinking of that, too."

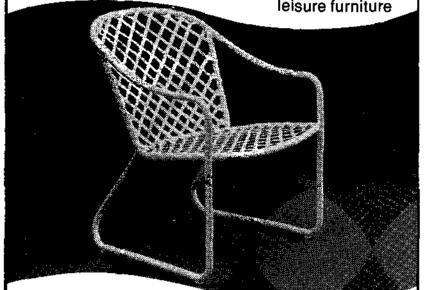
"And does the situation allow you to study, or are your minds distracted by other things?"



"So that's a soap opera! Good heavens!"

"The occupation weighs on us here. We never know if there will be classes tomorrow, or if they will allow us past the checkpoints on the way to the university. In class, we are afraid to express our opinions freely, because we are afraid of spies. You know, two years ago some collaborators were caught here. They were beaten and ostracized. Afterward, some of them were found dead, and no one has ever discovered who killed them. There is always tension in class, because everything is connected in one way or another to the situation. We live under pressure, but that is really what creates the motivation for us to keep at our studies and to go on with our daily lives. It is a pioneer challenge, because, with all the disturbances and closings and pressures, we still exist and study like students in any other university in the world, and we do our best to get through all the material. That's an iron rule with us, with the teachers and the students, a rule we follow of our own volition: we make up all the required material, no matter what happens, even if it means classes in the evening, during vacations, at people's houses. Here classes last at least an hour and a quarter, not forty-five minutes, as at your universities. We aren't lazy. We have a goal, you know." Her small mouth forms a determined circle. "We must educate ourselves in opposition to what the occupation wants us to be," she says. "The occupation can numb, and we must fight that numbness. That is our mission. There are those among us who fight with weapons, and there are those who fight with speeches. We will fight with the help of education and thought."

THE military court in Nablus, a city in the West Bank thirty miles north of Jerusalem. An ugly, dirty, dark building. As soon as I am inside, I feel a need to contract, make myself small, keep from touching anything. The windows are broken and extremely filthy; through the spiderwebs one can make out the silhouette of barren Mt. Ebal, the mountain of the curse. Storms frequently cut off the electricity, and in the dark it is sometimes hard to see the justice being done here. I enter the courtroom near the end of a trial. The accused, a skinny boy with a scarred face, is charged with membership in an enemy organization. The defense attorney summarizes his arguments. He recalls that the boy merely expressed interest



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in joining the Fatah, and did not actually become a member, and that, furthermore, he is sick, his knees have been deformed from birth. "Stand up for a minute so they can see," the lawyer says. "His father is over there, he would like to say something, he promises to be responsible for the behavior of the boy in the future. So if the father will only stand up, you can see what kind of person he is."

From one of the public benches the father rises. A man of about fifty, short, with a wrinkled face. He crumples his hat in his hands, takes a hesitant step forward, and slowly, slowly raises his eyes to the judge, as if he were about to lay out before him a complex exhibit for the trial, when actually his face is all he has to exhibit in his son's defense.

He may be seated.

He sits down beside his thick-limbed wife, whose lips mutter unceasingly. The rest of the family stares, frozen, at the judge, hanging on his words. The father's face relaxes little by little.

The military judge, Major Yair Rabinowitz (who was once a military prosecutor), sentences the accused to four months in prison, with a one-year suspended sentence in force for three years. The defendant, as he goes off to prison, throws a smile of relief at his brothers—not at his parents. He is surprised by the leniency of the punishment. The mother looks at the father in agitation and bites her lips: four months!

Next case.

When the lawyer Lea Tsemel arrives at the parking lot opposite the military court in Nablus, her clients pounce on her car, besiege her in fear and supplication, thirsty for the news she brings. In her office in East Jerusalem, in a building that is still under construction—with holes in the walls where elevators are to be installed, and a roof partly open to the sky—Arabs whose actions have brought them or members of their families up against the Israeli judicial system wait for her from early morning, confused, ignorant of their rights and obligations and what awaits them. The office teems with people, mostly villagers, who have been there for hours and greet Tsemel with awe. She is a small woman, always smiling, resolute in her speech, extreme in her opinions, sympathetic, and honest. She conducts several conversations at once with those massed around her, speaking excellent Arabic with an unmistakable Ashkenazic accent. Chain-smoking, she argues over the telephone with police investigators who are preventing her from seeing a client in jail; curses; forgives. She puts on glasses missing one sidepiece, sets out on her way to Nablus or Ramallah. Another thing: in her relations with Arabs, there is something you don't come across very often—straightforwardness and equality, without a trace of sanctimony. She places herself neither above nor below her clients, and there is no soft and self-effacing paternalism.

And now the trial of Jafar Hajj Hasan, accused of making contact with an enemy organization.

He is different from the other prisoners shut up in the small, filthy confinement room. He stands tall and has delicate features. His movements are moderate and quiet. The prosecutor explains the charge: A few years ago, Hasan asked his father for a sum of money in order to study in Germany. His father applied to a friend of his, a Fatah member in Jordan, for assistance. Jafar Hajj Hasan did not receive money but did receive a scholarship to study German in Germany. After half a year of study, he decided that he did not want to study German, and changed his field. His patron in the Fatah told his father that the organization would support him only if he pursued a subject of some benefit to the organization. He refused—and his scholarship was immediately revoked. Jafar Hajj Hasan remained in Germany for several years, with no links to terrorist organizations; married a German woman; and then came home. A week afterward, he was arrested. He has been in the Nablus prison for forty-four days, a security detainee.

Forty-four days. They did not beat him there, he tells me later; the treatment was reasonable. Even so, he says, do you know what forty-four days in jail is? Previously, he had not been involved in politics at all, did not even know what it meant to be a Palestinian. One may assume that in prison he learned something.

The judge listens to the prosecutor's arguments. He wears a knitted skullcap and has a pleasant face. He sits in a businessman's black swivel chair, which can face in any direction and also lean backward. The prosecutor, a young officer in the Army, enumerates the charges. The room is dim. The judge rocks back and forth on the platform. For a second his head disappears behind his desk. The court holds its breath. Then he sweeps up slowly, raising with him an interesting argument: From the charge, it would seem that the suspect never had real, active contact or connection of any sort with a terrorist organization. He maintained—so to speak—contact with his father. What is wrong with that, the judge asks. After all, it was his father—who is now in Jordan—who made the contact.

The prosecutor, who is somewhat lacking in experience, here makes a mistake, and does not accept the judge's hinted advice. He sticks to his argument: the accused should have distinguished between those conversations with his father regarding family matters and those regarding terrorist organizations. The translator—a heavyset Druze soldier, with no expression on his face—ceased some time ago to translate the proceedings for the accused. He picks his ears with his finger, whispers something to the woman-soldier stenographer, and seems to sink into a stupor. The relatives of the accused gaze at the translator in supplication: he is their sole connection with what is being said, but he has become used to them and pays no attention. Only an angry admonition from the judge brings him back to life: he resumes translating for several minutes, and then, little by little, is reabsorbed into his oblivion.

Defense Attorney Tsemel rises from her seat and protests the use of the term "terrorist organization."

The judge asks the reason for her objection.

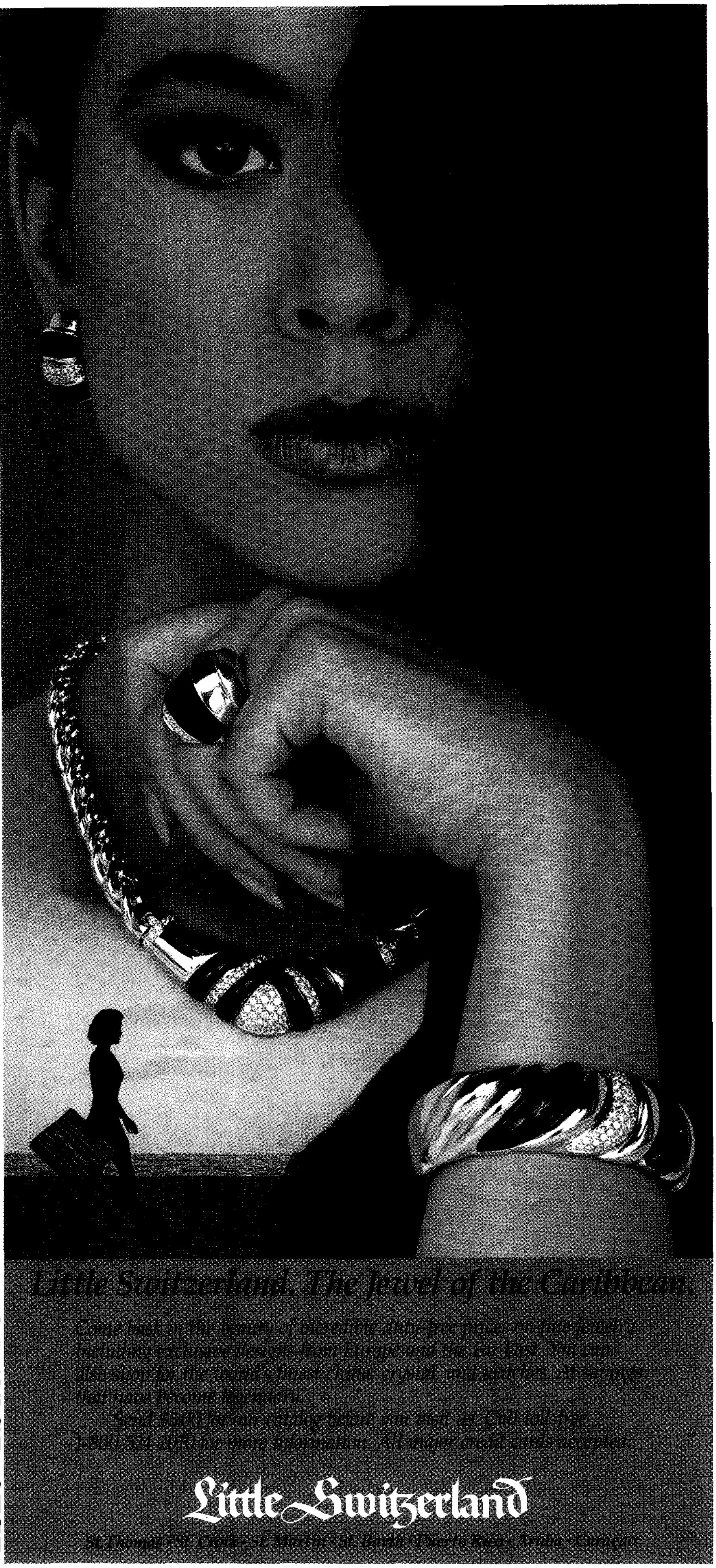
Tsemel reminds him that British law calls it a "proscribed association."

The judge: "But the term 'terrorist organization' has been used here for years."

Tsemel: "That's because of the prosecutor Menachem Kornweitz. He changed the term on his own initiative, and suddenly all the charge sheets were filled with 'terrorist organizations.' So, inevitably, every accused person is a 'terrorist,' and that, of course, influences the judges in making their decisions."

The prosecutor, slightly mocking: "And Madam, of course, has not come to terms with that distortion."

Tsemel: "Correct. I have refused on principle to accept charge sheets in which the term 'terrorist' is used. Judges have always conceded me the



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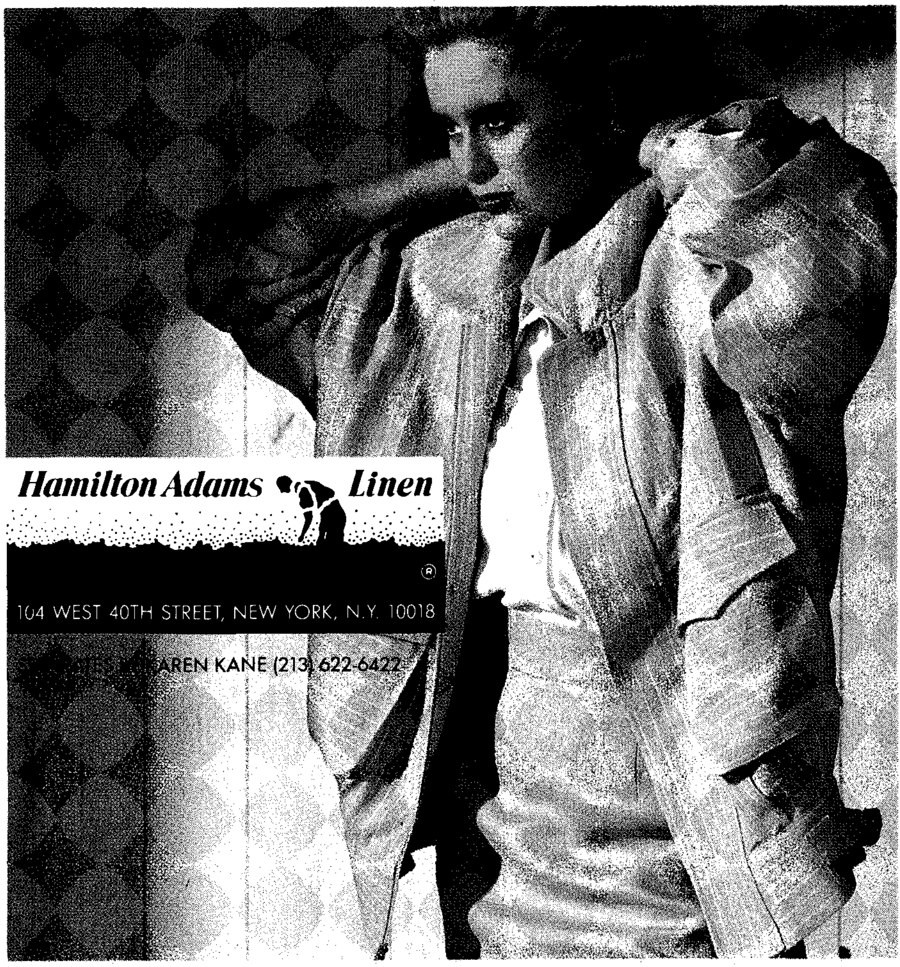
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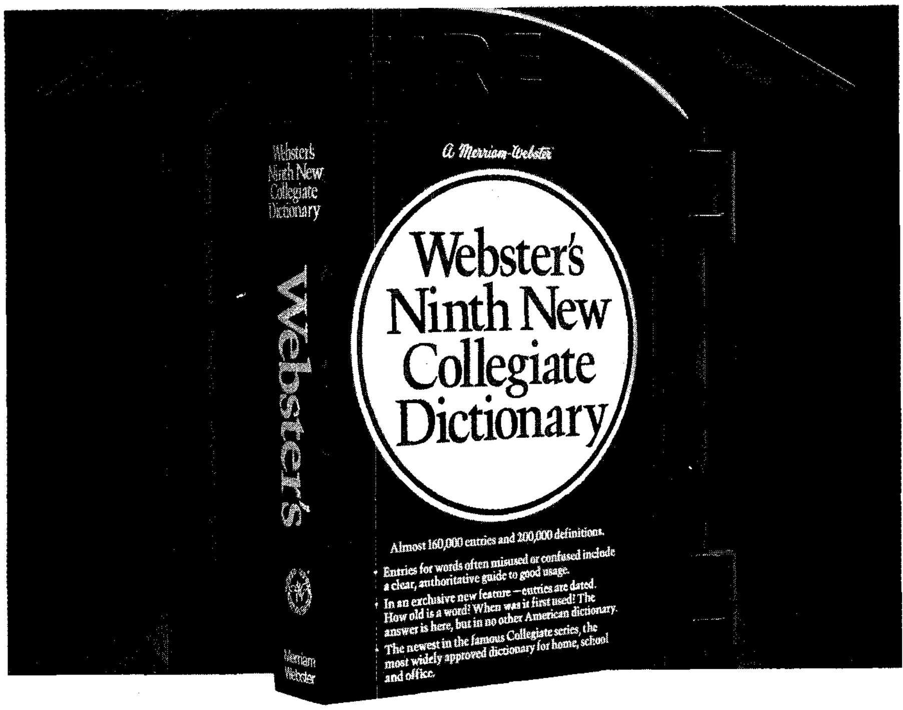
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point, but I did not want only consideration."

The judge: "So what did Madam do?"

Tsemel: "I applied to the chief counsel in the territories, and asked that he instruct prosecutors not to use the term 'terrorist' when drafting charges."

The judge, amused: "And what, Madam, was the counsel's answer?"

Tsemel: "He said that I am right, but did nothing. For a year and a half, I have been sending him requests. Just this week, the corrective instruction arrived, and I demand that, from now on, it be adhered to with care."

The judge: "As far as I'm concerned, it can be called a 'charitable organization.' The prosecutor will now continue to relate the accused's connections with the Salvation Army."

The accused understands neither the dialogue nor the reading of the charge sheet. No one explains to him what is being said. He is caught up in an incomprehensible nightmare, and does not know how it will end. His situation is, however, better than that of an ordinary defendant here, because most of those who arrive in the courtroom have confessed their guilt at an early stage, while being interrogated by the security service. In ninety-five per cent of the cases, the defense attorney has to be content with bargaining over the severity of the sentence, rather than over whether punishment should be imposed on his client in the first place.

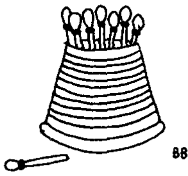
Here the charge sheet may be disproved easily. The judge is aware of this, and he wavers out loud: "Is maintaining contact with his father sufficient to convict the defendant?"

The prosecution and the defense finish their presentations. The judge withdraws to his chambers. The prosecutor, the defense attorney, and the translator wait for him in one of the secretarial offices of the court. The place is humming with young men and women soldiers, who while away their military service here. Several of them are sprawled on a pile of mattresses, chatting. The walls are decorated with cutouts from an Israeli teen magazine and with the same pseudo-clever posters that hang in every Army office: "The Lazy Man's Ten Commandments;" "Today Is the First Day of the Rest of Your Life."

"He has to free him," Lea Tsemel bursts out. "It shouldn't be open to question. The matter is completely clear!"

The prosecutor, young, blond, and bearded, smiles with a wisdom older than his years.

Both he and she know that the great majority of the trials in the military courts in the area end in conviction. They both know that if the defendant is convicted he will not be able to appeal the judgment, because in the territories only a single level of courts functions, hearing every kind of case. There is always tension between the civil jurists and the military people dealing with the law. The Army, of course, prefers to see the court as part of the executive arm of the military, and the regulations regarding the legal handling of prisoners reflect this. In the territories, a suspect may be held prisoner without a court order for eighteen days, whereas in Israel the limit is forty-eight hours. In Israel, the police must allow the defendant to meet with his lawyer as soon as possible, within forty-eight hours; under the military government, the court may delay the meeting between a prisoner and his lawyer for as long as it cares to.



In his chambers, the judge goes into the case of Jafar Hajj Hasan. Hundreds of thousands of inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza have, as defendants or relatives of defendants, passed through the military courts of Israel. They have waited in the mildewed corridors, have raised frightened and confused glances to the judge determining their fate and the fate of their families; have listened without comprehending to the defense and prosecuting attorneys bargaining in the hall over the severity of the punishment to be inflicted on them or their relatives. There is not, it seems, any way to impose security and order in these areas without military courts, but there must be a way to make this vast friction between Israelis and Palestinians more honorable and tolerable, to minimize the hate.

The judge still wavers. His chambers are still closed. Because there is a catch: the defendant, Jafar Hajj Hasan, has already been in prison for forty-four days. A question may be asked: Can a military court of an occupying power admit that the military government of the occupation made a mistake? How would that influence its authority, its reputation, and its power in the eyes of the inhabitants? Everything depends on the answer to this question. Perhaps it is because of this question that the judge has been wrapped up in himself for two full hours.

Now he emerges.

The judgment: "I sentence the defendant to forty-four days in prison. The crime: bringing money into the area in violation of Section 2(a)(1)."

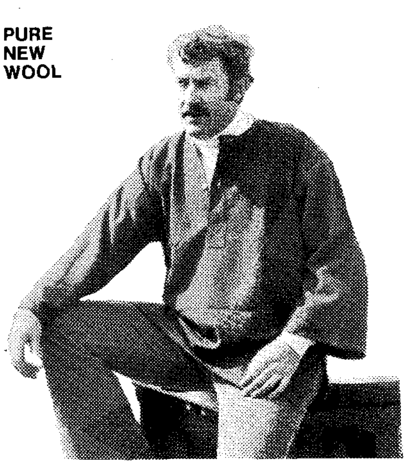
The defense attorney can't believe her ears. Even the prosecutor smiles uncomfortably.

The sentence requires a brief explanation: After two hours of uncertainty, the judge has decided to convict the defendant on a new charge, one not included in the charge sheet. The law establishes that such a conviction ("a conviction without informing the defense counsel that the defendant is liable to be convicted on this charge, and without giving the defense counsel notice of intent to convict on this section") is directly contrary to Section 23 of the Order on Security Regulations. In a case in which the court revises the list of charges, it must (according to this order) "allow the defense counsel to postpone the hearing or reëxamine the witnesses, before the court may continue with its judgment."

None of these things were done here.

And note that the accused did not bring money into the area. He received a scholarship—that is, a benefit. In Germany. And Germany is not in the area. If the judge acquits the defendant on all charges, however, the inhabitants of the territories may interpret this as weakness. Acquittal might call into question the sensitive system of relations between the inhabitants and the governmental authority, and demonstrations, riots, and so on may break out. General and personal security will be put in danger, and the defendant may find himself in prison anyway, because of a general escalation of tension, which may sweep him along with it. So if he is acquitted he is liable to be arrested.

On the other hand, if the judge imposes a punishment of forty-four days in prison, the inhabitants will understand immediately that the occupying power cannot allow itself to appear in error even in an unimportant case like this one, because that implies a great and dangerous weakness, which may endanger the sensitive system of relations . . . riots . . . ar-



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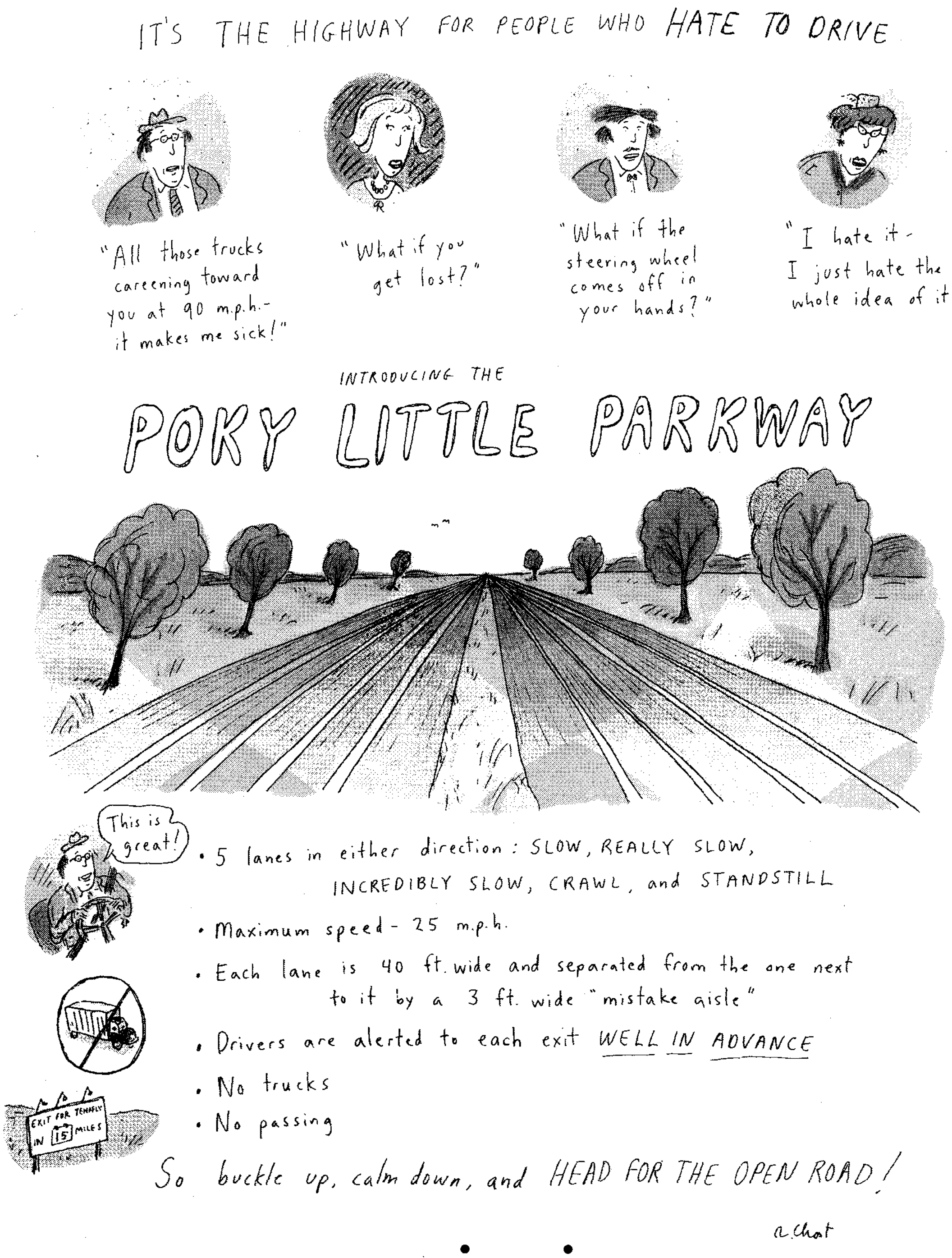
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rests . . . and the accused will find himself again behind bars.

In this light, the retroactive sentencing of Jafar Hajj Hasan to forty-four days in prison should be seen as a preëmptive acquittal.

The defendant is freed immediately. The judge has already disappeared.

THERE are also refugees to whom a miracle happened—who were returned to their land. Among these are the people of the village of Wadi Fukin. After Israel's War of Independence, they were uprooted from their village, and for more than twenty years they lived in a refugee camp or with family members who took pity on them or in rented houses, in Jericho and Dheisheh and Hussan and Amman, and suddenly, in 1972, the order was given: "Return them." So they returned to the village from which they had been exiled—perhaps the only refugees to have done so. They can testify to the differences, and can say something about the chances for reconciliation and forgiveness.

Wadi Fukin is a watered and fertile valley. Springs flow, the ground is productive and benevolent, and everyone has a storage pool for springwater and a kitchen garden full of produce, and olive groves, bordered by grapevines. At the top of the mountain that stands over the valley are the foundations of the ancient city of Beitar and the new settlement of Beitar Illit.

After the war, the valley was the focus of attacks on Israeli Army patrols passing nearby, along the border, and after the Army took several retaliatory actions the village was abandoned and its inhabitants were dispersed. Nearly all the houses in the village were demolished; the ruins on the mountain slope are still bleached by the sun, and the remaining houses have become a training site for the Army. On some of the ruins one can still make out the marks of the bullets fired by soldiers in the fifties.

Imtiyaz (the name means "distinguished") was not yet born when her parents fled from the village. They moved from place to place in the West Bank over several years. When she was a baby, they went to the Dheisheh refugee camp. She lived her entire childhood and youth in the camp, and a year ago she came to Wadi Fukin: she married a man here. Her parents, who could not afford to build a house in the village, remain in Dheisheh. She remembers the day, fifteen years ago, when the people of Wadi Fukin left the refugee camp and returned to their village. "Of course, we were mad at them," she says. "We were angry that they were returning here to real life, and we remained there, in prison. They cried with happiness, and we cried out of jealousy and pain. There are still some there today who are angry with those who were able to return."

"They are mad at the ones who returned? What are they guilty of?" I ask.

"Whom should they be angry at?"

"The Jews threw us out of here, and the Jews brought us back," says a wide-eyed old woman who listens to us from the roof of the house next door, between clumps of newly sheared sheep's wool hung out to air.

It is a cool day in early spring. We are sheltered in a shady, broad yard. The little valley lies at our feet, and the storage pools sparkle in the sun. Despite the Ramadan fast, my hosts bring me a glass of tea, and little by little people from every corner of the village gather around us, listening, nodding, and telling their stories—but not freely. These are things that people do not like to recall.

"Life in the camp is bad," a woman of about fifty says shyly. "You are always with your head down, waiting for the next blow. After a few years there, you have nothing left but fear and poverty. You become like a dead person—you do not want anything and you do not hope. You wait for death. Even the children there are old. They are born with fear. Here children are like children—they almost do not know what the Army is. Only the settlers are frightening."

Everyone glances up at the settlement stuck onto the mountain.

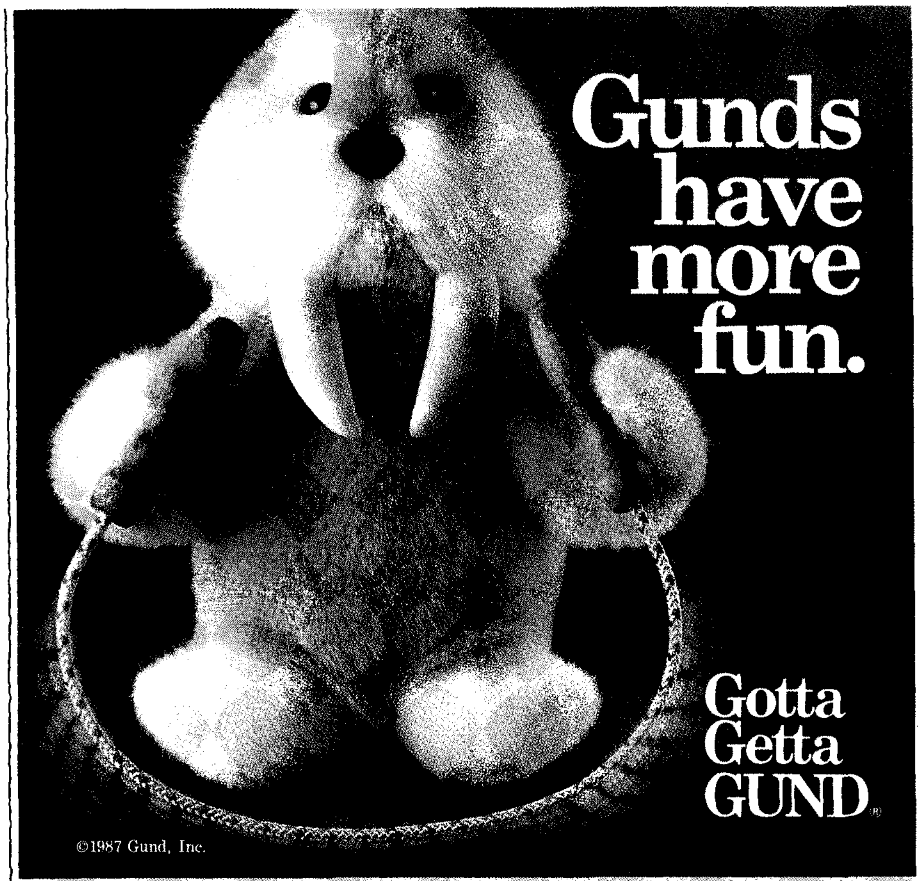
"When the families left Dheisheh on their way back to the village and we stayed there, I cried for nearly a week," Imtiyaz says. "They could return and we couldn't, because we didn't have the money to build a new house. I was small, and I didn't understand that. After all, we had all lived like one big family, we had shared everything, we had suffered together for years, so why them and not us? After a while, they began to come visit us in the camp, and we would pelt them with questions. We wanted to know everything about the village: how the land was, and the spring, and the vegetables."

"They would bring us vegetables in bags," recalls Hanan, a rounded young woman who knows a few words of Hebrew. "And we would kiss those vegetables. We would kiss each tomato a hundred times before we ate it."

"But I actually liked Dheisheh, and I miss it," another woman says, hotly. She has strong features and sits across from me on a stool, and immediately begins vilifying our hosts for serving me a drink during Ramadan. "Even if your brother comes, do not give him anything to drink," she says to the startled woman of the house. "Ah, when the Jordanians were here they would shoot anyone who desecrated the fast. Since you came here, everything has changed. There is no respect for religion anymore."

"You miss Dheisheh?" I ask.

Even a retarded woman kneeling by the wall and hollowing out green



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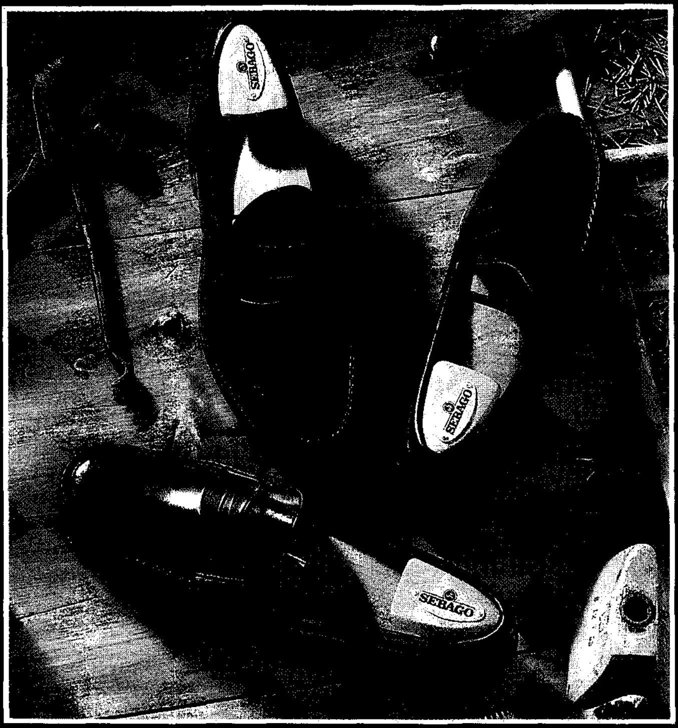

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squashes to be stuffed with rice and meat stops to look at her in amazement.

"Yes. I miss it. I get goose bumps when I think of it," she says, and bares an arm to illustrate her meaning.

"But there it's bad! Frightening!" Imtiyaz counters.

The woman responds, "The fear is their doing"—and she indicates me with a movement of her head. "I miss the people who were there. I miss my house. What—aren't they people, the ones there? Weren't we close to them? That's what I miss."

Another woman joins the group, greeting us and sitting down, and a young man, who brings us mandrake fruit to smell. Here it is called "the madman's apple," and it has a faint and wonderful aroma.

The name of the woman who just arrived is Wadha Ismail, and she listens for a while to the stories of the others. Then she begins to speak, without any reproach in her voice, and tells me this: "After they expelled us from the village, we would come back to work our land. The Israeli Army pretended not to see us. They would have maneuvers up on the mountain, and we would work the land in the valley. We would come every day by donkey from Hebron in order to work our land. One day, I came here with my father. I was young then, almost a girl. We worked a few hours, and then we started home. Suddenly, the Israeli soldiers surrounded us and separated me from my father. I saw that they blindfolded him with a rag and pushed him into some bushes. I remember that he still had a chance to turn to me once, and call to me through the rag. Immediately afterward, I heard shots. Many shots. I began to cry. The soldiers who had stayed with me asked me, 'What is that man to you?' I said, 'He is my father.' They said, 'Go to the garden down there, and you'll see that he is harvesting lettuce and eggplant.' When I was some distance from them, I glanced back, and I saw one of the soldiers aiming his rifle at me. I was frightened and crouched down. His bullet hit my neck and came out on the other side."

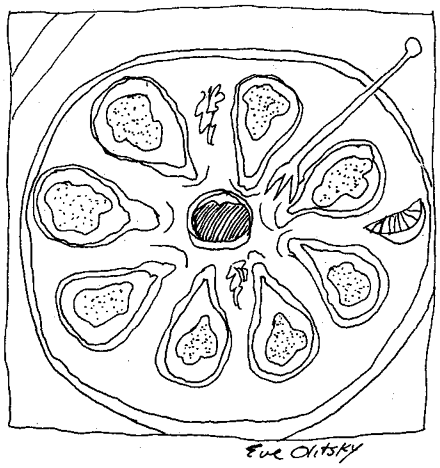
I don't know what to say to her, and she apparently interprets my silence as disbelief.

"Look," she says. Her work-hardened fingers undo her kerchief, and she smiles a sort of apology at having to bother me with her wound. I see an ugly scar in back, and another ugly scar in front.

Young Hanan cries. It seems that Wadha is her mother. "Every time I hear that story, it is as if it were the first time," Hanan says.

Wadha lay among the bushes and played dead. The soldiers moved off, and then left the area. She rose, and bound her wounds with a handkerchief. She found her father on the ground, his hands tied behind his back and a large rock on his neck. There were thirty bullets in his body. (This I was told later by the village elder.) Wadha, who is for a moment a girl once more, describes with movements of her body how she walked and stumbled through the valley at night, frightened that the Israelis would shoot her from behind, or the Jordanians from in front. She concludes her story as she began it, quietly, with no tone of accusation, and her daughter Hanan stands and cries.

AT the top of the village, in a small, dark house, next to the house of his extended family, lives Abu Harb, the village elder. He is eighty-five years old. He is, according to the residents, the village historian. He sits on a colored reed mat, his shaking hands playing with a large, antiquated transistor radio. His eyes are swollen, and his nose is reddish. He remembers the Turks and the English and the Egyptians, who were here briefly, and the Jordanians. And now us. "In October, 1948, we were exiled from here," he says. (He says that he is the only one in the village who knows the precise date.) "And for twenty-four years we were not here. We wandered from place to place for twenty-four years, and everywhere we went we would bury our dead, and afterward we would wander on. For twenty-four years, I did not sleep at night, I would lie awake and think, and the night I returned to my village and slept in it was the happiest night of my life, because I slept on my own land."



In 1972, the people of the village received a notice from the military government that they could return to their village. They do not know who made the decision. They received a notice, and that same day the news spread to all the village's exiles. Abu Harb describes how they gathered and came here. "The military government gave us one month to return to the village," he says. "They told us that whoever did not build a house within that month would not be allowed to return. We came that same night, from everyplace, and we set up booths and tents in the place that was once the village. Afterward, we collected money and paved a road to bring construction materials in trucks. It was a harsh summer, and we worked day and night, and each one of us would sleep under the floor of the house he was building. Each one of us built a single room with a roof, and that was our claim."

As he tells his story, his wife, Ratiba, enters the room. She seems to be younger than he is. Her face is still smooth, and it is dark. "But that is not my color from birth, it is only because of the damned sun of the camp, in Jericho," she explains. They have been married for sixty years, and, she boasts, "he never took another wife, other than me."

I ask them if they know why the Israeli authorities suddenly allowed them to return to their village.

"We heard that the Israelis needed our place in Dheisheh. They intended to bring to the camp a large group of Gazans whom they wanted to remove from the Gaza Strip. So they evacuated us."

"And did Gazans actually take your places there?"

"They came. But afterward the Israelis stopped transferring people there from Gaza."

I don't know whether that is the correct interpretation of this singular act of mercy. The fact is that it was all done in secrecy, maybe so as not to arouse demands from other exiles in the territories, or from Israeli Arabs who had been expelled from their villages. I tend to think that the explanation given by the people of Wadi Fukin—that they were replaced by Gazans—is correct. In the twisted climate of the occupation, when an act of mercy is performed it must, almost of necessity, be crooked and bent, be nothing but another of the many faces of arbitrariness.

I ask Abu Harb how the return to their land affected people.

"Everything changed," he says. "We now live here among real people. The people who stayed behind in Dheisheh and in Jericho are miserable. They are going mad from sadness and longing for their land. They come and plead with us to give them a little garden plot. Just so they can regain a little self-respect—something to live for. After all, it is not just land, it is everything. They are cut off from everything there. They have ceased to be people. We have been planted anew. Not only in the land. The land is the beginning. We are planted in life as a whole. In normal relations with other people. In tradition. In all the right things. We are no longer strangers in the world. We have the milk of our cows, the flour of our wheat. We are now complete people."

I have one more question, maybe the most important question: The Israelis brought you back to your village. Do you hate them less now?

They exchange glances. The very old man and his wife, their daughter-in-law and their many grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all of whom have gathered in the room. The daughter-in-law speaks. She says that her husband was arrested on suspicion of taking part in terrorist acts. Immediately after his arrest, Israeli soldiers came and destroyed their house. It was a new house, just completed. The family were not given enough time to remove all their belongings. When the house was destroyed, it collapsed on ten sacks of sugar and ten sacks of flour that had been bought at great cost and had been stored in the house for the housewarming celebration. The husband was released right afterward without any charges having been brought against him. As she tells the story, her lips go white with fury, and look like a scar on her face. Two other sons of Abu Harb are now under arrest in Israel. One is in prison, and the other is awaiting trial. Abu Harb says, "Both of them are innocent." And if they did do something they apparently had no choice, he says. The injustice, the situation, is what turns normal people into criminals.

The mother, Ratiba, says, "The settlers come down from the mountain at night with dogs. They fright-

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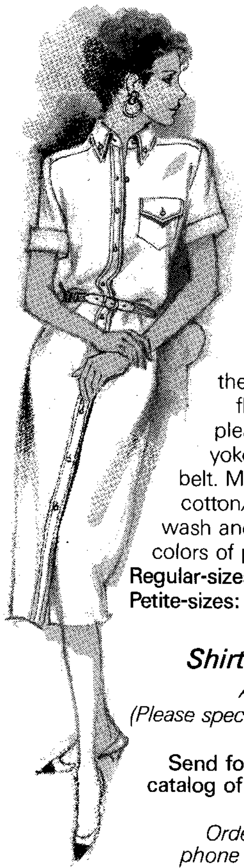

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en us. They stole our spring, and call it sharing."

Hazem, a ten-year-old grandson, says, "The bus that takes their children to school blocks the way for our bus every day, and we have to walk about a kilometre to school."

"They will expel us from here again," says a young man of about eighteen, and everyone nods in agreement.

"And then we will really go mad," says Ratiba.

Abu Harb sighs, passes his hand over his face, and presses it against his eyes. The small children watch him. Returning home did not turn the heart of even one of them into a heart that loves us, the Israelis. Maybe it was foolish to hope for that. Abu Harb rises to his feet, with difficulty, to see me to the door. I stand, and we look out together over the beautiful and peaceful valley, and the smoke from straw fires curls up into the air, and the thistles and wildflowers bloom as far as one can see. He asks me if I have heard about the yellow wind. I say that I haven't, so he begins telling me about it, about the yellow wind that will soon come, maybe even in his lifetime. The wind will come from the gates of Hell (from the gates of Paradise comes only a pleasant, cool wind): *rih asfar*, it is called by the local Arabs—a hot and terrible east wind that comes once in a few generations and sets the world on fire. People seek shelter from its heat in caves and caverns, but even there it finds those it seeks, those who have performed cruel and unjust deeds, and there, in the cracks in the boulders, it exterminates them, one by one. After that day, Abu Harb says, the land will be covered with bodies. The rocks will be white from the heat, and the mountains will crumble into a powder that will cover the land like yellow cotton.

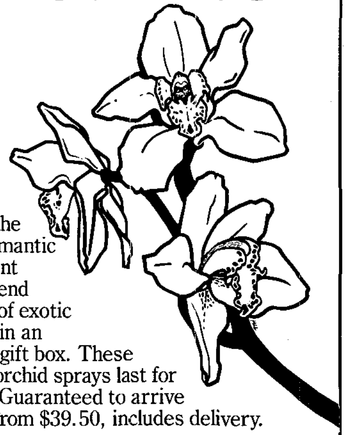
—David Grossman

(Translated, from the Hebrew, by Haim Watzman. This is the first part of a two-part article.)

•

St. Pius High School basketball coach Pete Hansen, left, last night directed his Bruins to a 53-47 win over Kenilworth—coached by his twin brother, George, right. It was the first time the 28-year-olds had ever coached against each other. "Once the game started, he was just another coach," said Pete, who is three years older.—*Photo caption in the Central New Jersey Home News.*

Only when he wins.



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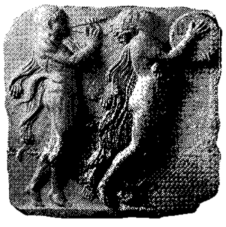

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Take Off Your Clothes

GOING in to see Philip Kaufman's "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," I didn't remember anything of the Milan Kundera novel. But as the movie started I knew just what was coming next and I loved seeing it happen—it was like a dream that you long to return to, and lo! there it is. I think I know why the novel, with all its flashing wit, evaporated: the characters were counters to demonstrate a theory that wasn't demonstrated—convincingly, that is—and so neither the characters nor the ideas sank in very deep. The charm (and limitation) of the novel was its Continental dandyism: Kundera was more cultivated—more elegantly European—than a great writer needs to be. He was too conscious of his themes, his motifs, his paradoxes. He was a rational spokesman for playfulness; there's something the matter with that—it's playfulness as a literary method. (He also sees it as a tradition.) But while watching the movie I began to feel more affection for the novel. Kaufman cuts down on the pastry pensées, and the movie has some of his adventurous spirit. It's a prankish sex comedy that treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director.

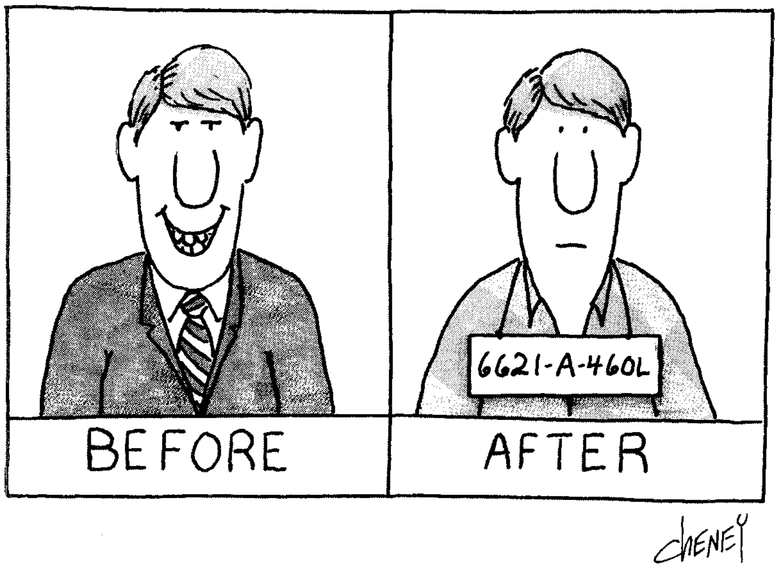
The movie begins in 1968, during the Prague Spring, the culmination of the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face," which ended when Soviet tanks rumbled into the city on August 21st. The key word in the title is "lightness." It retains some of its happy, buoyant associations, but it also refers to being cut off from your history, your culture, your memory. To simplify: Unbearable lightness refers to our recognizing that we go through life only once—it's like going onstage unrehearsed. And, more specifically, it's the suspended state of a person in an occupied country—especially if the person, like Tomas (Daniel Day-Lewis), is part of an advanced society under the domination of a backward society. (It's also the floating state of an exile.)

Tomas, a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon, is perhaps at his lightest when he's barred from the practice of medicine and works as a window washer; he enjoys it, and it gives him a chance to practice his specialty, if the woman whose windows he washes invites him in. Tomas, a tall, boyish satyr with thick, curly dark hair that stands up a full three inches, looks at women from under bushy eyebrows and smiles crookedly—seductively. Day-Lewis has acquired a faint Czech accent, and he hits funny, voluptuous low notes when he says abruptly, "Take off your clothes," adding, when persuasion is necessary, "Don't worry—I'm a doctor." (Tomas is an ironic lech.)

He stays clear of love and its entanglements, never spending a whole night with a woman—not even with his longtime sex partner Sabina (Lena Olin), a painter. She's as independent as he is; that's the basis of their friendship. But when Tereza (Juliette Binoche), a childlike barmaid whom he meets when he's sent to perform an operation at a spa in a small town, follows him to Prague and comes to his flat, he takes her in. Tereza knows nothing of his non-involvement policy; she holds tight to his hand while she sleeps, and in spite of himself he loves being bound to her. He admires the pictures she takes; he asks Sabina to help her get a job in photography, and with that help Tereza's work begins to appear in magazines. Tereza and Tomas are married, and he buys her a puppy—they name it Karenin. (She was carrying "Anna Karenina" when they first met.) But his philandering goes on, and she suffers horribly from jealousy—she dreams about having to watch him in bed with Sabina.

Tereza doesn't know real happiness until the arrival of the Soviet tanks. Rushing around taking pictures and pressing rolls of film into the hands of foreign journalists to publish out of the country, she experiences the euphoria of being part of the whole nation in actively hating the Russians. Tomas, meanwhile, dashes around pulling her back from danger, and they join in the anti-Soviet demonstrations. (Through masterly trompe-l'œil techniques, shots of the actors have been inserted in documentary footage of the crowds defying the soldiers.) When the excitement dies down, Tereza persuades Tomas to accept an offer he has had from a hospital in Geneva, and they join the vast exodus from Czechoslovakia. (Sabina has left ahead of them.) In Geneva, Tereza shows some of her best photographs of the invasion to an illustrated magazine, but the Russian crackdown is already old news to the editors. A woman staff photographer, trying to be helpful, suggests that she try fashion photography, and also offers to introduce her to the editor in charge of the garden section, who might need some photographs of cactuses. When Tereza objects, saying "I'd rather be a waitress, or stay at home," the helpful pinhead says, "But will you be fulfilled sitting at home?"

In the film's centerpiece, Tereza, who has fantasies of accompanying Tomas to his assignations, decides to try her hand at nudes and gets Sabina to pose for her. After Tereza completes the long session, Sabina picks up the camera, says, "Take off your clothes," and, when the half-undressed Tereza tries to hide, chases her with the camera, and another session begins. When it's over, these two women, who represent the poles of Tomas's life—Tereza (weight)



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lives for him, Sabina (lightness) has to be her own woman—stay stretched out by the fire, quiet, then laughing. The sequence has an erotic formality: it's ridiculously, beautifully resonant—you feel you're watching a classic pas de deux.

At intervals throughout the movie, a scene will have a mysterious seed of comedy. An example: Tomas pauses to watch a group of elderly men in the swimming pool at the spa; they surround a floating chessboard on which two of them are having a match. I can't explain exactly what gives this scene its lovely estrangement, but I know that if Miloš Forman, who was a student of Kundera's at the Prague film school, where Kundera taught literature, had made the movie the scene would be folk humor, and it wouldn't have the slight distancing it has here—the beatitude of the image of the old men at their games, their bodies in the pool seen as in an idyll. (The cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.) Other examples: the scene in bed when Tereza sniffs Tomas's hair and, smelling another woman, whimpers; and the scenes of Sabina in her black net bra and panties, with a black bowler hat on her head—the hat that is the emblem of her sex play. Almost all of Sabina's scenes are tantalizing. Lena Olin (she was the girl in Ingmar Bergman's "After the Rehearsal") seems to incarnate the many meanings tucked away in the phrase "the unbearable lightness of being"—the freedom and the elusive sadness. She's glorious.

And the movie has scenes that may not stir a reaction until a few hours or a few days after you've seen it, when you suddenly remember the deft use of an old movie device (the clinking of glasses on a tray as the first hint of the tanks in the street) or, perhaps, the pinkness of a pet piglet named Mephisto that a smiling, congenial farmer (Pavel Landovsky) carries around on his visit to Prague. (With its long snout and big ears, the pretty little creature suggests a toy elephant.) Or perhaps you think back on Franz (Derek de Lint), the professor whom Sabina takes for a lover in Geneva. His eyes shine with bright-blue virtue; he looks as if he had never known a hangover. He is so straightforward and good that she has to escape him. (His goodness is too heavy for her.) And, late in the film (it runs a short two hours and fifty-three minutes), there's a closeup of Karenin—showing just one blurry eye—that may remind some moviegoers of the shot of the hare in Renoir's "The Rules of the Game."

But it's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman, a Swedish woman, and a Frenchwoman, all playing Czechs—that give the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The main difference between the movie and the novel is that Day-Lewis is about ten years younger than Kundera's forty-year-old hero, and so the whole spirit of the film has become younger, and less defeated. Phil Kaufman has an exuberant American temperament—he has never let go of the best of the late sixties and early seventies. The sex scenes are rambunctious, with a legs-flying youthfulness. And when Sabina tells Tomas that Franz is the best man she has ever met, only he doesn't like her hat, and she puts it on and she and Tomas whirl in an embrace, the moment has an Ernst Lubitsch giddiness. The material is all there in the book, but Kaufman has instinctively loosened it; if he hadn't, he'd have come out with only a literary adaptation instead of this movie, which is his as much as Kundera's—perhaps more his. (And so it may delight the onetime film-school professor.)

The script, by Jean-Claude Carrière and Kaufman, is possibly too faithful to the book in retaining some gimmickry about the number six. And after Tereza goes back to Prague, to the old flat, and Tomas follows her (and has his passport confiscated), there are a few late plot developments that aren't quite prepared for. (One of them involves Erland Josephson as a barroom janitor who was formerly the Czech ambassador in Vienna.) And I'm not sure that the conception of the gamine Tereza as photographic artist is much more than a literary conceit. But the young Binoche gives the role a sweet gaucheness and then a red-cheeked desperation—the push and pathos of a Clara Bow or a young Susan Hayward. She verges on peasant-madonna darlingness, but that's what the conception requires. Tereza is a waifish little mantrap; she has the appeal of teen-age sexy petiteness. That's what gets to Day-Lewis's Tomas: she has a built-in pornography.

In the novel, the authorial voice leads us along, and the main characters have little depth; only Lena Olin is fully able to compensate for this. But

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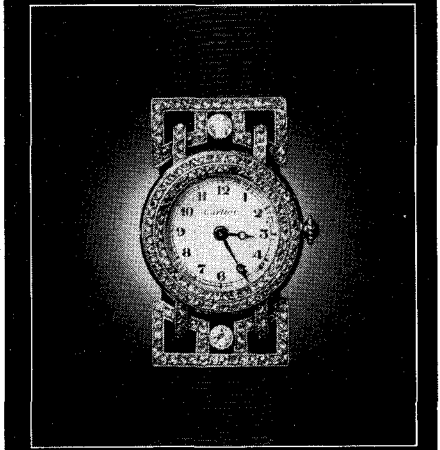

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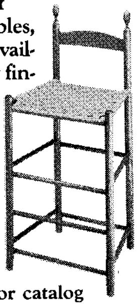

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Day-Lewis endows Tomas with a sneaky wit; this lusty Tomas—who *looks* Central European—is a cutup who draws you into his flirtations. Day-Lewis is a vocal trickster, too: he manipulates his Czech accent to throw you curves. A muscular toothpick with a long, skinny face and that cushion of hair, he's playing something new in movie heroes: a harlequin intellectual. And when Tomas is a pleasure seeker without a passport, working on a farm, Tereza, who's backward, like the police state, has him where she wants him. (Janet Malcolm has pointed out that the name Tereza echoes the Czech concentration camp Terezin.) But there's also a strong element of conventionality in Kundera's structure, and you can interpret Tomas's commitment to Tereza as his redemption—his gaining the weight that saves him from the unbearable lightness of being. Kundera—the spokesman for playfulness—is himself divided, a puritan as well as a dandy. (He toys with the idea of life as a concentration camp.) The novel feels the pull of gravity, and this weakens the film's ending. Yet the film's spirit carries through.

Kundera has often spoken of Laurence Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy," as one of his idols. I didn't catch that when I read "Unbearable Lightness," but there are glimmers of it in Day-Lewis's performance, and in Phil Kaufman's confident waywardness. Kaufman has made movies that should have been hits—the 1978 "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and, in 1983, "The Right Stuff." This time, he has made a movie that probably doesn't stand much chance of reaching a wide audience. But it puts him in a different class as an artist. It also puts him and his backer, Saul Zaentz, at the top of the heap for courage.

—Pauline Kael

• •

IN THE PARK

You have forty-nine days between
death and rebirth if you're a Buddhist.
Even the smallest soul could swim
the English Channel in that time
or climb, like a ten-month-old child,
every step of the Washington Monument
to travel across, up, down, over, or through
—you won't know till you get there which to do.

He laid on me for a few seconds
said Roscoe Black, who lived to tell
about his skirmish with a grizzly bear
in Glacier Park. *He laid on me*
not doing anything. I could feel
his heart beating against my heart.
Never mind *lie* and *lay*, the whole world
confuses them. For Roscoe Black you might say
all forty-nine days flew by.

I was raised on the Old Testament.
In it God talks to Moses, Noah,
Samuel, and they answer.
People confer with angels. Certain
animals converse with humans.
It's a simple world, full of crossovers.
Heaven's an airy Somewhere, and God
has a nasty temper when provoked,
but if there's a Hell, little is made of it.
No long-tailed Devil, no eternal fire,

and no choosing what to come back as.
When the grizzly bear appears, he lies/lays down
on atheist and zealot. In the pitch-dark
each of us waits for him in Glacier Park.

—Maxine Kumin

ANNALS OF WAR AND PEACE

HAND TO HAND

BY alphabetical chance, Brent Maxwell Abel, a Harvard College classmate of mine who is also a fellow combat veteran of the Second World War and a longtime friend, always comes first in the autobiographical accounts that we 1937 graduates submit to an anniversary album every five years for posterity's sake and our own. Twenty-six of our classmates died in service during that war. Abel and I came out of it physically unimpaired but not, I hope, emotionally unchanged. I doubt, though, whether either of us shed any tears, between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day, for any of our German or Japanese armed opponents. Why should we have? They were trying to kill us, as we were trying to kill them.

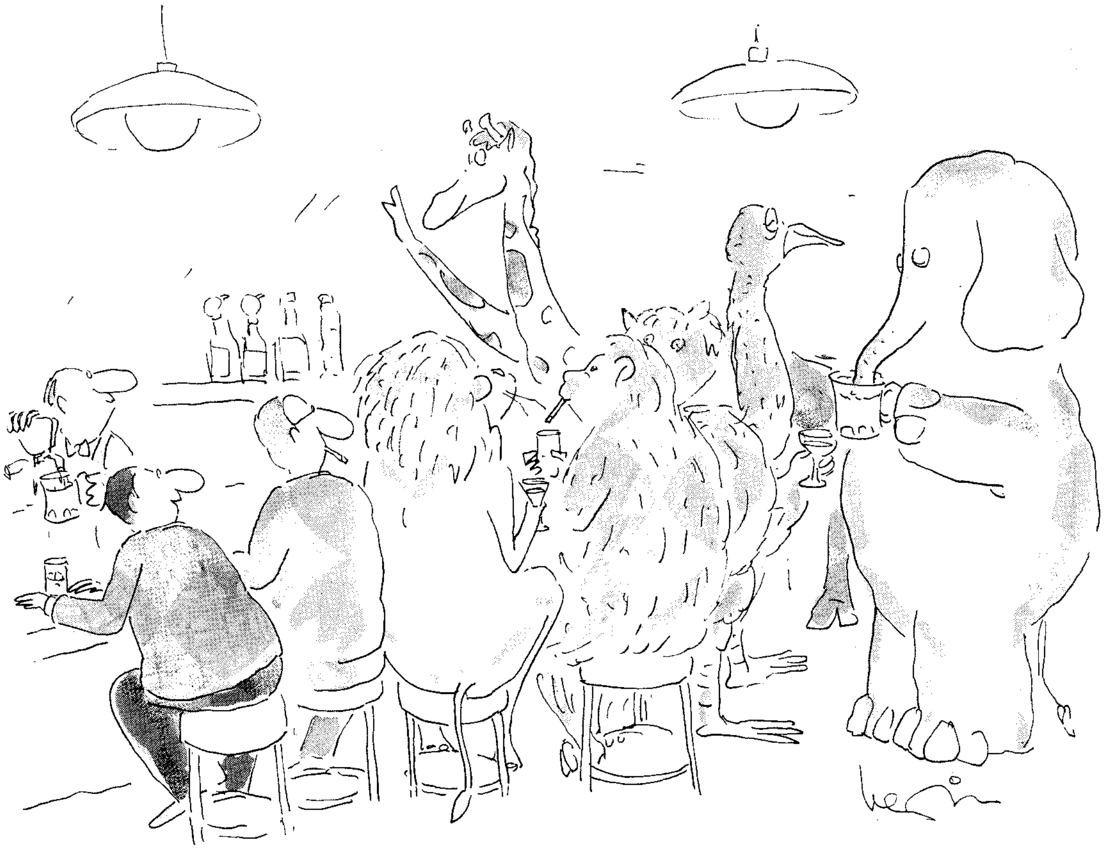
If in 1962 I read through what Abel wrote for our twenty-fifth-reunion report, his words didn't make a lasting impression. I have recently had reason to reread them. This past September 29th, you see, I was aboard a floating restaurant on the outskirts of Frankfurt am Main when Abel received a hero's ovation from eight onetime crewmen of a Nazi U-boat whose lives he saved in 1944, following one of the most unlikely high-seas battles in modern history. What Abel had to say about that episode in 1962 was:

> I commanded a destroyer escort, U.S.S. Buckley, which achieved particular distinction on account of her successful ramming and sinking of the surfaced German submarine U-66, in the central Atlantic, after a brief struggle, which included hand-to-hand fighting. The Buckley had no casualties, although about half the submarine's crew was lost, and we took the others prisoner. The Buckley later received a Navy Unit Commendation, which still gives me a warm sense of accomplishment.

Abel neglected to add that he himself had received, for "extraordinary heroism" in that engagement, the not lightly bestowed Navy Cross.

It was on May 6, 1944 (Abel's twenty-eighth birthday, which was something his two hundred and ten officers and men didn't know), that the Buckley sent the U-66 to the bottom. Over the next forty-two years, Abel thought back to that day every now and then—most notably when Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morrison, working on his history of American naval operations in the Second World War, phoned for details—but by and large during the postwar period he was less preoccupied with the past than with getting on with civilian life. In his case, it was an emphatically respectable one. Abel was born in Washington, D.C., and spent much of his childhood in Scarsdale. His parents were divorced when he was five, and thereafter he never laid eyes on his father, a retired First World War lieutenant colonel in the United States Army, who, as it happened, was German-born. (During Abel's junior year at Harvard, he once found his father's calling card in his Lowell House mailbox, but there was no further such gesture.) After college, Abel moved along to the Harvard Law School, then married, and spent a prewar year at the distinguished New York law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore. After the war, he settled in San Francisco, where he later was divorced and remarried. Over the last forty-odd years, while practicing law there (taxes and estate planning are his specialties) with McCutchen, Doyle, Brown & Enersen, he has accumulated a variety of honors on both coasts. Out West, he has been the president of both the Bar Association of San Francisco and the State Bar of California. (He also breeds Angus cattle and frequents such élite haunts as the Pacific Union Club and the Bohemian Club.) Back East, he has been a trustee of Exeter, where he prepped for college; a Harvard Overseer; the president of the Associated Harvard Alumni; and—not unexpectedly, in the light of the foregoing—a member of our 1937 Class Committee.

As an undergraduate, Abel was one of thirty-nine men in his class



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who enrolled in the Navy's R.O.T.C. program. He acquired seagoing experience considerably earlier than most of his fellow apprentice officers, signing aboard a freighter, the summer after his freshman year, that took him, as a pot washer, all the way to Leningrad. After being called up for active duty in March, 1941, Abel spent a year ashore at Corpus Christi, Texas, as a Naval Air Station instructor in aerodynamics, although he had never studied that subject himself. Then in July, 1942, he put out to sea. "On account of the seniority acquired from taking naval science as an undergraduate," he wrote in that 1962 report, "my sea duty included responsibilities which I found terrifying, challenging, or funny by turns, and sometimes all three at once. For example, my first hour afloat was spent in simultaneously assuming command of a subchaser, an escort unit of four other subchasers, and a fifteen-ship convoy of tankers, all sailing at night from the blacked-out port of Curaçao to meet another convoy in the Caribbean. To this day I do not understand how this expedition came off without mishap." Later, from his Curacao base, he set off in pursuit of a German submarine that had particularly vexed the Allied naval forces in the Caribbean by mining the harbor of St. Lucia. Abel never made contact with it, and he did not know until he was shown a U-66 logbook in Frankfurt forty-five years later that the sub he had vainly chased on August 30, 1942, was the one he caught up with and demolished in 1944.

In the spring of 1943, Abel was transferred to the destroyer escort Buckley—DE51, in cold Navy parlance—and that summer he assumed command over fifteen subordinate officers and a hundred and ninety-five enlisted men. Three hundred and six feet long, and displacing one thousand eight hundred and fifty tons, the Buckley had a top speed of twenty-four knots and an arsenal composed of three-inch, twenty-millimetre, and forty-millimetre guns, depth bombs, and small arms. However Abel's subordinate officers may have felt about it, he endeared himself to his enlisted men during a liberty stop at Bermuda while the ship was on a shakedown cruise: he had to decide what to do about one of his seamen, who, when escorted aboard by a shore patrol, was naked from the waist down and had a live jackrabbit in one hand. Abel concluded that because the jackrabbit appeared to be unharmed the man had committed no punishable offense.

IN the course of the war, Nazi Germany built approximately eleven hundred U-boats, about eight hundred of which were ultimately destroyed, but not before they had sunk some twenty-three thousand Allied and neutral ships. The U-66, commissioned on January 2, 1941, was two hundred and fifty-two feet long, displaced one thousand one hundred and twenty tons, and had a capacity of twenty-two torpedoes, with four firing tubes forward and two aft. It carried a crew of sixty, all volunteers for that cramped and perilous service. Operating out of a base in Lorient, France, it once sank four ships in a three-day stretch—August 29 to August 31, 1942. One of these four, destroyed on August 30th, two hundred and fifty miles off South America, was a fifty-six-hundred-ton freighter, the West Lashaway, which was fifteen days out of Takoradi, in French West Africa, with a cargo of palm oil, cocoa beans, tin, and copper; a crew of forty-seven, including American gunners; and nine civilian passengers. The freighter, one of two trophies bagged by the U-66 that day, went down so fast after taking the second of a pair of torpedo hits that its guards had no time to get off even a shot of defiance. The U-boat sprayed a few machine-gun rounds at figures floundering in the water, watched some of them scramble onto rafts, and then sped off. It might have hung around longer, several of its men later acknowledged, if the crew had suspected that the West Lashaway's hold contained some fifty million dollars' worth of conceivably salvageable gold, which was supposedly en route to Charles de Gaulle's Free French.

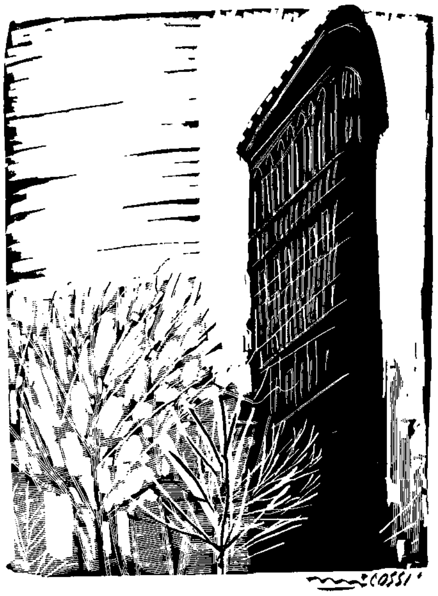
The U-66 had a close shave a year later. While it was surfaced near Bermuda, with its hatch yawning open, an American plane suddenly swept down out of the sun and raked it with bombs and machine-gun fire. Three submariners died; the captain and several others were wounded. The vessel crawled back to Lorient, and on January 16, 1944, having been refitted and remanned, it was sent out to work again, on its twelfth and final patrol. By May 6th, when its path crossed the Buckley's, it had, according to its record-keepers, spent six hundred and seventy-six days at sea, sunk thirty-six ships with an aggregate tonnage of two hundred and forty thousand and two, and racked up eighty thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven sea miles above water and nine thousand three hundred and thirty-four submerged.

THE Buckley was part of a task group of American naval vessels—three other destroyer escorts and a mother ship, the escort carrier Block Island—that sailed out of Norfolk, Virginia, on April 22, 1944. (Abel, by now a lieutenant commander, and his men had devoted the previous year to tense but generally nonconfrontational patrols.) On May 5th, the group, whose mission was to hunt and kill U-boats, was some five hundred miles west of the Cape Verde Islands. The Block Island had Grumman Avengers aboard—planes, called "night owls," that could operate in the dark. They had been stripped of all their ordnance to make room for extra fuel tanks and could stay aloft longer than most nights lasted—for fourteen hours. On the night of the fifth, the sea was calm and a near-full moon was shining brightly.

The U-66 had been under way this time for a hundred days. Its crewmen were pallid, haggard, and filthy. They had had no fresh water for ten days and no cigarettes for twenty-five. They'd long since run out of lemons, issued to counteract vitamin deficiencies. They were longing for a rendezvous with another submarine—a "milk cow," they called it—that could refuel and reprovision them. At 9:22 P.M. on the fifth, their captain, Oberleutnant Gerhard Seehausen, decided to surface. Even if there was no milk cow nearby, he could at least get some fresh air and recharge his batteries. He was unaware that the Block Island had been tracking him for four days through aerial observation and radar. The carrier, for its part, was unaware that the U-66 was so close—within torpedo range. The Block Island, which spotted the sub when it surfaced, made haste to widen the gap between them, and by radio ordered the Buckley to take out after the sub. Just as that happened, Seehausen elected to close his hatch and dive. When he resurfaced, he was eighteen miles from the carrier. His new position was quickly discovered by an Avenger piloted by Lieutenant (j.g.) Jimmie J. Sellars. At 2:16 A.M. on May 6th, Sellars, keeping in close touch with the Buckley over VHF radio, began guiding Abel toward the U-66. As it happened, Sellars was armed merely with a pistol, but Seehausen couldn't know that, and, evidently fearing that if he submerged again the plane would depth-bomb him, he stayed on the surface.

At 2:46, Abel ordered "General Quarters." He had closed to within seven miles. To make the Buckley as nearly invisible as possible to the enemy, he took pains to keep the submarine between him and the brilliant moon. He held his fire, hoping that the U-boat, if it detected his presence at all, would mistake him for a milk cow. Seehausen may indeed have done so, for at 3:08 he launched three red flares. Moments later, Sellars said to Abel, "The son of a bitch is taking a few shots at me, and I wish I had something to throw back at him." No one will ever know whether Seehausen did it to reveal his location to a friendly U-boat or was gunning for Sellars. At 3:20, only twenty-one hundred yards from the U-boat, Abel knew that he could be unmistakably seen for what he was, and he ordered his three-inchers to fire. The very first salvo smashed into the sub's conning tower. Then Abel let go with everything he had, while the hovering Sellars gleefully went on playing spotter. "Boy, I have never before seen such concentration!" Sellars radioed the Block Island. "Buckley is cutting hell out of the conning tower!"

The two vessels zigged and zagged as they drew closer. Abel is not convinced to this day that the U-66 actually launched any torpedoes at him, but in his formal report of the encounter he noted that his crew saw what they took to be a torpedo wake; and last September one of the Germans at Frankfurt, ex-Seaman Second Class Leonhard Bürian, said that he had fired a torpedo. In any event, none found its target. Abel, on his bridge, was unequivocally aware that the Germans were firing machine guns at him, but their aim was high, and the only hits they scored were on his stack.



By 3:25, the two ships were running parallel twenty yards apart—so close that planes that had taken off from the Block Island to reinforce Sellars couldn't bomb or strafe, lest they hit the Buckley. Seehausen ordered all his torpedo tubes opened. He seemed to be hoping that if the ships collided his torpedoes would explode and blow everybody up. At 3:29, Abel shouted, "Hard right rudder!" He had decided to ram. As the Buckley's bow crunched into the U-66's foredeck, Seehausen—who was shot and killed a few minutes later—issued his last command: "Abandon ship."

Some of the Germans leaped into the water. At least a dozen others jumped onto the Buckley. It had been over one hundred years since any American naval officer had been known to issue the order "Stand by to repel boarders!" Abel is not sure of the historical precedents, but he has told me, with lawyerlike reserve, "My best recollection is that I said something like 'My God, they're coming aboard!' "

Whether the Germans' intention was to engage in combat or to surrender was not clear at the moment. It was night, and there was a language barrier, and the setting was not conducive to interrogative niceties. Abel, in his action report, favored the Navy with a meticulous minute-by-minute account of what he perceived early that morning:

> 0329 BUCKLEY, alongside sub, gives hard right rudder. Rides up on forecastle of sub and stays there. Men begin swarming out of submarine and up on Buckley's forecastle. Machine gun, tommy gun, and rifle fire knock off several. Ammunition expended at this time included several general mess coffee cups which were on hand at ready gun station. Two of the enemy were hit in the head with these. Empty shell cases were also used by crew of 3″ gun #2 to repel boarders. 3″ guns could not bear. BUCKLEY suffers only casualty of engagement when man bruises fist knocking one of enemy over the side. Several men, apparently dead, could be seen hanging over the side of the sub's bridge at this time. The boatswain's mate in charge of forward ammunition party kills a man, attempting to board, with .45 pistol. Man falls back over side. Midships repair party

> equipped with rifles mans lifelines on starboard side abaft light lock, and picks off several men on deck of submarine. Chief Fire Controlman uses tommy gun from bridge with excellent results.
>
> 0330 Buckley stops all engines and backs off, to avoid boarding by too many of enemy, some of whom came aboard armed. Sub draws ahead rapidly, maintaining speed of about 18 knots. Five prisoners are disarmed and taken aft.

That was Abel's official version, composed only forty-eight hours after the melee. He had somehow found time also to jot down some informal "Notes on the Battle":

> Chapman and O'Keefe grabbed hammer and cornered prisoner who jumped over from sub.
>
> Finch with a hammer made man surrender.
>
> Castle and Springer knocked a man overboard by hitting him with empty ammunition shells.
>
> Zilmer killed two men with .45 gun.
>
> One of the enemy fired pistol. Snyder hit him over the head with his medical kit and then Hiott knocked same fellow over the side.
>
> Pinkham and Zilmer herded prisoners on stbd side forward and took them aft.
>
> Nesmith threw grenade and killed man.
>
> 2 brass cartridge cases thrown at sub.
>
> Brundage threw Joe pot at enemy.
>
> Coffee cup hit a bald head.

One German who was clobbered with a coffee mug—Stabsobersteuermann (Chief Warrant Quartermaster) Werner Fröhlich, the U-66's helmsman—later wrote to Abel, "It didn't injure my head, but the coffee cup was bent thereby. Heads were hard in those days."

The surviving Germans aboard the U-66 did not, as ordered, abandon ship. Enough of them remained at their stations to get their battered vessel under way, though at reduced speed. Abel took off after it, caught up, and was about to bombard it with depth charges when the U-66 swerved, possibly out of control, and struck the Buckley's starboard side a glancing blow. While the two ships were thus touching for a second time, one of Abel's men leaned over and dropped a hand grenade down the U-boat's hatch. (At about the same time, a thirty-seven-millimetre anti-aircraft gun on the U-66's deck suddenly began firing, with no live body near it; it must have been triggered by a burst from one of the Buckley's weapons.) The submarine veered away, now manifestly out of control. The few men still aboard it jumped into the ocean—the very last was its chief engineer, Oberleutnant Georg Olschewski—and an instant later the U-66, sheathed in flames, went sizzling toward the bottom, its expiration signalled by a muffled underwater explosion. It was 3:36 A.M.

The entire battle, later described in a United States government communiqué as "probably the closest naval combat of modern warfare," had, beginning with Abel's "Commence firing," lasted just sixteen minutes. Not counting coffee cups and other unconventional missiles, the Buckley had expended a hundred and five rounds from its three-inchers, three thousand one hundred and eighteen rounds from its twenty- and forty-millimetre guns, three hundred and ninety rounds from rifles, shotguns, and pistols, and two hand grenades. Its bow was warped, its starboard propeller shaft was sheared off, and its engine room and laundry were stove in. But the crew managed to patch things up sufficiently for the ship to proceed under its own power, though now at a top speed of only twelve knots. "The commanding officer is proud of the fighting spirit, coolness in action, and thoroughgoing teamwork of all hands," Abel informed his superiors. "It was these characteristics, more than the individual brilliance or heroism of any one officer or man, which concluded the action successfully."

There had been sixty-two men on the U-66—its regular complement of sixty and, as revealed later by U-boat crew members, two Englishmen, plucked from a sinking merchantman. Both disappeared; the Germans said afterward that when the U-66 seemed done for, the Englishmen were issued life preservers. However that may have been, it was rare for any U-boat to rescue survivors. In March, 1942, for instance, one German submarine pulled close enough to a raft to toss some food and water and cigarettes to seven men huddled on it, and to take their picture; except in that photograph, they were never seen again. German submariners have always contended—the U-66's two English captives notwithstanding—that their ships simply weren't designed to accommodate unexpected guests.

The Buckley, with five Germans who had already surrendered secure amidships, now spent three hours—chancing an attack if another U-boat happened to be nearby—crisscrossing the area to look for more submariners. (Leonhard Bürian, who was in the water for two and a half hours before being thrown a lifeline, recalls his joy on hearing Abel yell from the bridge, "There's another one!") At the end of the search, they had thirty-six submariners aboard—four of them officers. The Americans let their prisoners wash up, and passed out food and drink, cigarettes, and clean clothing. Another note in Abel's logbook says, "Prisoners stated that they were glad we were Americans as the English always beat hell out of them." Around four o'clock, the Germans were transferred, by breeches buoy, to the much more commodious Block Island. The Navy subsequently quoted Abel as saying of the carrier as the Buckley approached it, "I thought they wanted to ask us if we needed help in repairing damage. But the captain on the Block Island had all hands lined up on the flight deck. They blew their whistle and siren and gave us just about the best cheer you ever heard." The Block Island's skipper, Captain Francis M. Hughes, who himself described that reception as "a royal welcome," separated the U-66's thirty-two enlisted men from its officers. He said the whole lot of them could "perhaps be best described as looking like the very antithesis of the rugged, virile 'superman' with which one is given to understand Germany is now populated," and of the officers he reported, "In general it can be said that they were dignified, aloof, but congenial in response when addressed, as well as duly grateful for such small favors as being given a pinochle deck with which to while away the hours." Of the four, he added, the most talkative was Oberleutnant Klaus Herbig, the U-boat's executive officer and highest-ranking survivor, who was still limping slightly from a knee shattered in the 1943 debacle off Bermuda—and with whom

Brent Abel and I were not long ago clinking beer steins and champagne goblets.

Years later, Herbig set down his version of the mid-ocean boarding:

> As I came up onto the bridge, our commander was again standing, but the destroyer [in recording their recollections, a number of Germans showed a fondness for promoting their destroyer-escort adversary to a higher category] was on our port side, with its crew preparing to board and capture our ship. The commander then gave me the order to take all the men on the bridge and jump over to the destroyer in order to prevent a boarding by the Americans. Boarding by the Americans would have meant scuttling our boat with part of the crew still belowdecks, in order to prevent the Americans from getting their hands on important material. Immediately, I jumped over with eight men to where we could hang on to the rail of the destroyer. The command was successful, because the destroyer immediately moved away from our sub. Our sub now rammed the destroyer in the propeller on the starboard side. The pause in firing, which had been in effect, was suddenly over, and a rain of bullets pelted our sub. We stood on the destroyer and watched as we were guarded by whites and blacks with ammunition belts, weapons, and other instruments.
>
> The head engineer, Olschewski, who had had experience on many missions, was the last person on board our sub, which was still floating despite the hail of bullets. All others had left the boat. Many must have been killed during the jump into the water or while waiting on the bridge. As far as it is possible to be certain, no one went down with the boat. The engineer then sank the boat and left, with the waves which foamed over the bridge. Now the destroyer ceased firing. The chase, which had lasted over thirty minutes at a speed of 16-18 nautical m.p.h., was now over. You can imagine how our crew was scattered over a large area. The destroyer first returned to the point where the first men had jumped overboard and began picking them up out of the water. This action by the American commander was very commendable and a deed which we appreciated very much, because the men who had jumped overboard first of all were naturally more exhausted than those who had just jumped in. The airplanes dropped flares, because the moon had set in the meantime. The destroyer searched and hoisted men out of the water for a long period of time. The airplanes helped in the search, so that all human efforts were made to save every last survivor. But we were badly shaken when we surveyed our small group of survivors and realized which of our comrades, with whom we had made many voyages and overcome many dangers, no longer lived.

The Block Island ferried the prisoners to Casablanca, where they were placed in a guarded compound near the waterfront. Some of them were taking a stroll on May 29th when the carrier, returning to that harbor from another sortie, was hit by three torpedoes and went down. Several weeks after that, the prisoners were put on another carrier and sent to Norfolk, Virginia. Many of them ended up at Camp McCain, in Mississippi, where the enlisted men picked cotton and a couple of the officers made, and profitably sold, cigars. Not until 1947 were most of the submariners finally repatriated.

The Buckley, damaged but navigable, made it back home and then underwent about a month of repairs at a Navy yard in Boston. Brent Abel, soon to be promoted to commander, was relieved of sea duty and sent to the University of Minnesota, to share his expertise with R.O.T.C. students there. He retired in January, 1946, as a captain—a promotion to which his Navy Cross automatically entitled him. As he embarked on his postwar law practice in San Francisco, it never occurred to him that he would again have—or want to have—anything to do with that particular lot of Germans. And for the next forty-two years he didn't.

To unravel the curious threads that ultimately bound the American and German survivors to one another again, we must backtrack to the U-66's 1942 ambush of the West Lashaway. Of the fifty-six people aboard the freighter, forty-two managed to climb onto four meagrely provisioned eight-by-ten-foot rafts, three of which disappeared during bad weather, never to be seen again. After two weeks adrift, the remaining raft, with nineteen aboard, was spotted by a Navy plane, which dropped some rations (sharks gobbled up one bundle of sandwiches before the castaways could reach them), but by then two of the survivors, the West Lashaway's master and gunner, had died. The rest of the famished group, rejoicing that their position was now known, and assuming that deliverance was imminent, went greedily at the provender they were able to retrieve. But it was another five days before they were rescued—by a British destroyer, H.M.S. Vimy—and by then the seventeen had been reduced to half a tin of pemmican and a malted-milk tablet or a small piece of chocolate each a day. And even then there was a last-minute brush with disaster. The Vimy, in keeping with the ancient wartime dictum "Shoot first, ask questions afterward," had initially mistaken the raft for the conning tower of a U-boat and had opened fire with fourteen of what its subsequent report called "controlled salvos." That account also said, perhaps a trifle self-servingly, "There was virtually standing room only on the raft and the compact mass of seventeen people standing up must obviously resemble a conning tower." Fortunately, all fourteen salvos missed.

One of the youngest of the survivors of that ordeal was an eleven-year-old boy, Robert W. Bell, and two of the others were his older sister and their widowed mother. Robert's parents, who were missionaries, had been posted to French West Africa in the mid-twenties; his father had died about ten years later in a motor-vehicle accident while he was on home leave. Bob Bell, who was born in what is now Mali, grew up, as the family moved about, in what are now Guinea, Burkina Faso, and the Côte d'Ivoire; aboard the West Lashaway he and his mother and sister had been heading to New York for a yearlong furlough. After V-J Day, Mrs. Bell returned to Africa and remained there until 1962, when she retired and settled in Florida. Bob Bell, who went into teaching and is now an elementary-school principal in Stony Brook, New York, was frequently asked to share his recollections of those hideous days on the raft. When he happened to mention in a 1975 lecture that he'd often wished he had a picture of the West Lashaway, one of his auditors suggested that he write to the Mariners' Museum at Newport News, Virginia. From that beginning, Bell made contact with a few of the other occupants of the precious raft.

Next, Bell wondered what had become of the Germans, whoever they were, who'd come so close to sending him prematurely to his death. On February 15, 1978, he wrote to the Bibliothek für Zeitgeschichte (World History), in Stuttgart, and twelve days later a letter arrived from the library's director. From the date supplied by Bell, and the location of the torpedoing, it had been authoritatively determined that the West Lashaway was sunk by the U-66, the librarian wrote, adding that he would follow up by sending the names and addresses of the U-boat's crew as soon as he was able to find them. Bell was off and running on a path of discovery, and he has been following it ever since, with what in his case can be described as missionary zeal.

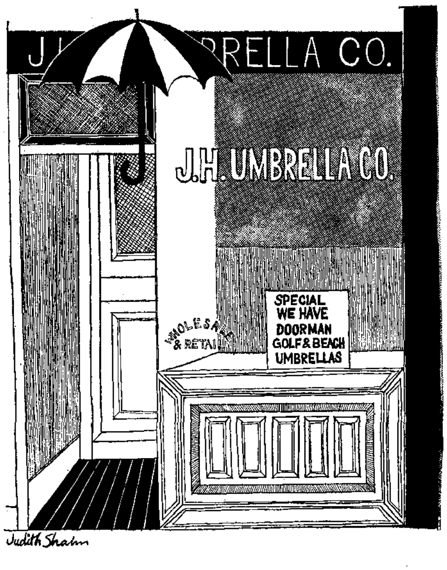
Before long, Bell had embarked on

a forgive-and-don't-forget correspondence with several of the German veterans who were aboard the U-66 when the West Lashaway went down, including the sub's captain. (He had given up the sea for dentistry.) Bell got to know three of the Germans especially well. One was Georg Olschewski, the U-66's chief engineer, who had been the last man aboard at its demise and who in the West Lashaway episode had been, at thirty-three, the oldest crew member. After the war, Olschewski, a holder of the Iron Cross, had been employed as an engineer for a civilian public-utilities company and then for Germany's renascent Army and Navy. Another of Bell's correspondents—Karl Degener-Böning, who had been the sub's chief radioman—was much younger. He had joined the Navy in 1938, at nineteen, and after the war he had spent most of his time as a sound engineer at radio and television stations. Degener-Böning served on the U-66 straight through from its maiden voyage to its fiery demise. ("I must tell you," he later wrote to Brent Abel, on the back of a snapshot of himself, his wife, their children and grandchildren, "the fact is: Without your act of humanity, from May the 6, 44, these two happy families would not exist.") Then there was Vinzenz Nosch, an Austrian, who had been a Seaman First Class and became a policeman in the postwar years. While Nosch was a prisoner of war at Fort Meade, Maryland, he had filled some idle time by having his left arm tattooed, with a snake, "U-66," "South Atlantic," and "May 6, 1944."

Nosch developed into an indefatigable correspondent. A very small portion of one of his accounts to Bell of his wartime experiences went:

> In the meantime, the destroyer Buckley continued its course in trying to ram us and I heard our on-board guns shooting at the approaching destroyer. At this time, we were above the water, and suddenly I heard the sound of a grenade exploding in our boat. The lights went off, there was a smell of powder and a strong odor in the boat, and in the front area you could hear water pouring in the boat. All of a sudden we heard the command "Everyone out of the boat." At this point, there was a lot of chaos—everyone ran to the same middle point, put on his life jacket, and tried to get out of the tower and onto the bridge whenever there was a pause in the firing, and to get overboard. As I entered the tower, Privates Jahn and Sündermann, badly injured and lying on the floor, asked to be taken along. The first one had had his arm blown off, and you could see that there had been many hits in the tower area. My comrade Ronge and I climbed up on the bridge, and as we were hidden behind the periscope supports we saw how our dead comrades were lying around the bridge and next to the 3.7-centimetre cannon. . . . During a pause in the fire, Ronge yelled I should jump overboard and swim with him to the destroyer. As I saw how Ronge wanted to jump across to the destroyer, which was right offside of us, and unfortunately mistimed his jump and fell between the approaching destroyer and our boat, I jumped away on the starboard of the tower into the water. Swimming in the water, I saw how the destroyer slowly approached our boat on its starboard side, shooting at our boat, and then how our boat sank tail first. Our boat sank at around 4 o'clock in the morning. My life jacket was ruined, and I am not ashamed to say that I was badly weakened physically by the sixteen-week voyage, and since I knew that there were no ships' routes in the area where we were sunk I wanted to give up. But, through praying, I still had hopes that I would be saved. As the sun went up, I suddenly saw over me an airplane and a flare. After I had been swimming in the Atlantic for three or four hours, I saw a mast on the horizon, and I was picked up by a destroyer [i.e. the Buckley].

Also, in 1978, Bell ascertained, from the United States Naval Archives, in Washington, the identity of two key players in the drama of the sub sinking—the Avenger pilot, Jimmie Sellars, and the U-66's nemesis, Brent Abel. Hoping to get together with them, Bell wrote to the postmasters of the most recent home towns that the archives had on record for each—respectively, Binger, Oklahoma, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. There was a swift, sad response from the pilot's father, who had been Binger's postmaster: his son Jimmie—who had received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his part in dispatching the U-66—had stayed in the Navy as a test pilot, and in 1951, rather than bail out of a malfunctioning jet and risk its plowing into a populated area, had stuck with the craft until it exploded. The answer from Cambridge was neither saddening nor enlightening. The acting manager of mail services explained regretfully that the city had six postal branches and that without a street address he couldn't determine which one to turn to. He had checked the phone book but found no listing for "Abel B. M." If he had checked with, say, the president of Harvard, that would have done the trick, for at the time Abel was halfway through a six-year term on Derek Bok's Board of Overseers.



In any event, Bell was still concentrating on his newfound German pen pals. By 1981, he had got to know them well enough to be eager to meet them. (Close as Bell has come to be to these men, and they to him, however, he has not been able to bring himself to ask if any of them know why, on that bleak day in 1942, their ship delivered itself of a few machine-gun bursts and then steamed off across the ocean, leaving the women and children and others on the rafts to their own feeble devices.) He visited the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry for a look at the U-505, the only Second World War enemy submarine that the Allies bagged intact. Then, in September of 1981, Bell set forth, with his wife, Ruth, on a sort of personal pilgrimage. He went to Bielefeld, West Germany, to visit Karl Degener-Böning. Together, they took in a screening of the submarine film "Das Boot." Then Degener-Böning escorted his guest to the town of Schmittlotheim, to participate in a reunion of fourteen U-66 old-timers. Bell surely had more cause than most to hold a low opinion of German submariners, yet here he was at Schmittlotheim, having his photograph taken with an arm around the shoulders of the torpedoman who had fired the missiles that sent the West Lashaway to its doom.

The following year, Degener-Böning came to Long Island to visit Bell. He brought along, as a house gift, a comprehensive history of the entire Nazi U-boat fleet, on the flyleaf of which he inscribed, in German and English, his gratitude for the American's "untiring work for understanding and friendship between former enemies." In 1984, Bell expressed those sentiments in a memoir of which he was co-author, "In Peril on the Sea." (The dust jacket features the words "Hate," "Forgiveness," and "Reunion.") Its last sentence reads, "The quest had been fulfilled."

Not quite. Two more years passed before Bell—"destiny's chief mourner for the Second World War," as Vinzenz Nosch once apostrophized him—succeeded in getting hold of Brent Abel.

ON January 7, 1986, Abel received a letter from a stranger, one Robert W. Bell, of whose unflagging plenipotentiary endeavors he was unaware. Bell had tracked Abel down, at last, through an Orlando, Florida, organization called the Destroyer-Escort Sailors' Association, of whose existence Abel was also unaware. It would be nice, Bell wrote, if after so many years they compared wartime experiences, both involving the U-66; and, if Mr. Abel was so inclined, Bell could put him in touch with the onetime submariners. "Many of the men have expressed interest in contacting you," he wrote.

It didn't take long for Vinzenz Nosch to do so:

> DEAR MR. BRENT ABEL:
>
> You are certainly going to be surprised to receive a letter from Austria.
>
> My name is Vinzenz Nosch. I am now 65 years old. . . .
>
> While I was attending a reunion of the crew members of the U-66, I made the acquaintance of Bob Bell and his wife, Ruth, who had come to Europe on a visit. Because Bob took the initiative, forgot everything that had happened during the war and forgave us, we really gave him credit and have become very good friends since then. . . .
>
> Now to the heart of the matter. All of us survivors of the U-66 have always had the desire to get to know our onetime adversaries in the war on the sea and if the opportunity presented itself to say thank you for the fair treatment on board the BUCKLEY and for saving our lives.

Meanwhile, again unknown to Abel, some of his crew, who had had access to the Destroyer-Escort Sailors' Association membership rolls, were planning a reunion of their own, for June of 1986. The principal organizer was Joseph Aucoin, a retired automobile repairman living in Brighton, Massachusetts. In the spring of 1944, Aucoin had been a nineteen-year-old gunner's mate aboard the Buckley. (He remembers that an instant before the ship barrelled into the sub one of his shipmates gasped, "My God, the old man's going to do it!") Over the first months of 1986, as Bob Bell provided addresses, there was a spate of communication, coast-to-coast and transatlantic. Joe Aucoin and Vinzenz Nosch, for instance, were exchanging lengthy reminiscences and cordial good wishes, and so were Nosch and another Buckley veteran, former Seaman First Class James W. O'Keefe. In March, Nosch wrote to O'Keefe, "I had never thought, and it still seems like a dream, that after forty-two years I would be able to correspond with a former enemy, and be accepted as a friend." Various members of the U-66 contingent began writing to Abel. Brent himself, as soon as he was informed of the June reunion—to be held, over three days, at Cambridge—wanted news of it spread far and wide, and, accordingly, he wrote to the Chief of Naval Personnel, in Washington, requesting all the available names and addresses of the men who had been assigned to the Buckley between its commissioning, in 1943, and its decommissioning, late in 1945. He told the Chief, for whatever effect it might have, that he was sending a copy of his letter to then Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, "because he is a personal friend of long standing." (That and the Navy Cross didn't keep Captain Abel, United States Naval Reserve, from being charged two hundred and seventy dollars and eighty-eight cents for the names of twenty-nine officers and more than four hundred other ranks, without addresses, or from being instructed to be sure to mark his check "For services rendered.") While Abel was at it, he felt that it would be only fitting to invite Jimmie Sellars, who'd contributed so much to the U-66's demise, to attend the Cambridge gathering. So—not knowing that Bell had previously ascertained the unhappy truth—Abel once again appealed to the Navy. In due course, he received (no charge this time) a printed form with "Deceased 1951" typed on it.

Using addresses supplied by Bell, Abel wrote to nine of the U-66 survivors, saying he hoped that they could join in the forthcoming festivities. None could, but thirty-three Buckley alumni showed up, and, as by this time seemed only logical to all concerned, so did Robert Bell. The reunion, to which Abel brought along his son, his daughter and son-in-law, and his second wife, Corinne, went off agreeably—a lot of recollections, a lot of conviviality, a lot of photographs. There was also a lot of talk about further reunions—if possible, hands-across-the-sea ones, at which the erstwhile adversaries could actually look one another in the eye while speculating whether, say, this septuagenarian was

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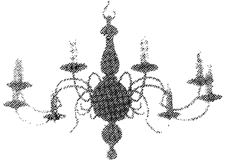

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the German kid who got whacked with the ammo box, or that white-haired American with the hearing aid might be the one who kicked So-and-So off the ship's deck.

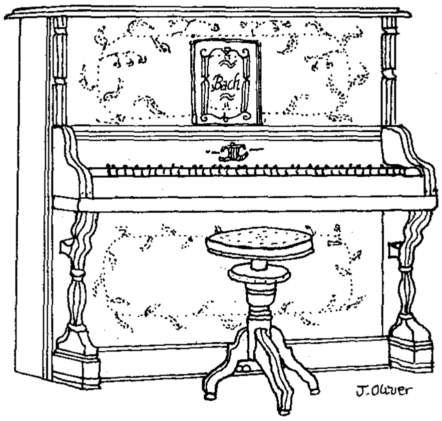
Abel told me not long after that first reunion that several of the Germans who couldn't make it to Cambridge had expressed the hope that one day there might be a comparable gathering on *their* home ground. He and Corinne had already planned a trip to Europe for the following summer, a purpose of which was to visit the grave of her brother, David Crowder Waybur, who was one of the most decorated American foot soldiers of the Second World War, and was buried in the Lorraine American Cemetery, at Saint-Avold, in France, just across the German border. Of ten thousand four hundred and eighty-nine servicemen interred there, only three, including First Lieutenant David Waybur, won the Medal of Honor.

Before he was killed, by a Nazi sniper, on March 28, 1945, Lieutenant Waybur, a reconnaissance-troop leader in the justly celebrated 3rd Infantry Division, was also awarded, for further exceptional gallantry, the British Military Cross, the Croix de Guerre with palm, and a Purple Heart with two oak-leaf clusters. (He received one of these, along with the Silver Star, posthumously.) Abel knew his wife's brother only by hearsay, but he had long hoped to join her at his graveside. David Waybur, who was twenty-five at his death, would have been sixty-seven this year.

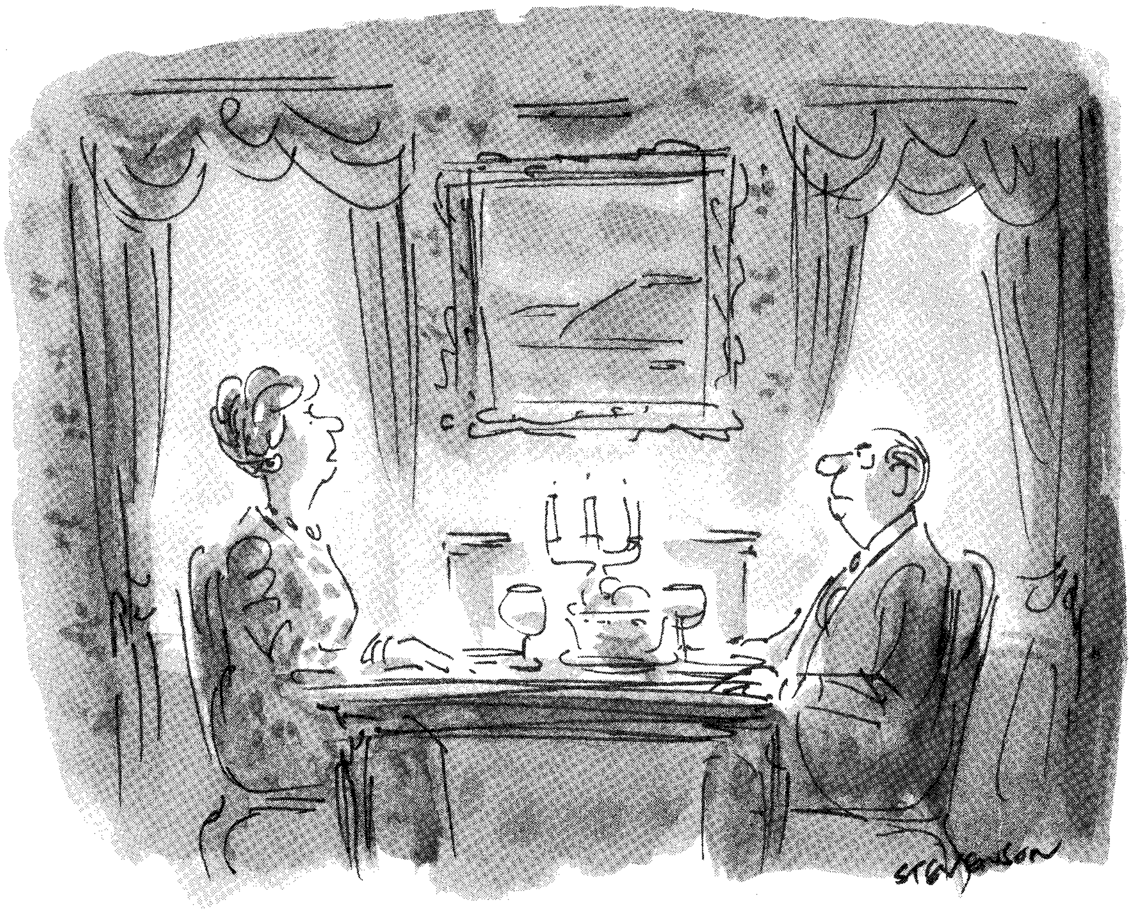
BY this time, I had told Brent Abel that if there were any more reunions I'd be interested in attending one. "Are you bothered by contact with former Nazis?" he wrote me at one point. "Assuming they *were* Nazi, which may not be so." I was not bothered enough to lose interest. My Second World War combat, extremely modest compared to his, had been exclusively against the Japanese. The Battle of the Coral Sea had, it turned out, prevented them from torpedoing the troopship that was ferrying my infantry division, the 32nd, across the Pacific; and they had been a very formidable and unforgiving presence when I finally encountered them in battle, in the New Guinea jungle. But had latter-day contact with *them* bothered me? It had not. By the time—1951—I first set foot on Japanese soil, there was another enemy to reckon with: I was en route to Korea as a war correspondent. This time, American troops were facing two enemies, actually: North Koreans and Chinese, the same Chinese who had been my allies when the Japanese and I were at war, and who eventually were to welcome me as a friend on my first trip to China, in 1973. As for Koreans, I now remembered sitting in a Leningrad hotel dining room in 1958 and, as some Asians came by wearing rubber shoes, saying knowledgeably to a companion, "Ah, Koreans," and then, with a gasp, realizing what our ideological surroundings were, "*North* Koreans!" I had never seen a North Korean close up before, though some North Koreans had certainly seen me: they had picked off in midsentence an Army captain I was chatting with as we crouched behind a tank. As the Koreans in Leningrad were leaving the dining room, one of them, for some reason, smiled at me, and I remember how surprised I was at myself when I smiled back.

How did I feel, though, about contact with Nazis? I'd been to Germany twice since 1945—in 1949, to cover the Berlin Airlift, and in 1972, to cover the Munich Olympics. And I'd been there as a child, too—indeed, I was raised by a German nurse—in the twenties, but that, of course, was before Hitler. There was no ambiguity about my feelings toward Nazism. But individual Germans? My feelings about them may well have been less strong than the feelings that those of them now on one side of the Berlin Wall had about those on the other. I told Abel that if there was going to be some kind of gathering that included Germans I'd like to tag along.

Abel had meanwhile sent a letter, tentatively proposing a reunion in Germany, to Klaus Herbig, who had been the U-66's executive officer when it went down. His name was familiar to Abel; when the Buckley transferred its prisoners to the Block Island, Herbig had been the most talkative. Most of the Germans whom Abel had heard from by this time had written in their own language, and he'd had to have their letters translated. Herbig, though, had written in flawless English, and had given as the reason for his inability to get to Cambridge a business commitment in Malaysia; here, clearly, was a person of parts—someone, presumably, equipped to organize a reunion. It soon developed that Herbig—who, he recounted, had joined the German Navy at seventeen and been second-in-command of the U-boat at twenty-two—lived and worked, as an executive of Tipp-Ex, a far-flung typewriter-correction-fluid company, close to Frankfurt. Herbig and Abel agreed in further exchanges that that city or its environs would be a convenient site for the reunion. Moreover, Frankfurt was only a couple of hours—at least, at breakneck Autobahn speed—from the Lorraine American Cemetery. None of six U-66 crewmen who were believed to be resident in East Germany were expected to attend, and they didn't, though, as I was to learn in Frankfurt, if you're sixty-five or over you can cross the Wall unchallenged, because you're considered harmless.



September 29th, a Tuesday, seemed as good a date as any, and Herbig picked Höchst, an attractive Frankfurt suburb, as the gathering place. For the main event—a dinner for the men and those of their wives who came along—he picked a private dining room in a permanently moored riverboat on the River Main called the Schiffshotel Schlott, and for the main course he picked a littoral variation of a traditional seafaring specialty: *Labskaus*, a mishmash of leftovers—meat and potatoes, mainly, as it was interpreted in the Schlott kitchen, with a sunny-side-up egg on top. Abel, while content to leave all such arrangements to the impressively efficient Herbig, did insist on some input of his own. He wrote the Tipp-Ex executive early in September, "I would like to claim the privilege of being the host of all attending the dinner. . . . I do so chiefly because it would give me pleasure but also because you were all temporarily under my command for a few hours on May 6, 1944. In the United States Navy, the captain is always right, which I hope will lead you to concede me the pleasure of paying for the dinner." Herbig was quick to retaliate. He said that the whole party must



"Herbert, I've decided to seek your ouster."

• •

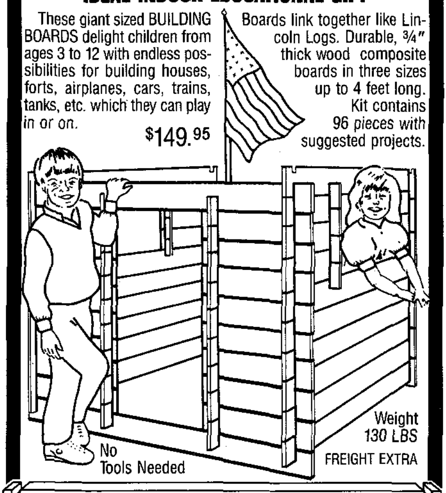
reconvene at his factory the following morning for champagne and cookies, and at his home later that same day for a local specialty, *Rippchen mit Sauerkraut und Apfelwein.* (Brent and Corinne said afterward that it was the best sauerkraut they'd ever tasted anywhere. They'd been slightly puzzled, though, that when a Herbig son dropped in during these festivities he seemed not to have been aware that a sub with his father aboard had been sunk.)

In August, Abel notified all the Americans who were under his command in May, 1944, of the impending get-together. He let me know, too. As it turned out—time was short and a trip to Germany was not cheap—among Abel's twenty-seven dinner guests at the Schiffshotel were only two old Buckley hands. One was Joe Aucoin, the organizer of the 1986 reunion, and the other was Robert Burg, Electrician's Mate Third Class at sea and subsequently an electrical contractor. Burg had already arranged to visit an aunt in West Germany as well as Karl Degener-Böning, with whom he'd been corresponding for eighteen months. Aucoin brought a video camera. Both brought their wives.

Eight of the Germans who had been on the U-66 that memorable night in 1944 sat down to *Labskaus.* And it was a sit-right-down dinner. No ice-breaking, no informal standing around for drinks and handshakes, no mingling. It didn't take long to perceive that the widest gulf seemed to be between the German ex-officers and their ex-crewmen. In the private dining room, tables had been arranged to form three sides of a square, or a horseshoe. Abel and Herbig had, appropriately, the places of honor, with a big ship's wheel—a handy point of focus for Joe Aucoin and his camera—directly behind them, and miniature German and American flags in front of them. Off to one side of the tables someone had put up a stand bearing an enlarged version of a chart of the U-66's prowls over and under the Atlantic, with two key spots identified on it: where the West Lashaway had perished, and where the U-boat itself had made its final involuntary dive.

Among the Germans on the scene was Werner Fröhlich, the helmsman, who at hand-to-hand time had been skulled by the coffee cup. Abel had long since received from Vinzenz Nosch a snapshot of a young Fröhlich, in a grinning, cocksure pose with other U-boat officers in uniform, and sporting a trim black mustache, not to mention an Iron Cross. Now a retired merchant-marine captain and harbor inspector, Fröhlich had exchanged the mustache for a Lincolnesque, snow-white beard. (Not, mind you, that everybody else hadn't aged; Abel, for one, had lost most of his hair.) Fröhlich told me he had squeaked through six years of submarine warfare with no more physical damage than a bullet through one Achilles-like heel. I happened to be sitting next to him at dinner. His English was only a little bit better than my execrable German, but I did manage to comprehend his admission that he had a Mercedes, and though it was in unexceptionable shape, he didn't like to push it, on the inviting local Autobahns, much beyond a hundred and ninety kilometres—a hundred and eighteen miles—per hour. Earlier, incidentally, I overheard Herbig telling Abel that German Navy officers of his time weren't necessarily members of the Nazi Party, and citing as evidence an occasion when one U-boat commander, returning to his home base for reprovisioning, asked, "Are the Nazis still in command here?," and, on being assured that they certainly were, had turned around and gone back to sea. (Abel had not followed up by inquiring how that skipper had ever got himself and his crew reprovisioned.)

A conspicuous absentee, to general lamentation, was the retired Austrian policeman, Vinzenz Nosch. His home, in Mitterdorf, was quite far from Frankfurt, and apparently he had exhausted his travel budget. Less than two months earlier, before he had any inkling that there might be a reunion in Europe, he and his wife, Anni, had come to the United States to cement his friendships with Joe Aucoin and Bob Bell and to meet Jim O'Keefe and inspect the captive U-505 in Chica-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go. I had met the Nosches then, when, escorted by Joe and Louise Aucoin and the omnipresent Bell, they visited Battleship Cove, at Fall River; there the two old sea dogs had had a fine time touring and commenting on the naval vessels—a destroyer and a submarine among them—moored in an outdoor museum. Nosch had been sporting a gold-braided cap bearing the name of the American nuclear submarine Nautilus. But now he couldn't make the reunion—an occasion that, if it ever came to pass, he'd told me at Fall River, would be the highlight of the rest of his life.

Bob Bell, the catalyst without whom the dinner could hardly have come about, did make it to Frankfurt. He was pressed for time, the school season having just got under way at Stony Brook, so he flew in for the dinner and flew back to Long Island the next day. Because he was as close to being of the cloth as anyone on hand, he was asked to say grace and did so with the quite justified air of one who, instead of being eaten by cannibals, has converted them to vegetarianism.

As the evening progressed, there were, inevitably, speeches, the flow of oratory intensified by the flow of beer. But much of the talk about brotherhood was on the surface; there seemed to be an element of unreality to it. It was as if these men (the women, apart from Corinne Abel, who was considered our hostess, hardly made their presence felt) didn't want to dwell too much on the one event that had brought them together, and couldn't figure out what else, if anything, they might have in common. At one point, I felt impelled to rise and tell the assemblage that our host, Herr Abel, was no longer a twenty-eight-year-old submarine chaser, which was perhaps how some of them still thought of him, but a semi-retired elder statesman and pillar of American law. My words didn't seem to make much of an impression on anyone, though. What clearly mattered most to all concerned was the simple fact that they were there.

Karl Degener-Böning, after profusely thanking the three American veterans of that long-ago hand-to-hand fracas for travelling so far "to shake hands with us," affixed to Abel's lapel a German-submarine-service pin. Not to be outdone, Abel distributed a clutch of authentic orange-and-black San Francisco Giants caps. (They were easy for him to obtain: the team is one of his firm's clients.) Degener-Böning, alluding to the reunion as "a highlight of our lives," presented to Abel, and to Joe Aucoin and Bob Burg, tinplate serving trays engraved with the dates "6 May 1944" and "29 September 1987" and the words, in English, "Enemies Become Friends." But, with a few exceptions, had most of those at the table ever truly been, in a personal sense, the former, and were they now and forever the latter? Even as I was thinking such thoughts, I was berating myself for them. Surely this was an occasion for generous portions of benefits of the doubt.

At moments, it seemed as though the most convivial of the celebrators, who were encamped at the end of one table with an accordion, were several ex-sailors who had served on the U-66 prior to May 6, 1944, and whose status seemed to be that of welcome freeloaders. Georg Olschewski, who, at seventy-seven, was the doyen of the German group, was not easy to hear over the din when he delivered a few gracious words of welcome. They were translated by his son Joachim, a social worker in Mainz prisons. At one moment, while across the room, to accordion accompaniment, some sea chanteys like "Yankee Doodle" and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" were being bilingually sung, the younger Olschewski startled me by saying of his father, "It's hard to understand how a man so good and honorable could have overlooked this fucking National Socialism."

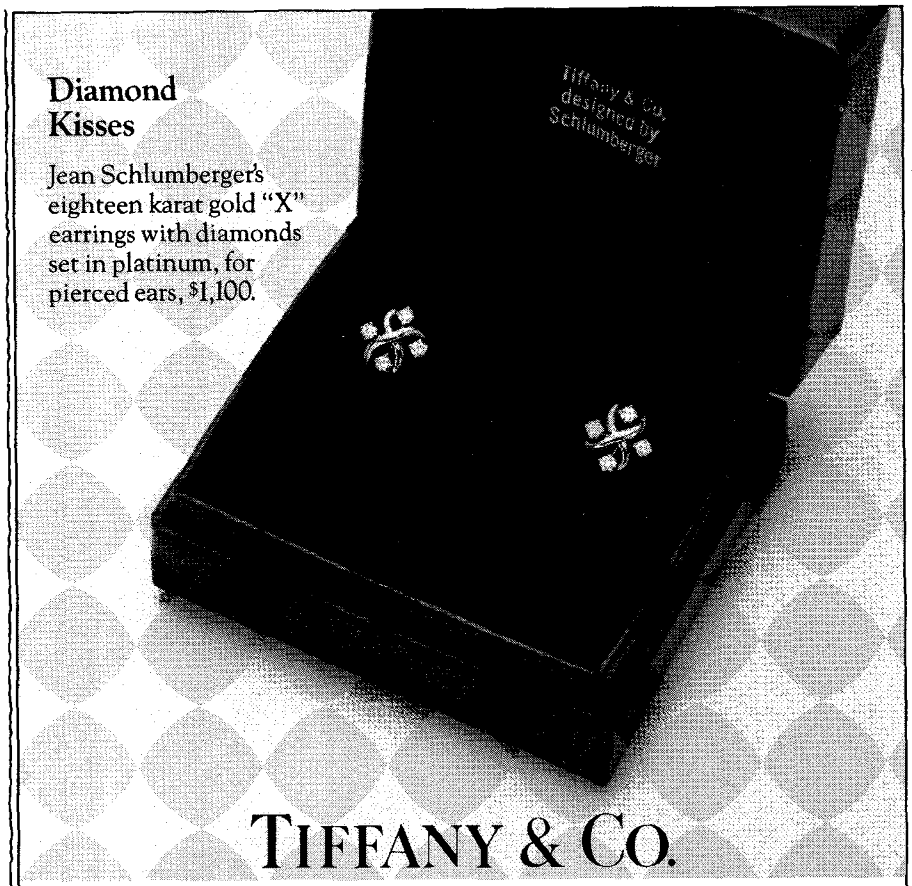
Klaus Herbig, fittingly, was the chief spokesman for the host country. He surprised the three American guests of honor by saying that the Buckley might not have needed to get into a firefight at all, inasmuch as shortly before the two vessels encountered each other the U-66's commander, owing to the shortage of food and fuel and the unlikelihood of being resupplied, "had come to the decision that we would try to reach the Cape Verde Islands, where we would sink our boat and go into confinement." Afterward, during a lull in the proceedings, Herbig told me, without rancor, that "Mr. Abel put some shell fragments into my back," going on to explain, with a chuckle, "Not personally, but he was responsible for it." ("Eleven men were treated for shrapnel and bullet wounds," the senior medical officer on the carrier Block Island had reported. "Some of these men had scores of small metallic fragments buried in their skins and subcutaneous tissues; none entered body cavities.") Indeed, Herbig added, although a surgeon had removed a number of fragments at Casablanca, he was still carrying a few around.

A waitress spilled some beer. Corinne Abel turned to Herbig and said, jokingly, "I thought you Germans were disciplined."

Herbig laughed, and replied, "No wonder we lost the war." He, too, was joking, of course, but I found myself thinking, What if they *hadn't* lost it? Would a group of Americans have staged such a reunion for Hitler's ex-warriors, in, say, San Francisco? Would the victorious Nazis have subscribed to the theory that enemies become friends?

Brent Abel had sat through the proceedings quietly, reflectively, and inscrutably. He had visited the Saint-Avold cemetery the day before, had walked through long, long rows of immaculate white crosses, interspersed with some Stars of David, precisely aligned on carefully tended turf. The superintendent of the enclave had presented Corinne with an armful of roses to lay at the foot of her brother's cross and an order blank and price list for future use. Plot E, Row 22, Grave 44. Now Abel rose up and delivered a short speech, first in German—deliberate but resolute, like a ship with one disabled propeller—and then in measured English. "Many of us in America are direct descendants of you in Germany," he concluded. "My father was born in Mannheim. My wife is of German descent through both her mother and her father. Yet her brother was killed in Germany in the Second World War while serving in the U.S. Army. No doubt most of you also lost relatives in the Second World War. Old as we are, we must nevertheless do what we can to see that mankind forswears both the ideologies and the weapons which make such destruction possible. I am now seventy-one years old. In my entire life, there is no accomplishment of which I am as proud as that the U.S.S. Buckley under my direction took the risks and made the choices that enabled us to save the lives of those of you and your shipmates who survived. I wish we could have saved more. I know my shipmates, whether here or not, agree. Thank you."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.



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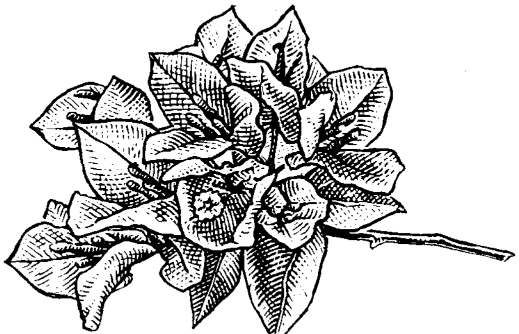

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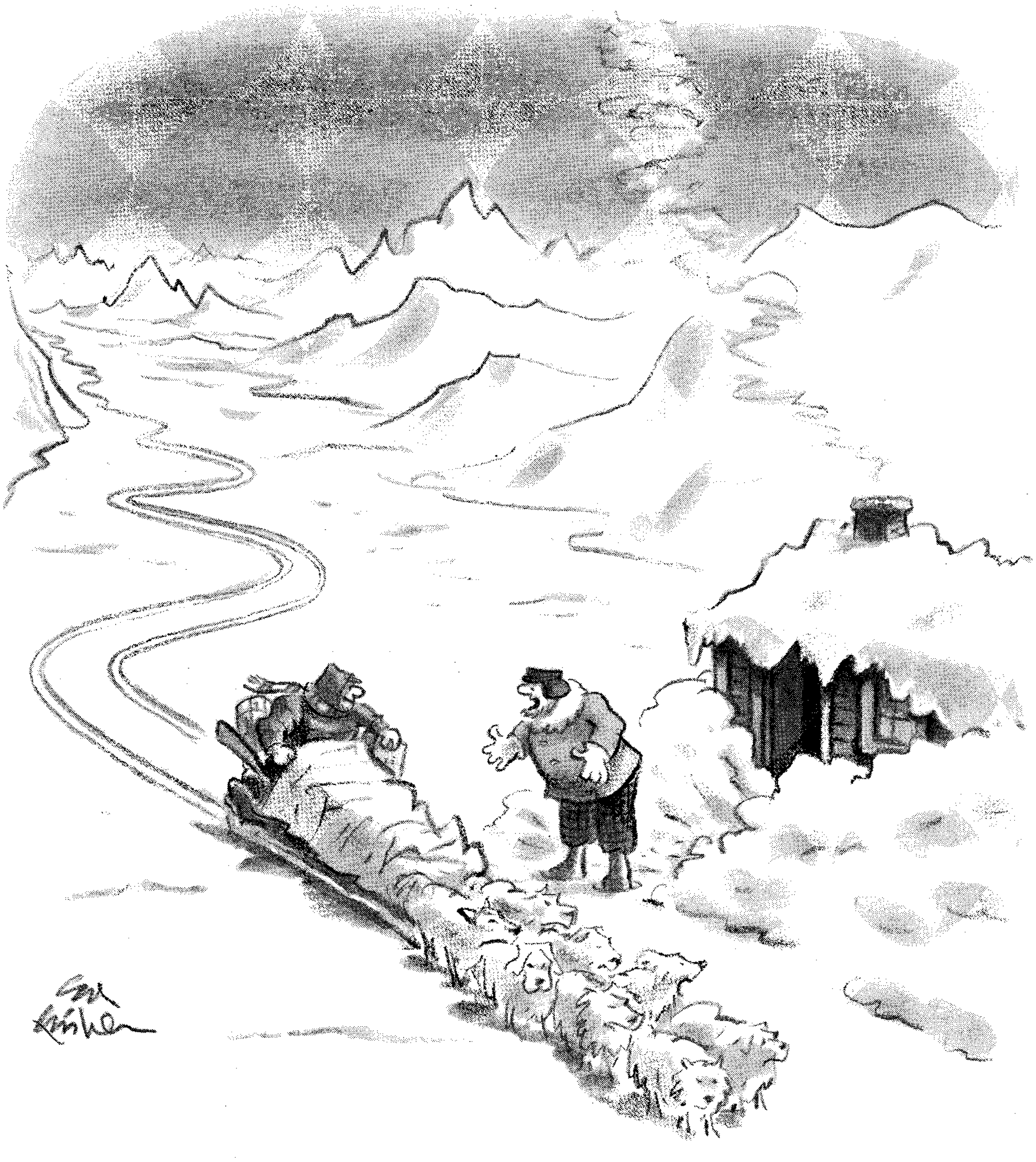
JAZZ

Cruising

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17TH: The first jazz festival was held in mid-July of 1954 on the grounds of the small, rickety, fashionable tennis Casino in Newport, Rhode Island. There were two evening concerts, and thirteen thousand people came. The musicians and singers included Pee Wee Russell, Wild Bill Davison, the Modern Jazz Quartet (with Horace Silver on piano and Kenny Clarke on drums), Billie Holiday, Bobby Hackett, Dizzy Gillespie, Ella Fitzgerald, Lennie Tristano (with his contrapuntalists Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh), Lee Wiley, the George Shearing Quintet, Lester Young, Jo Jones, Buck Clayton, Milt Hinton, Teddy Wilson, and Gil Mellé. Jazz was still swaddled in apologetics, so Stan Kenton was shipped in to read a between-the-sets history of jazz written by Nat Hentoff. By the late fifties, the Newport Jazz Festival, as it was called, had become a fixture, and its countless spinoffs cover the earth. But many of them, including the various permutations of the Newport Festival itself, have grown faddish and overweight. Jazz flourishes in small, heedless situations. It also depends on its entrepreneurs. Two of the most imaginative (and least well-known) are Hank O'Neal and his wife, Shelly Shier. For the past five years, they have run a series of mini-festivals on the S.S. Norway, which cruises year-round between Miami and the Virgin Islands. The O'Neals invite about fifty musicians (and their families) for one- or two-week stints, and the musicians play in two comfortable cabaret-like rooms and in an eight-hundred-seat theatre. The programs are varied and loosely shaped. There are one-hour afternoon recitals, and evening jam sessions that stretch into the morning hours. The sets are easygoing and uncrowded, and the musicians are arranged in congenial, non-competitive groups. The audiences never have to travel more than a couple of football fields to get to the music, and there are no tickets or cover charges or minimums or hassles about seats. The audiences also have two simultaneous (and very different) events to choose from each evening. If they don't like what they hear, they can look in on the other event, or wander away.

The Norway sailed at four-thirty this afternoon, and after two days of open sea it will stop for day visits at St. Martin, St. John, St. Thomas, and Great Stirrup Cay, returning to Miami early next Saturday—a round trip of over two thousand miles. My wife and I boarded early in the afternoon, and by six-thirty, the first seating for dinner, we had pretty much found our way around. There are eleven decks (nine of them lived on), three pools (two of them outdoors), two sizable dining rooms, the Saga Theatre, three cabarets, a discothèque, a library, a chapel, a card room, an ice-cream parlor, a video-game room, a nursery, an espresso bar, a gambling casino, a hairdresser's, a dozen or so shops, and fifteen bars. There are six ir-



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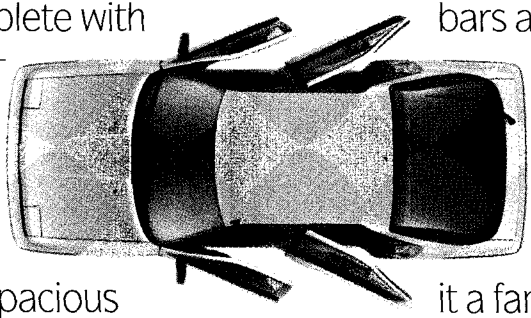

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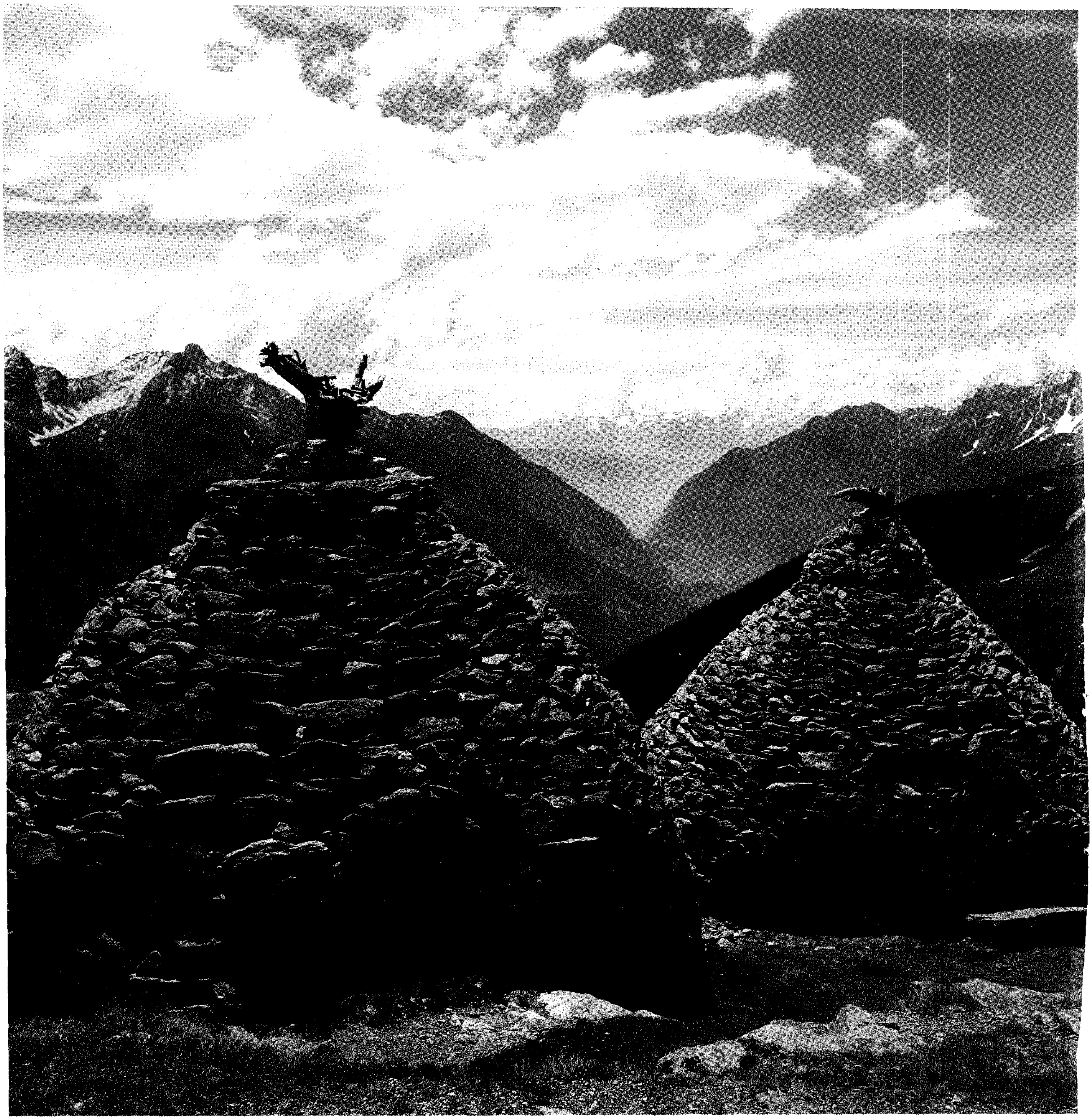

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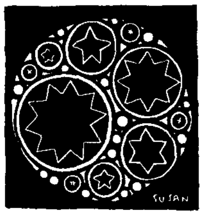
regularly placed stair towers, which descend (by stairs and elevators) to different depths. For directional purposes, the forward half of the ship is decorated in turquoise and the aft section in salmon pink.

The music began at nine o'clock in the Club Internationale, a plush, high-ceilinged room filled with sofas and overstuffed chairs. A small bandstand and a small dance floor are at one end, and a bar is at the other. Life-size plaster statues of Bacchus and Triton are set in niches at the bandstand end. A group made up of Buddy Tate on tenor saxophone, Al Grey on trombone and bass trumpet, Jay McShann on piano, Major Holley on bass, and Oliver Jackson on drums did six numbers, most of them blues. It was good shakedown music. Grey, a slender man with a smile slightly wider than his face, played an agile bass-trumpet solo on "Days of Wine and Roses" and got off some heavy muted wa-wa trombone on "St. James Infirmary." Tate, as always, slid up and down his special emotional slopes. The Tate-Grey group alternated with the tenor saxophonist Don Menza, the pianist Roland Hanna, the bassist Milt Hinton, and the drummer Louie Bellson. Menza is a hard-blowing player who works largely on the West Coast. He has a shouldering attack and a perfervid sound. Hanna is a beautiful player, but his improvisations tend to emerge in bursts—a train passing under a series of bridges. This fitfulness fell away in "Satin Doll," though, and he got off a sweeping single-note line. It is a comfort to hear Bellson, a taut, precise drummer in the Buddy Rich mold. He has a dry, almost baked, tone, and his breaks and solos are flawlessly designed. He said after the set that he had learned much from Sid Catlett as a teen-ager.

The Checkers Cabaret, a low-ceilinged red-and-black room with a long bar and a spacious dance floor, will be offering big bands during the week, and tonight we heard Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans. The original Sultans held forth at the Savoy Ballroom in the late thirties and early forties, and they had two purposes—to play for dancing and to swing ferociously. They used a lot of riffs broken by short solos, and they blew whole bands away. Francis resurrected the Sultans in the late seventies with great success, and although his personnel has changed completely, his straight, hot Chick Webb drumming keeps everything at a boil.

SUNDAY: eight o'clock this morning. A marvellous Caribbean cloud show was mounted on the horizon, with white thunderheads standing to our left, a frieze of sheeplike black clouds moving swiftly between the thunderheads and the ship, impenetrable deep-gray rain clouds directly opposite us, and slim silvery ball-gown clouds to our right. The entire show was sandwiched by a high cobalt-blue sky and the royal blue of this tropical ocean.



The Norway, originally the France, is something of a white elephant. Her keel was laid in 1957, the first year that more people crossed the Atlantic by air than by sea. She was, and is, the largest of all passenger ships. She is one thousand and thirty-five feet long, and she weighs over seventy thousand tons. The France's essential, tourist-class passengers began to desert her for the air in the early seventies, and the French government, which had been subsidizing her, abandoned her, and she was tied up indefinitely at the Quai de l'Oubli in Le Havre. In 1979, the Norwegian Caribbean Lines bought her, and she was converted from a fast, indoor North Atlantic ship into a sedate, outdoor Caribbean ship. Her famous silhouette, with its two huge winged stacks (*grandes cheminées à ailerons*), was left intact except for a couple of touches of giantism: two one-story-high Hollywood Hills signs, reading "NORWAY," were installed between the stacks, and a pair of enormous tenders, ninety feet long and capable of holding four hundred passengers apiece, were installed on the foredeck, between dinosaurlike davits. So the France-Norway has been given a second chance, even though she draws too much water (thirty-four feet) for the harbors she visits and is a little grand for the small seas she sails.

The music took on heft today. At two o'clock, there was a parade of pianists in the Club Internationale. Roland Hanna did three numbers—a dramatic (yet oblique) "Love for Sale," a slow Debussy-like ballad, and a blues. The Chicago pianist Eddie Higgins played two Clare Fischer pieces and a Jobim, and he was watery and impressionistic. Art Hodes, looking frozen in such fast company, got himself through "Tennessee Waltz," "Summertime," and "It Ain't Necessarily So," and his jumpy reading of "St. Louis Blues." Jay McShann, who lives inside the blues, did three, and gave way to the Japanese pianist Makoto Ozone. He is a hard, brilliant player in the florid, Corea-Hancock way. His four numbers, including a sumptuous "Someday My Prince Will Come," left little to the imagination. Mel Powell wound up the recital with two disappointingly brief numbers. He also served as the master of ceremonies, and he was at his mock-professorial best, filling the room with his big laugh and rumbling mots, and coating all the pianists who preceded him with buttery compliments.

Late in the afternoon, a program called "Meet the Stars" was held in the Checkers Cabaret. Six of the bandleaders on board talked about themselves, then answered questions from the audience. On hand were Cab Calloway, Panama Francis, Benny Carter, Buck Clayton, Jay McShann, and Erskine Hawkins. Calloway tended to hog the proceedings, ending his perorations with "I've had a wonderful career, and you [the audience] made it possible. So the money's there. I'm pretty well heeled. I enjoy it." Panama Francis, who once worked for Calloway, added this observation, which is shared by other Calloway alumni: "You hit on time. You quit on time. You got your money on time." The leaders were asked to divulge their ages, and, considering their vitality and unflagging abilities, their revelations were buoying. Calloway is seventy-nine, Francis sixty-nine, Carter eighty, Clayton seventy-six, McShann seventy-eight, and Hawkins seventy-three.

The vibraphonist Gary Burton appeared at nine in the Club Internationale with his Berklee Ensemble, which consists of Makoto Ozone (a graduate of Berklee College, in Boston) and four Berklee students—the alto saxophonist Doug Yates, the tenor saxophonist Donnie McCaslin, the bassist Gildas Boclé, and the drummer Marty Richards. Burton is a ringing, rococo vibraphonist who uses four mallets and floods every number with notes. His figures behind the other soloists let no one rest, melodically or harmonically, and the result was a pushing, dissonant, layered music. The group played a Chick Corea, a John Scofield blues, Victor Young's "Beautiful Love," and Billy Strayhorn's "Isfahan." Richards is a

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tidy, relentless drummer, but he plays thunderously, as is the custom with contemporary drummers. The alternating group in the Club I. had Flip Phillips on tenor saxophone, Kenny Davern on clarinet, Roland Hanna, Howard Alden on guitar, Milt Hinton, and the drummer Chuck Riggs. The materials ("Sometimes I'm Happy," "Cotton Tail," "Sweet Georgia Brown") have been played so often and so affectionately by jazz musicians that they seem to swing by themselves. Phillips, an amalgam of Ben Webster, Don Byas, and Lester Young (and the great inspiration for the young Scott Hamilton), was particularly passionate, and right behind were Hanna and Alden, a Red Norvo graduate and post-Charlie Christian guitarist with a lovely tone, an advanced harmonic sense, and an infallible sense of structure. The comedian and singer Martha Raye is on board, and halfway through the group's celebration she sat in and sang "I Remember April," "The Man I Love," and "The Sunny Side of the Street." She has a reputation among older jazz musicians as a good, swinging singer, and in the thirties she used to sit in up in Harlem. Even so, she was a surprise. Her singing was wild and almost inchoate, and it summoned up the surrealist extravagances of Betty Carter and Leo Watson.

The great Chicago-style cornettist Wild Bill Davison, who is as snappy and tart as he was forty years ago (he is eighty-two), was sitting out front during the Burton set, and, deep in his jowls, was listening to Burton's quite modern alto player with the same blank intensity that Winston Churchill must have given the paintings of Francis Bacon.

MONDAY: 8 A.M. again. The ship moving gently over gray water, through gray fog, and under gray rain. The horizon was about three hundred yards away, and we could hear the rain overhead on the Oslo Deck (the boat deck). Fifteen minutes later, the horizon retreated several miles, the rain stopped, and the water turned its customary resounding royal blue. There were small whitecaps, and they broke into Queen Anne's lace. The ship took on speed, slowly passing in the far northeast a huge, black Martin Johnson Heade storm.

There was a jam session in the Saga Theatre after lunch, and not a great deal happened. Buck Clayton conducted loosely, and present were the trumpeter Eddie Allen, Al Grey, Kenny Davern, the Danish violinist Svend Asmussen, Roland Hanna, Milt Hinton, Howard Alden, and Oliver Jackson or Louie Bellson. "Jumpin' at the Woodside," "Moten Swing," a ballad medley, and "Lester Leaps In" went by. Hanna and Asmussen turned up bright things on "Woodside," and Alden fashioned another of his closely reasoned statements on "Lester Leaps In." Clayton played in a series of studio jam sessions for Columbia Records in the fifties, and they are classic recordings. He had with him the likes of Trummy Young, Coleman Hawkins, Jo Jones, Billy Kyle, Urbie Green, Lem Davis, and Julian Dash—to say nothing of his own elegant, eloquent playing. Clayton's last flowering as a player took place in the sixties, but his teeth and gums and assorted other health problems were already bothering him, and by the mid-seventies he had all but quit playing. He made several attempts at comebacks in New York, and they were encouraging. His lip was weak, but his warmth and lyricism were intact, and it seemed that it would be only a matter of weeks before he was in top form again. But I never heard him play again, and eventually word came that he was hopelessly discouraged and would play no more.

In the fifties and early sixties, Buddy Tate led a Count Basie-type band at the Savoy Ballroom and the Celebrity Club, on 125th Street. Tonight, he took a new Celebrity Club band into Checkers, and it had the great Basie trumpeter Harry Edison, the Ellington alto saxophonist Norris Turney, Al Grey, Jay McShann, Major Holley, and Oliver Jackson. Edison, who often plays the trumpet the way Basie played the piano, was at his languorous, monosyllabic best in "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," and Tate took a lonesome, blue clarinet solo in "Hootie's Blues."

Two groups held forth in the Club Internationale tonight. One was a maroon velvet quartet made up of Benny Carter, Makoto Ozone, the bassist George Mraz, and Marty Richards. Among their numbers were "Green Dolphin Street," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Lover Man," "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To," and "Secret Love." Mraz, who is only a whisper away from the superb Michael Moore, excelled in "You'd Be So Nice," and Carter, who shows no signs of diminution, constructed perfect solo after perfect solo, and even played trumpet on two numbers with great effect. Carter, in recent years heaped with awards and medals and honorary degrees, shows no age or swelling of the psyche. The brilliant teeth shine, lighting his impeccable manners and dress. His alto-saxophone playing is as graceful and obliging as ever, and he has returned to his trumpet. We now know for certain that jazz musicians can function with strength and clarity and beauty at fourscore plus.

The other group was led by Wild Bill Davison. With him were Kenny Davern, Eddie Higgins, Howard Alden, the bassist Bob Haggart, and Chuck Riggs. Wild Bill likes to rampage, but tonight, tiring by his second set, he slowed down and was lyrical in "Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans," "Love Is Just Around the Corner," and Fats Waller's lovely lullaby "Blue Turning Gray Over You."

Each evening, the ship issues a mimeographed newsletter listing the activities for the next day. Today, between breakfast and Clayton's jam session you could attend an aerobics class, a cooking demonstration by Chef Daniel Bonnot, of New Orleans and Paris, a Catholic Mass, a swimnastics class, a palmistry demonstration, a shuffleboard tournament, a backgammon class, a beauty seminar, or a bridge class. During the afternoon, there was an ice-carving demonstration, a wine-tasting session, a meeting of Rotarians, Lions, and Kiwanians, and trapshooting off the rear of the ship. In the evening, you could go to a fashion show, hear a pair of standup comedians, go to a sing-along, or listen to jazz.

TUESDAY: Chip Hoehler is the bandmaster of the Norway, and he has a pool of thirty-nine musicians who play dance music, music to swim to, cocktail music, music for shows, country-and-Western music, and big-band jazz. Born in New York in 1941, Hoehler is a cool, compact man who came up through Marshall Brown's Newport Youth Band in the late fifties (he is a trombonist) and through the road bands of Charlie Spivak and Warren Covington. He had his own band in the Bahamas for eleven years and put together his present aggregation in 1979. He has several excellent soloists in his jazz band: Fred Norman on piano; a Paul Gonsalves tenor saxophonist, Larry Spivak; the trumpeter Tom Swayze; and the alto saxophonist John Lux. Hoehler's jazz band has the

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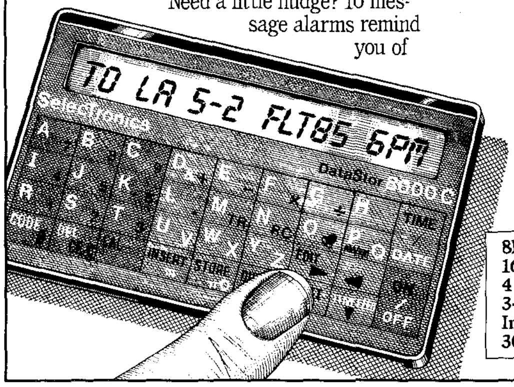

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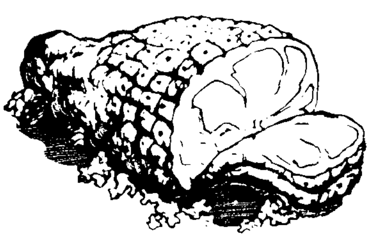

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rare ability to jump authoritatively into the skins of other bands. Tonight, in the Checkers Cabaret, it became the old Erskine Hawkins band, which flourished in Harlem in the late thirties and early forties. Primarily a dance band, it used an easy mixture of riffs, call-and-response patterns, organ chords, and wa-wa brass figures. Its secret was playing a fraction behind the beat; this gave it a rubato swing, a knee-action motion. It had three good soloists: the trumpeter Dud Bascomb; his brother Paul, a tenor saxophonist; and Julian Dash, another tenor saxophonist. Hawkins himself played harum-scarum trumpet, and you were never sure what you would hear—a Harry James style, a Rex Stewart style, a Snooky Young style. He has led a hotel band in the Catskills for twenty-five years, and has retained all his eccentric verve. (Many of the old big bands linger on, but in strange and parlous ways. Some are "ghost" bands—those once led by Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey and Count Basie and Duke Ellington—and some, like Erskine Hawkins', go on in the outlands and are still led by their originators.) Hoehler's men caught much of the quality of the original band, and they were particularly apt in "Weary Blues," "Tuxedo Junction" (one of Hawkins' big hits, later made bigger by Glenn Miller), "Gin Mill Special," and "After Hours," Avery Parrish's classic hymn to the slow blues.

Hoehler's band rested, then played a stunning set of Buck Clayton's originals and arrangements, with Clayton conducting. Clayton fell into a terrible acedia after he stopped playing for good, but lately he has been doing a great deal of big-band writing. Ten of his numbers were played tonight, and they demonstrated that he has somehow transposed his trumpet playing into his writing. His melodies are occasionally irresistible ("Yorkville," "Beaujolais," "Nancy's Fancy"), and his arrangements are graceful enlargements. His saxophone writing winds around like Benny Carter's, his trumpets shout. Finest of all tonight was his long slow blues, a meditation called "Homeless." Each soloist takes two choruses, the first backed by the rhythm section and the second by lovely countermelodies or organ chords. It is one of the rare instances in which a piece of program music works as music and as metaphor. Clayton, as thin as a pin and as dapper and handsome as ever, conducts by not conducting. He cups his hands like jai-alai racquets, faces them toward the floor, and moves them almost imperceptibly up and down. Or he holds his hands flat, palms up, and raises them an inch or two to signify more steam. When he wants a certain soloist, he points a crooked finger at him and lifts his chin just above the horizon.

WEDNESDAY: Not long after a quarter to nine this morning, the ship came to a stop off Hassel Island, at the entrance of St. Thomas Harbor. We were on the bridge, where we had been taken by Bjorn Erik Julseth, the hotel director of the Norway. The bridge is about fifteen feet deep and has a bow window perhaps thirty feet across. It is fitted out with a large console containing computer screens and dials and throttles. At the center of the console stood the helmsman, at rigid attention, his eyes on the ship's bow. But he had no helm—only a six-inch "joystick." The helmsman moved the stick slightly and then brought the throttles at either side of the stick to STOP, and stepped back. A moment later, the starboard anchor, weighing fifteen tons, roared into the water. I did not ask how the helmsman would be lashed to the joystick in rough weather.

We made a quick visit ashore to Charlotte Amalie. The pianist Tommy Flanagan, who had been scheduled to play at the festival this week but had been delayed by family matters, appeared bag and baggage on the tender we took back to the ship. I asked him if he had dropped from the sky and he said yes, on a plane from New York. He was carrying a copy of today's *Times* in a plastic bag, and you could see the giant front-page headlines having to do with the stock-market crash. We guessed that he had the only copy of today's *Times* in St. Thomas—indeed, in all of the Lesser Antilles—and that he could probably get hundreds of dollars for it on board the ship, where worried financial types have been lining up to use the overseas telephone.

Hank O'Neal created a stir last year by persuading Mel Powell to come on a cruise and play jazz in public for the first time in thirty years. This afternoon, Powell, who is scheduled to play tonight, rehearsed in Checkers with Benny Carter, Howard Alden, Milt Hinton, and Louie Bellson. They rolled through "Stompin' at the Savoy," a slow "Makin' Whoopee," Eubie Blake's "You're Lucky to Me," and "What Is This Thing Called Love?," and betweentimes Powell was ornate and witty. Hinton, who is seventy-seven and still trim and indefatigable, was wearing a T-shirt with this message on its front: "I May Be Fat but You're Ugly and I Can Diet." The quintet's appearance in Checkers tonight was lifting and frequently brilliant. Powell got off some Hindemith chords on the bridge of his first chorus on "Stompin' at the Savoy" and some Milton Babbitt chords on the bridge of his second chorus on "What Is This Thing Called Love?" Carter was a marsh hawk in flight throughout, and Bellson was crisp and luminous. Alden played with great invention, and stands a good chance of being voted M.V.P. at the end of the week.

The evening ended in the Club Internationale with a good set by Kenny Davern, Svend Asmussen, Alden, Bob Haggart, and Chuck Riggs and a middling one by Carter, Tommy Flanagan, Hinton, and Bellson. There was some nice counterpoint in the first between Davern and Asmussen, who swings in a curved, willowy way, but the Flanagan-Carter-Hinton-Bellson group never seemed to reach its proper propulsiveness.

Mel Powell was sitting outside Checkers before his rehearsal this afternoon and said that he had a cold—his first "since Muggsy Spanier."

Walking is wonderful on the Norway. Seen broadside, she is slightly swaybacked, so no matter which end you start at on the International Deck (enclosed) and the Oslo Deck (open), which contain the longest unobstructed stretches on board, you get a downhill start. If you walk in the direction the ship is going, you really fly.

THURSDAY: We toured the engine room this morning. We were told to dress lightly, as the temperature sometimes reaches a hundred and thirty degrees. But we weren't warned about the noise, which at one point must have topped a hundred and thirty decibels. The engine room is an astonishing concatenation of pipes (some like hoses, some like Roman columns), boilers (the two main ones, painted silver, tower out of sight), drive shafts (they are two hundred and fifty feet long and at least two feet thick), turbines, valves, tanks, pumps, stairways, grid passageways, and torpedo-size fire extinguishers. It is about eight hundred feet long and seven stories high. A feast for Demuth and Sheeler and Crawford; a fantasy for Coleridge and Kafka and Cocteau! After an hour of more or less steady descent (some of the railings on the ladderlike stairways were too hot to hold), we were taken to a tiny elevator, and ascended in heavenly fashion to the International Deck, which was freezing and very quiet.

A calm day musically. Gary Burton and Makoto Ozone played an hour duet in the Club I. this afternoon. They did two Chick Coreas, two Ozones, a Steve Swallow, and a couple of standards. Burton uses a lot of resonator and Ozone a lot of loud pedal, so they shimmered and belled, sometimes in harmony, sometimes in counterpoint, sometimes in unison.

A pleasant approximation of the first concert last Saturday took place tonight in the Club I., and included Buddy Tate, Norris Turney, Al Grey, Jay McShann, Major Holley, and Oliver Jackson. Jackson uses drumsticks the size of logs and sometimes he roars, but he showed verve and imagination and kept the proceedings moving. Wild Bill Davison led the alternating band, and said just before he went on the bandstand, "Drinking almost killed me and quitting drinking almost killed me, too. One morning after my wife, Anne, made me stop, I was having breakfast at home in Santa Barbara and I heard birds singing outside for the first time. I told Anne, 'I hear birds singing,' and she said, 'Bill, those birds have been singing at breakfast as long as I can remember.' "

According to John Maxtone-Graham, the elegant historian of ocean liners, the custom of being invited to have dinner at the captain's table began in the nineteenth century when immigrant passengers, required to feed themselves, ran out of food and were given free company rations. We had dinner tonight with the captain, and the free rations included marinated and smoked salmon, cream-of-ratatouille soup, sliced beef tenderloin with morels, duchesse potatoes, snow peas, chayote and bean sprouts, chocolate mousse, and coffee and cognac. The wines were from California—a Chardonnay from Château St. Jean and a cabernet from Clos du Val. The ship had begun rolling noticeably by the time we rose, at ten-thirty, and the captain, making a jest, said we were going through "a little hurricane."

Time stopped a couple of days ago. It is difficult to remember what day it is, and appointments don't seem terribly important. The music moves in slow motion, no matter the tempo.

FRIDAY: We went through the captain's little hurricane all night, with the ship doing a lot of thrashing about. Clouds had moved back in by morning, and the seas were heavy and white-haired—too heavy, it turned out, for us to stop at Great Stirrup Cay, a big sandbar a hundred and fifty miles east of Miami which the Norwegian Caribbean Lines owns and which is used for swimming and picnicking. There was a good deal of grumbling, so Hank O'Neal put together a jam session in the Club I. It began around two o'clock, and present were Benny Carter, Don Menza, Gary Burton, George Mraz, and Oliver Jackson. They played half a dozen numbers and were joined along the way by Flip Phillips, the trumpeter Ed Allen, and one of Chip Hoehler's tenor saxophonists. Carter—dressed in wraparound shades, a raspberry shirt, black pants, and white shoes—played trumpet. His solos on a couple of medium blues and on "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Body and Soul" were spare, delicate, and singing. Panama Francis sat in and played with a lifting even four-four Sid Catlett beat. Burton took a beautiful ad-lib, a-cappella solo on "Body and Soul," and elsewhere supplied a billowing field of background chords for his compeers.

There is a small observation deck directly over the bridge and just forward of the mast, and we went up after the jam session to get some air. The wind—a combination of the easterlies and the ship's motion—was so strong it was impossible to stand there for more than ten seconds. It was a malevolent wind, and would have flicked us overboard, given the chance.

SATURDAY: The ship docked in Miami at 6 A.M. on a placid, sunny sea. We went ashore around ten o'clock, and it was surprising to feel the concrete pier rock gently under our feet. Wild Bill Davison was sitting on a bag waiting for a taxi, and as we went by he said, "Now she wants me to quit smoking."

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THE SKY LINE

Above / Below

ONE of the most agreeable exhibition spaces in New York City is the I.B.M. Gallery of Science and Art, tucked away in the ample basement of the I.B.M. Building, at the southwest corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. Along with the nearby A.T. & T. Building and the Trump Tower, the darkish polygonal bulk of the I.B.M. Building has brought an unwanted manifestation of Wall Street skyscraper jam-up to midtown; perhaps in order to mitigate the distress that the public might be expected to feel at this sky-obliterating irruption of high rises, I.B.M. has taken care to offer us, at the southeast corner of its property, an outdoor fountain, designed by the sculptor Michael Heizer, which sends a stream of water sluicing at high speed under a rough granite slab; at the southwest corner, a delightful ground-floor greenhouse of bamboo trees and flowering plants, furnished with chairs and tables for the use of passersby; and, in the basement, the gallery. These are authentic benefactions to the public, no less welcome because of the taint of their intention; in defiance of the old adage, it is sometimes possible to look a gift horse in the mouth and be content with what one discovers there.

I surprise myself in finding the I.B.M. basement gallery so pleasing, for from my early years I have had a superstitious dislike of going down into the dark earth, even when both the darkness and the actual earth itself have been adroitly expunged. In recent years, I have done my best to outwit this primordial dislike, in order not to deprive myself of the innumerable cultural activities that more and more commonly in this city await us belowground—movie theatres, legitimate theatres, lecture halls, art galleries, museums. The reason that basements have become so popular is, of course, largely a matter of economics. In most cases, the design of big buildings in Manhattan calls for cavernous excavations, cut out of bedrock: parts of this space are used up by the concrete footings and steel framework of the building, other parts by the mechanical equipment required for elevators, air-conditioning, plumbing, and the like, and by as much garage space as the local zoning rules permit or demand, but the leftover area can be rented out to businesses and organizations unable or unwilling to pay the going high rates for space aboveground. With the indispensable assistance of elevators and/or escalators, basements are as readily accessible as any other floor of a building, and, with the help of naturalistic lighting, visitors are expected to forget that they have become subterranean creatures.

In recent times, we have begun building underground not for economic reasons alone but for reasons having to do with prudent urban planning, and even, on rare occasions, with aesthetics. Increasingly, it seems that we may be fated to construct our cities downward, into the heart of darkness, instead of upward, into our precious light and air. Well over a hundred years ago, that light and air were already being threatened in New York City—by the development of an elevated railroad system, which was hailed at first as a much desired amenity, certain to raise real-estate values along its rights of way. Very soon, it was found to have a contrary result; the grimy, gloomy "L"s on Third Avenue, Sixth Avenue, and Ninth Avenue yielded over the years to subways, which emerged aboveground only in upper Manhattan and in the so-called outer boroughs.

It is an irony long forgotten that the skyscraper, the premier symbol of New York City, was regarded with suspicion by many architects and public-spirited citizens when the fireproofed steel frame first rendered it technically feasible, in the eighties and nineties. Richard Morris Hunt, in his farewell address as retiring president of the American Institute of Architects, in 1891, warned against high buildings as depriving their neighbors of light and air. A general opposition to skyscrapers "was formal-

"If I may indulge in a bit of hyperbole, Jensen, this report of yours is good."

ized in 1894 at a meeting of the Architectural League in New York City," Elena Marcheso Moreno noted in a recent issue of *Architecture*. "The league proposed a law against the erection of skyscrapers, which it said made the streets a hotbed of malaria and were themselves eyesores. The league's opinions were well received by the press, the Brooklyn and Buffalo chapters of AIA, the City Club of New York, and a number of art societies. But the proposal never came to fruition." The League may have had its facts wrong in respect to malaria, but many years passed before the skyscraper came to be generally accepted here as a symbol of beauty. It is therefore not surprising that one of the first skyscrapers to win the admiration of New Yorkers—the Fuller Building, of 1903, soon nicknamed the Flatiron Building—was the handiwork of an outsider, the Chicago architect Daniel Burnham. In Chicago, Louis Sullivan had already asserted the skyscraper's claim to be "a proud and soaring thing," and in New York Ernest Flagg's Singer Tower, of 1908, and Cass Gilbert's Woolworth Building, of 1913, were among the first to be accepted on such terms. The Woolworth Building, Gothic in style and clad in white terra-cotta, was for many years the tallest office building on earth and became the beau ideal of skyscrapers. Nevertheless, our leading firm of architects, McKim, Mead & White, rejected the skyscraper in principle and consented only with reluctance to design a few, of which the most notable was the Municipal Building, of 1916, built when McKim and White were in their graves.

Today, the skyscraper is becoming nearly as suspect as it was a hundred years ago. Air and light are at last being seen to be the common possession of *all* the inhabitants of a city; they are not to be cavalierly invaded by anyone who happens to have acquired a certain number of square feet of ground and assumes that the vertical volume of his property extends uninterruptedly to heaven. At the present moment, it is unfortunately the case that the New York City zoning laws contain no provisions concerning the absolute maximum height of buildings on given sites. Once upon a time, certain local traditions had the force of laws; for example, it was a tradition not to construct a building in the immediate neighborhood of St. Patrick's Cathedral which would be higher than the tops of its spires. Rockefeller Center observed this tradition in the thirties, but Aristotle Onassis and his architects, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, brusquely abandoned it in the seventies, with their gross and overbearing Olympic Tower. (In Philadelphia, a similar tradition held that no building should rise higher than William Penn's hat—that broad-brimmed bronze fedora which adorns the colossal statue of Penn standing on the pinnacle of the Philadelphia City Hall, four hundred and ninety-one feet above the street. The tradition was broken last year by the skyscraper at One Liberty Place, which rises to almost twice the height of the City Hall.) Donald Trump has expressed a desire to build the tallest building in the world—even higher than the present tallest buildings in the world, the fourteen-hundred-and-fifty-four-foot Sears Tower, in Chicago, and our twin World Trade Center towers—on a large parcel of land that he owns in the West Sixties, adjacent to the Hudson River. His first proposal has been withdrawn, but if he chose to build a tower two thousand feet high, or even three thousand feet high, the city would have no legal means of preventing it.

d. ehrenberg

IN Washington, laws limiting the maximum height of buildings within the District to a hundred and thirty feet have been on the books since 1910. Contrary to statements often heard in New York City to the effect that any further restrictions on the scale and configuration of buildings that may be constructed here would discourage potential builders and cause them to invest their resources elsewhere, the limitation on height in Washington has had no adverse effect on the pocketbooks of its real-estate tycoons; fortunes have been accumulated there which are every bit as big as the fortunes that have been accumulated here. Indeed, a real-estate developer who has projects under way in Washington, Boston, and New York has candidly boasted to me, "Tell us what the rules are, tell us that they have to be obeyed, and no matter how harsh they may sound we'll find some way to make a profit. We always do."

If most of the office buildings put up in Washington over the past twenty-odd years are banal, at least the near-uniformity of their heights confers on them, like the near-uniformity of the rooftops of Haussmann's Paris, the dignity of a convention. In urban architecture, there is much to be said for the reposeful anonymity of repetition, as the Georgian squares of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh continue into our day to bear witness; humane in scale and modest in exterior decoration, the houses that make up these squares give pleasure daily not only to their owners but to casual passersby as well.

Washington's strict regulations regarding height had less to do with the preservation of light and air than with the establishment of a suitable public image for a city designed to be the capital of a great nation. From the beginning, its major buildings were intended to be icons, which the citizens of the nation would lift up their eyes to and gain confidence from—confidence in the governmental bodies that the buildings housed and (indirectly and perhaps unself-consciously) confidence in themselves as the creators of structures on so grand a scale. The Capitol was placed on a hill high enough to assure it a visibility not unlike that enjoyed by the acropolis of an ancient Greek city-state. The Greeks were daily in the presence of the houses of their gods, if not in the presence of the gods themselves; the air that blew down from those pillared temples was charged with sacredness. Something like the same effect was hoped for from our national Capitol, though in our sectarian society the word "sacred" might be considered inappropriately strong; perhaps for that reason, among others, the common term used in Washington today in reference to the activities of Congress is simply and impersonally "the Hill."

The imposed horizontality of Washington has long been cherished by its inhabitants. In 1940, one of Frank Lloyd Wright's most brilliant projects—a megastructure clad in white marble and glass, combining shops, apartments, and garages, and intended to occupy a prominent site on Connecticut Avenue—was rejected, in part because the height of one of its towers exceeded the legal limit. For many years, the rugged old Post Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue was threatened with demolition because *its* tower was thought to be too high. In

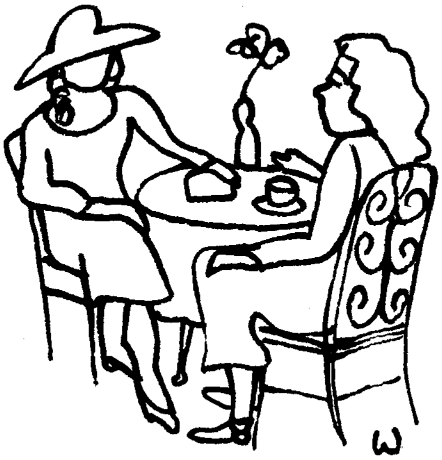
Arlington, on the far side of the Potomac, the limitations on height are far less stringent, and Washingtonians resent the usurpation of their western sky by a higgledy-piggledy assortment of mediocre skyscrapers. A recent attempt by a developer in nearby Prince Georges County, Maryland, to erect a tower visible from the District and higher than either the Washington Monument or the tip of the dome of the Capitol Building was repelled by indignant residents of the District.

Horizontality has its benign aesthetic consequences, direct and indirect. Henry James once said that, everything else being equal, a building that sits is more pleasing than a building that stands; in Washington, all the buildings of importance—the Capitol, the White House, the Supreme Court Building, Union Station, the Kennedy Center, the Library of Congress, and the rest—splendidly sit. The many scattered buildings of the Smithsonian Institution are no exception, and when, a few years ago, expansion of its collections demanded a very large new building the then secretary of the Smithsonian, S. Dillon Ripley, took an unprecedentedly bold step: he decided that the new building, instead of merely sitting, would lie, and not only would it lie but most of it would do so invisibly, which is to say at a considerable depth belowground. Jean Paul Carlhian, of the venerable Boston architectural firm of Shepley, Bulfinch, Richardson and Abbott, accepted the challenge with gusto.

This new building, which houses the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery, the National Museum of African Art, the International Center, and an educational center, had its official opening in late September. Four hundred and forty feet long, three hundred and forty-two feet wide at its widest point, and almost sixty feet deep, its enormous bulk is secreted beneath a sumptuous paved and planted garden that fills a four-acre ground-level space on the National Mall. The garden is bounded on three sides by the Freer Gallery of Art, the Smithsonian Institution Building (the so-called Castle, designed by James Renwick and built between 1847 and 1855), and the Arts and Industries Building; the fourth side faces Independence Avenue and is distinguished by a handsome fence and ceremonial gateway. In the garden are fountains, fruit trees, two stone moon gates, and ventilator shafts and skylights resembling nothing so much as Roman tombs on the Appian Way. A circular kiosk and a pair of one-story pavilions in the garden give access to various portions of the catacombs below. How has this immense chunk of steel and concrete been dropped into the swampy soil of the Mall, where the water table is only thirty feet or so beneath the surface? The answer is, by ingenuities of engineering and waterproofing that keep the building as snugly watertight as a bathysphere. Indeed, the seafaring note is amusingly struck in a corridor on the lowest level of the interior, where a transparent glass tube reveals the height of the water that lies bubbling just beyond the double concrete shell of the structure.

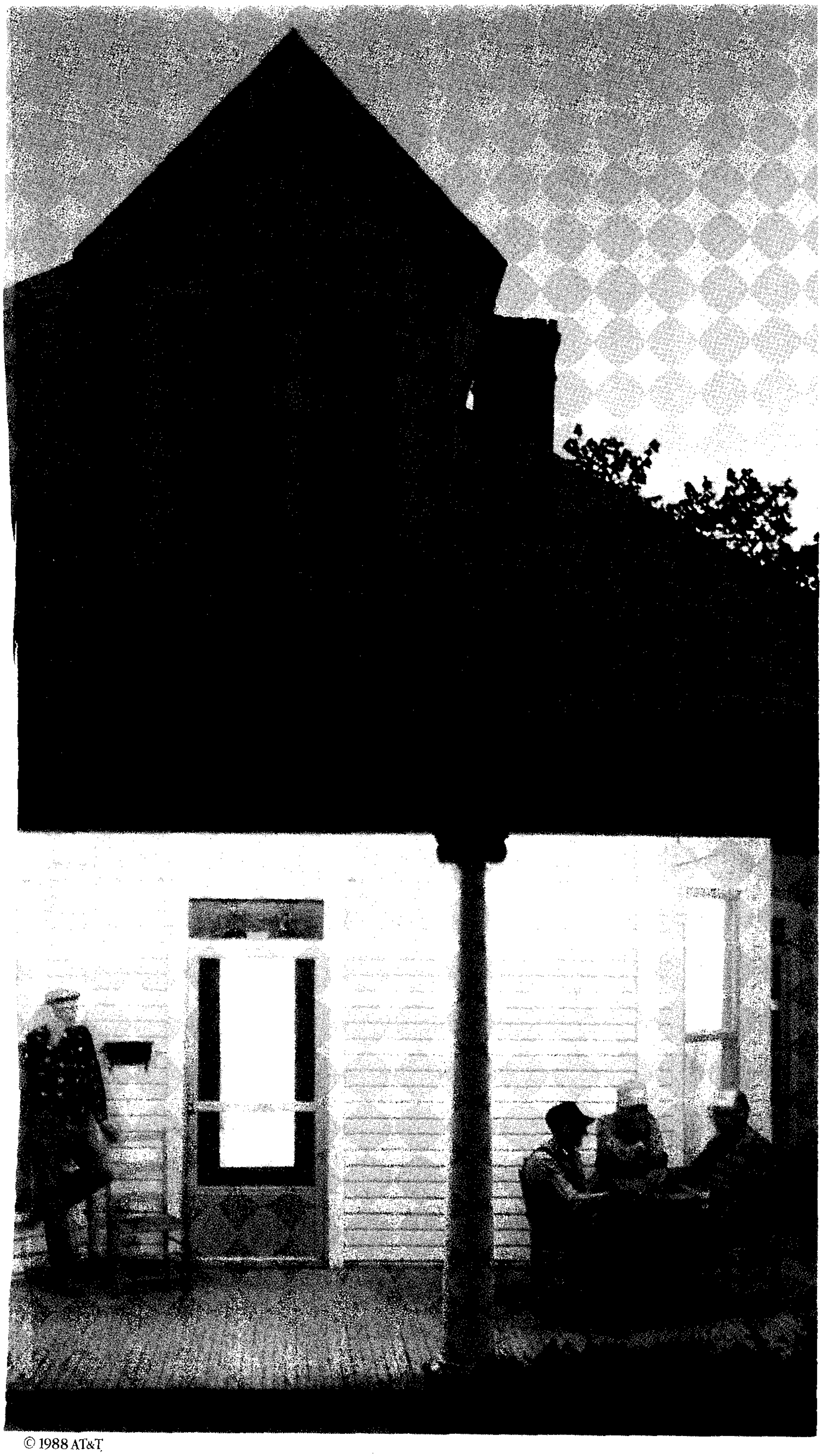
In principle, we ought to find it no odder to stroll six stories belowground than to stroll an equal number of stories aboveground. Nevertheless, it appears to be the case that in practice most of us are less uneasy high in the air than deep in the earth; we would rather fly the Atlantic than cross it by submarine. Is our prejudice against living underground indeed primordial, as I have suggested—based perhaps upon the seemingly universal fear of being buried alive—or can it be overcome through familiarity? One thing is certain: more and more people are engaged in the experiment of spending much of their lives in subterranean quarters. Within the next few years, this experiment is sure to provide us with some hard facts, a study of which may well lead to the development of new technologies, and even of some new forms of architecture.

Many cities are already proud to call attention to their buried facilities. "Underground Atlanta," which came into existence by accident, as a result of the raising of street levels above the city's network of railroad tracks, was originally developed as a tourist attraction, offering restaurants, night clubs, and souvenir gift shops; Place Ville Marie is a successful real-estate development in Montreal which embraces extensive underground facilities, popular in part because it provides shoppers with a benign climate during the long, harsh Canadian winters. In the basements and sub-basements of two new skyscrapers in downtown Los Angeles, old-fashioned brick-paved streets are lined with shops that pretend to offer a nostalgic glimpse of our wholesome nineteenth-century past but are in fact rip-offs of Disneyland. As generators of income, such underground places are urban equivalents of those malls, built in the open countryside, from which any hint of the surrounding landscape and climate has been rigorously excluded; like the malls, they are often furnished with Victorian cast-iron benches, copper-wrought gas lighting fixtures, and white picket fences. These synthetic quaintnesses are to be found in the bowels of contemporary buildings in almost every major American city, conveying to shoppers an image radically at odds with the noisy, nervous, traffic-beset reality of the streets above.



According to an article that appeared in the *Times* a few weeks ago, certain interesting discoveries in respect to underground living have already been made in Kansas City, Missouri, which, in scattered areas far below its rolling terrain, possesses a total of two hundred million square feet of mined-out limestone quarries. Some twenty-two million square feet of this space—the equivalent in rentable footage of a dozen sixty-story skyscrapers—has been leased as offices, storage facilities, and retail shops. At present, approximately twenty-five hundred people work in businesses that flourish at a depth of ten or twelve stories below the city's streets. According to the director of the Underground Developers Association in Kansas City, since many of the limestone quarries continue to be mined, a million square feet of new space is being made available to tenants annually. He points out that the space is created at little or no cost, as a by-product of mining, and can be developed at between one-third and one-half of the cost of a surface building. The space can also be operated at very low cost

We still think there's a lot to be said for small talk.



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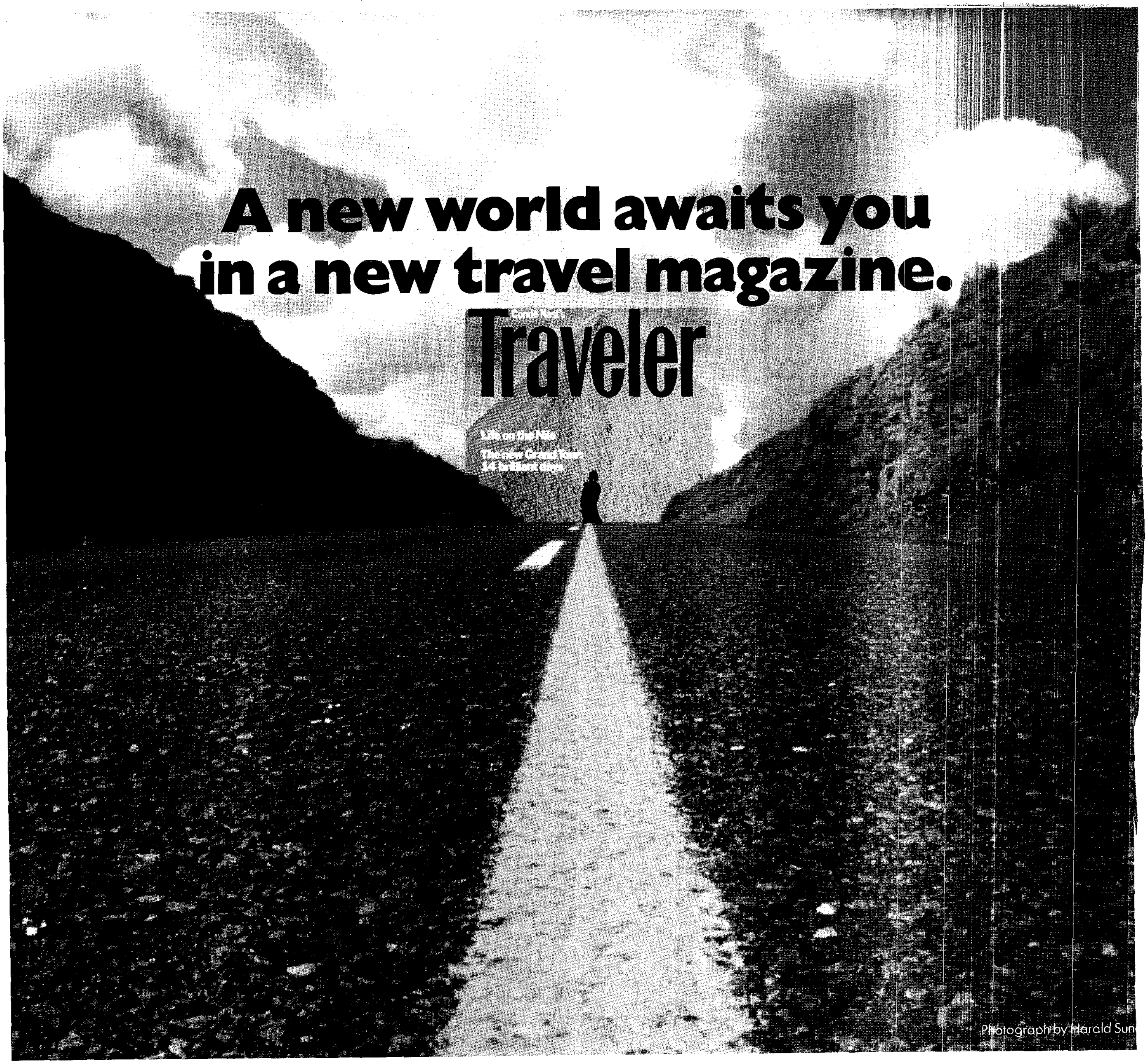
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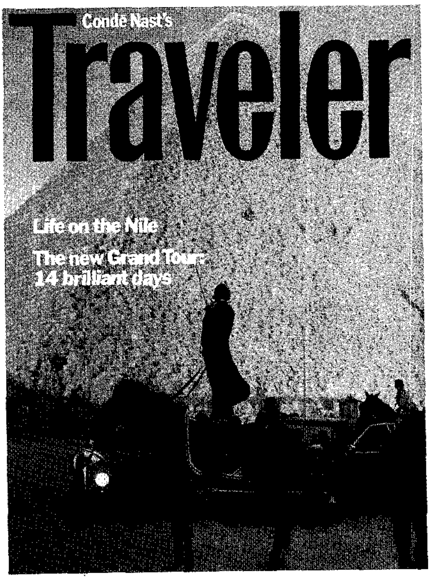
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What of the psychological advantages or disadvantages of working belowground? Some Kansas City businessmen claim that the degree of concentration manifested by their employees belowground is extremely high, because, working always by artificial light, one is less conscious of the time of day. Park College, on the outskirts of the city, is building a new library in a quarry under its campus and hopes that the absence of visual distractions will lead to a high standard of scholarly performance on the part of its students. So far, few underground Kansas Citians appear to have suffered from claustrophobia, perhaps because people with a tendency to claustrophobia are unlikely to seek employment in abandoned quarries. Here in New York, at the northwest corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue, a new building, thirty-two stories high and with a pleasing semicircular façade, is intended for occupancy on its ground floor and basement levels by art and antique dealers. Striking a note of harmless mock-Gallic exoticism, these spaces are being called Place des Antiquaires. The architectural firm of Kohn Pedersen Fox has provided them with shops accessible by means of a central atrium and galleries. One is supposed to be strongly reminded of Paris—not the underground, sewery Paris of "Les Misérables" but the Paris of La Belle Époque. And to speak of Paris is to remember that there, too, new subterranean architectural adventures are being undertaken: at the Louvre, I. M. Pei has scooped out of the Cour Napoléon a vast pit very like that which was dug at the Smithsonian for the Sackler Gallery; if construction proceeds on schedule, the pit will soon be covered by Pei's much debated glass pyramid, which *le tout Paris* (depending on whom you speak with) either detests or admires.

It has been estimated that by the year 2000 possibly half a million Americans will be working, and even living around the clock, underground. Some of them may well be engineers, responding to the challenge of high-tech cave dwelling; few of them are likely to be architects, since to architects the façade of a building is as important as its interior, and by their nature caves, or cave equivalents, lack formal exteriors and so are bound to prove architecturally disappointing. If our present troglodytic communities continue to prosper and expand, one welcome consequence may be a passing of the vogue for building higher and higher skyscrapers. Indeed, in the opening weeks of 1988 some observers saw signs that the vogue was already faltering here. The twin-towered skyscraper that Moshe Safdie had designed for the Coliseum site at Columbus Circle, and which was to rise to a height of something over nine hundred feet, has been abandoned; the owners of the property have commissioned a new architect, David Childs, of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, to design a smaller and less sky-annihilating building. The highest apartment tower yet to be constructed in New York City—CitySpire, nearing completion on West Fifty-sixth Street—has been found to rise fourteen feet higher than the seven hundred and ninety-nine feet that it was entitled to attain on that site, and the City Planning Commission, which until recently tended to cast an indulgent eye on such miscalculations, has so far proved implacable in deciding that the fourteen feet remain a violation of CitySpire's original permits. Now that NBC, graciously accepting the city's gift of several hundred million dollars in tax abatements and interest-free loans, has consented to remain at Rockefeller Center, Donald Trump's "tallest building in the world," which Trump envisioned as the centerpiece of a "television city" whose chief tenant would be NBC, appears much less likely to be inflicted upon an outraged and protesting West Side.

Nevertheless, if the vogue for skyscrapers is faltering it is by no means at an end. There are on the drawing boards skyscrapers grotesquely out of scale with the sites for which they are being planned—one thinks of the approximately thousand-foot-high office building that the First Boston Corporation would like to shoehorn into Madison Avenue between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Streets, and another formidably high office building to the northwest, on Fifth Avenue, which is soon to rise behind the Potemkin-like façades of the old Rizzoli and Coty Buildings. (Kohn Pedersen Fox are the architects for both of these projects.) In the neighborhood of Times Square, half a dozen

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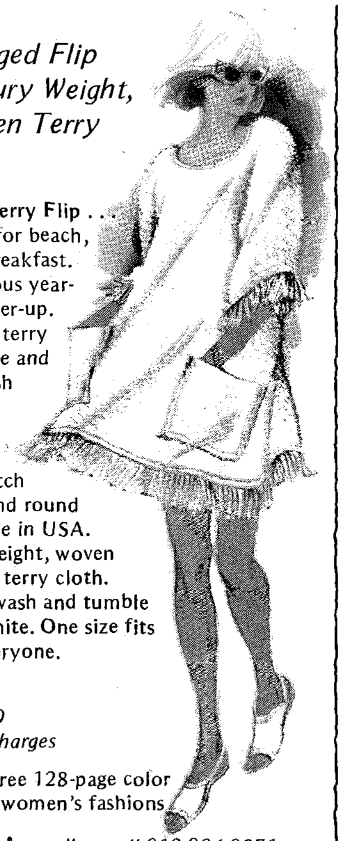

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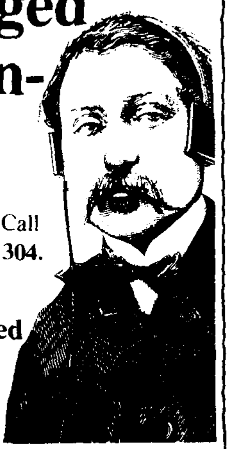

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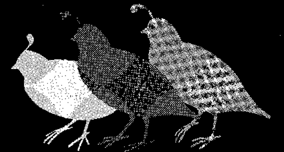
towering office buildings are already under construction. At least one of them, on Broadway between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets, will be going deep down as well as high up. The plans, by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, call for no fewer than four full floors below grade, to be occupied by a variety of retail shops.

Worldwide Plaza, a complex of mixed-use buildings which is about to fill the entire city block bounded by Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets and Eighth and Ninth Avenues—once the site of the third Madison Square Garden—will be on a scale almost as grand as that of the original Rockefeller Center, and will have a total of six underground movie theatres and an underground garage with a capacity of four hundred and fifty cars. A paved open plaza approximately a hundred and thirty-five feet wide will run through the middle of the complex from side street to side street at ground level and will help to render its bulk less overwhelming; restaurants and retail shops will face the plaza. At the Eighth Avenue end of the property will rise—is, indeed, already rising—a tower seven hundred and seventy-eight feet high. It is again Skidmore, Owings & Merrill who are the designers. They have sought to give the tower a shapeliness that will lessen its impact on our western sky, but its presence cannot fail to strike us as obtrusive. Sky lost, air lost, sunlight lost—how can we not feel that these priceless urban attributes have been shouldered aside, however artful the shouldering?

More urgently than ever, we perceive that the moment has come to establish a maximum height for the buildings that we are willing to see constructed here. And in saying this I speak not only for myself but, I hope, for an army of fellow New Yorkers as well—New Yorkers who do not feel that it is indispensable for the greatest city on earth to have the tallest building on earth, or the tenth tallest, or the hundredth. The truth is that I am eager to avoid extremes in either direction, which is a way of saying that I am about as reluctant to go a hundred feet underground as to go a thousand feet up in the air. What I take delight in is neither a mole's-eye view of New York City nor a bird's-eye view of it; the view of the city that I like best is the one that I can get by standing on the curb of any street from Bowling Green to Spuyten Duyvil.

—BRENDAN GILL



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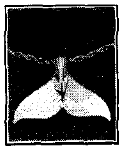

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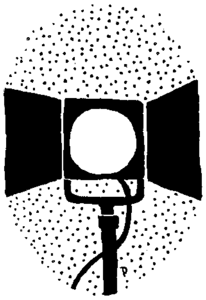
THE THEATRE

Brook's Orchard

UNDER Peter Brook's direction, "The Cherry Orchard," at the old Majestic in Brooklyn, is a major disappointment. It is scattered and shallow, and, except for a couple of very good performances, barely registers at all. The theatre itself, deliberately dilapidated—to represent faded grandeur, I suppose—has an enormous stage, which is devoid of scenery except for a large Persian carpet, a few chairs covered with dust sheets, and rolled carpets at the sides, and its very size seems to disperse much of the energy of the action. I say seems because when a performance works it is easy (and delightful) to point out its merits but when it doesn't figuring out what is wrong may have to be guesswork. Natasha Parry's Mme. Ranevskaya is not fascinating enough, not temperamental enough, perhaps not even attractive enough, to justify everyone's passionate feelings for this utterly charming, utterly selfish, capricious woman. She is the pivot of the play, and the center does not hold. On the other hand, there is passion enough and more in Željko Ivanek's Trofimov, the scruffy, idealistic perpetual student, who is given such a hard time by Mme. Ranevskaya, but who is awarded, in the passage that starts "All Russia is our orchard," the most beautiful speech in the play. And that fine Swedish actor Erland Josephson, the leading man in many of Ingmar Bergman's movies, brings Gaev, Madame's hapless, wistful bachelor brother, to total life. He is wonderful in the role—his apostrophe to the bookcase, by the way, being a special joy. As for the other members of the company, some of whom have excellent credentials (for all the good it does them), a number of them are acceptable, others not.



"The Cherry Orchard" has always seemed to me to be Chekhov's masterpiece; under Mr. Brook's hand, much of its richness—its subtleties and ironies and nuances, its depth of feeling, its bits of high and low comedy—goes by the board. Since my attention kept wandering during its over two unbroken hours, perhaps I missed Mr. Brook's intentions—whatever special plan he had in mind. "He doesn't love the play enough to explore it" was my first thought on leaving the theatre.

—EDITH OLIVER

The Phantom of Broadway

A GHOST is by nature one who yearns for something he cannot get. He may seek redress for the wrongs done him in his former life, like Hamlet's father's ghost, or, like Marley's ghost or the ghost of old Anchises, he may hope to affect the future. Depending on the moral order of whatever work he haunts, he may be prophet, justicer, or merely figure of reproach. (One thinks of Banquo and the shades of Richard III's victims.) But he wants something done in the world he left behind, which is why he keeps coming back to it and rattling his chains. And because he is dead he has to get someone else to achieve his purpose.

The character played by Claude Rains in the 1943 remake of "The Phantom of the Opera"—who is dead in only a figurative sense—is the avenging sort of ghost. A mild-mannered middle-aged violinist, he plays with the Paris Opera, is courteous and self-effacing (though a bit excitable), and generous to a fault: for years, he has paid anonymously for music lessons for a pretty young singer he scarcely knows. Having been unceremoniously fired from the orchestra (a palsy has begun to affect his playing), and falling under the mistaken impression that someone is trying to steal a concerto he has composed, he accidentally murders the clerk in a music publisher's office and gets acid thrown in his face. Hideously maimed, he takes to the sewers of Paris, and the rest is history.

The kindly, respectable violinist whose crazed love is but the inward expression of a deformity thrust upon him by a cruel and unjust world is a Hollywood invention. The character in Gaston Leroux's 1911 novel "The Phantom of the Opera" is born deformed. An outcast and autodidact (travelling around a lot with carnival freak shows, he has picked up the arts of ventriloquism and legerdemain), the son of an architect (whence, presumably, come his grasp of building design and flair for home decoration), Leroux's "opera ghost" is a fairly benign and well-behaved poltergeist, who wreaks havoc only when something gets his dander up. He treats the keeper of the boxes well—requests a footstool of her every evening and leaves a tip when he departs—and asks no more of the opera management than to be allowed to extort large sums of money from them and to keep Box Five for his private use. A master teacher and musician, he coaches Christine himself, writes beautiful music, and enchants her with the beauty of his voice.

It is this character that Lon Chaney played in the 1925 silent movie based on Leroux's novel, and the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical follows the Chaney version in going back to the original. The show, which opened last week at Broadway's Majestic Theatre, arrived in the midst of so much fuss and fanfare that the question of how good it is seems beside the point. Certainly it is good fun—if you're not bothered by the prospect of a completely nonverbal musical that contains not the glimmer of an idea. This is, after all, the age of the mindless, nonverbal musical—a form of which Andrew Lloyd Webber is the chief exponent. The kind of musical theatre he has come to stand for is one in which every aspect of production is subjugated to a notion of spectacle, that seeks to impress an audience with financial rather than creative prowess—with a demonstration of how much money can be put onstage. Central to this sort of theatre is the concept of doing something difficult or unusual—turning a Broadway theatre into a junk yard or a roller rink, writing a Broadway musical with no dance in the first half and no song in the second—without regard for whether the feat is worth doing. It is a matter of small importance to the audience that the actors in these shows look nothing like cats or trains, that the wordless portion of the separatist musical has no good dancing and the danceless portion no good song. Achievement here lies not in ingenuity or skill, or even in the gimmick concept, but in the idea of extravagance itself.

"The Phantom of the Opera" is probably Lloyd Webber's most tasteful musical to date: nothing in it really assaults the intelligence or the sensibilities—though it does reek of elegance. The music is essentially pop-schlock: for the easily moved, there are melancholy, sentimental tunes that cloy even as they become familiar, and for the semi-enlightened there are easy parodies—less funny and less apt than the dance parodies choreographed by Gillian Lynne. (It's an index of Lloyd Webber's skill as a composer that we can't tell how good his protagonist's opera, "Don Juan Triumphant," is supposed to be.) The lyrics, by Charles Hart and Richard Stilgoe, make no impression whatever, and the book, by Stilgoe and Lloyd Webber, is similarly negligible. It relegates the action of the play to the status of flashback, situating us at an auction years after the events we are about to see have taken place. But we never come back to the present, so we never find out why the opera furnishings are being sold off—or what Raoul, the French nobleman played by Steve Barton, is doing at the auction, alone and nostalgic. (Has Christine died? Taken the veil? Run off with some other monster?)

A good deal of the publicity surrounding "The Phantom of the Opera" focussed on Lloyd Webber's insistence that his wife, Sarah Brightman, be permitted to perform the role of Christine Daaé. (Equity rules required that an American actress be cast in the part, and the composer held the theatre community hostage in much the same way that the phantom holds the opera management hostage in order to further *his* protégée's career.) Miss Brightman has a pretty voice, to be sure; it's somewhat reminiscent of the young Julie Andrews' in its ability to carry in the upper registers without the use of vibrato. But whereas Julie Andrews' voice functioned without the benefit of miking, Miss Brightman's seems wholly dependent on it. And though Michael Crawford is affecting as the phantom—whispering low, sighing windily, and quietly appropriating the hero's anthem ("Say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime. Lead me, save me from my solitude")—one can't help wondering where he and his pathos would be without amplification.

In fact, the real star of the show is neither Miss Brightman nor Mr. Crawford but the visual design, by Maria Björnson. If "Phantom" is the sort of show where drama and passion are lodged in the ability of things to rise from the stage or be lowered from the flies—and the music seems to soar only when something onstage is soaring with it—it must be said that drama and passion truly do lurk in the way beautiful things are paraded before you all evening. Among the images that stay with you are the restoration of the opera house to its former glory, through a suggestion of canted booms and brocade; a night view of Paris from the opera roof; and a magical journey across a Stygian lake seemingly lit by hundreds of tapers.

Granted that everything notable at the Majestic is the work of hydraulic and electronic devices, so diverting are the effects—and so deftly carried out by Hal Prince, the director—that it isn't until the show's penultimate moments, when we see actors climbing down a wall of grillwork in the darkness, that we realize we're actually seeing *people* doing something difficult for the first time all evening. The only snag in the directorial fabric comes from some of the Americans in the company—Leila Martin as the sinister ballet mistress and Elisa Heinsohn as her daughter—whose performance styles fail to fit in with the ensemble. And except for Steve Barton, who makes a rather pallid Raoul, the secondary roles are all felicitously cast; Judy Kaye is unstintingly funny as the long-suffering diva, and Cris Groenendaal and Nicholas Wyman excel as the opera's venal managers.

Lloyd Webber's "Phantom of the Opera" is only half ghost story. The other half is backstage musical, and he turns Christine into an archetypal backstage-musical heroine, the girl with Real Talent. But the Christine of Leroux's novel does not always sing well. Her art has deteriorated since her father's death, and she needs the phantom to instruct and inspire her. She gradually comes to fear the monster, but she pities him more, and her worst fear is that her "Angel of Music" will leave her.

Halfway between pity and terror lies fascination. It's easy to see what the phantom meant to Leroux: his heroine's growing fear of the monster was only the natural revulsion a nice girl had to manifest toward her own desire and ambition. But what is the "opera ghost" to Andrew Lloyd Webber? Why should his be the ultimate expression of this particular story? One reason is simply that none of the previous versions are very good. The silent film, with its histrionic acting (outmoded even in 1925), is surprisingly dull, and the 1943 remake only substituted a social subtext for the sexual one, thereby dissipating a theme that was already boring because it was too explicit. If Leroux's story has enabled Lloyd Webber to transcend himself, it may be because novelist and composer are men of the same ilk. Like Lloyd Webber, Leroux was something of a gimmick auteur. A tabloid journalist who had given up a career as a sensationalist crime reporter, he wrote novels that sent the readership of the newspapers in which they were serialized scurrying around Paris in search of buried treasure. The initial appeal of "The Phantom of the Opera"—its gimmick—lay in the fact that it presented itself as a work of journalism, a piecing together of events that had actually taken place. Leroux's tale of a vicomte's love for a highbrow chanteuse relies for its potency on the multiplicity of archetypal images it draws on: Pandora, Proserpina, "Beauty and the Beast," "The Twelve Dancing Princesses," "Trilby," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." But all of them have been better expressed before and since. (Even the image of the sewer-dwelling outcast was more indelibly imprinted on the popular imagination by Carol Reed's "The Third Man.") What makes Leroux's "Phantom of the Opera" a mere potboiler rather than a great one is that, unlike the best ghost stories of the previous century, it never transcends its subject or form.

It is, however, the perfect vehicle for Andrew Lloyd Webber. His "Phantom" is all about self-pity, self-loathing, and self-aggrandizement. His "opera ghost"—the only one in all the adaptations of Leroux's novel who is spared a violent end and allowed to disappear peaceably—seems emblematic more of unrequited aspiration than of unrequited love. He wants to be something he is not, just as Lloyd Webber wants to be a serious composer. *Good* opera is beyond Lloyd Webber to produce; even good musical comedy seems to be beyond him. But he does have an uncanny, ghostlike genius for eliciting spectacular results from others—in this case, his designer and director. —MIMI KRAMER

•

"Maps give you the perspective you need to understand what's going on in the world," he says.

Such was the case, when he wanted to know more about the Persian Gulf and the Straits of Vermouth.—*Marshall (Mo.) Democrat-News.*

Make that straight vermouth, and no olive, please.

BOOKS

Thrown Voices

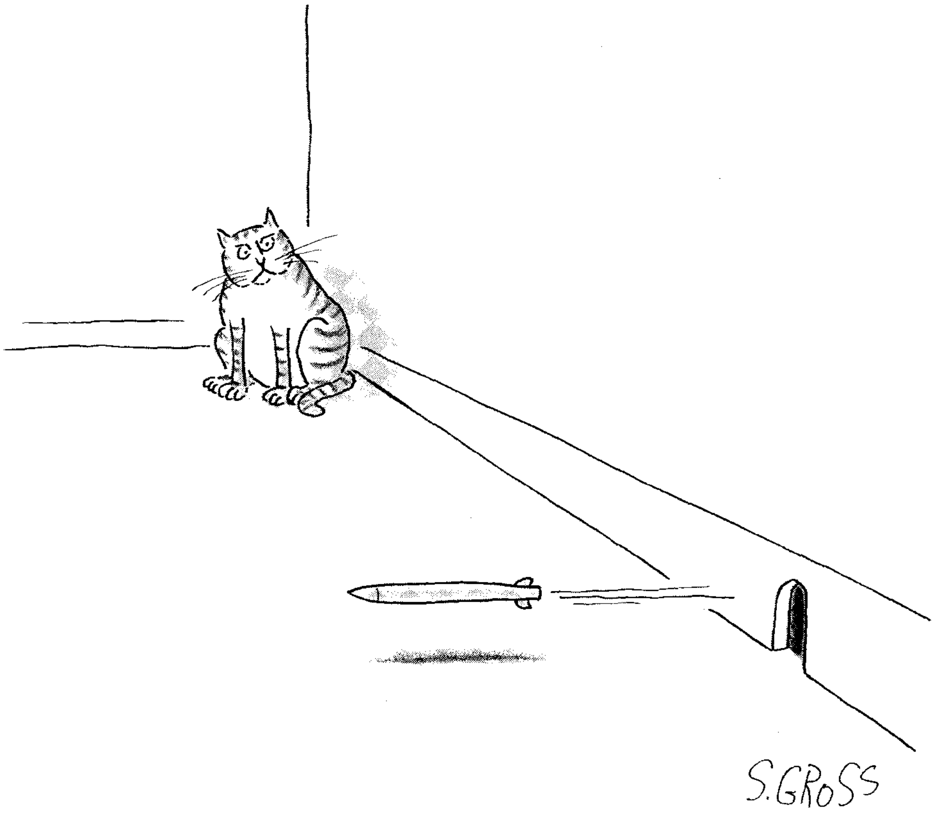
A Venturesome soul, the Australian writer Thomas Keneally has set novels in the Antarctic, in Nazi-occupied Poland, on the battlefields of the American Civil War, and in medieval France. With his new book, "The Playmaker" (Simon & Schuster; $18.95), he has gone himself one better by propelling his characters into outer space—or, anyway, to a world that seems utterly otherworldly. There, under a rearranged firmament, one encounters unclassifiable flora, including "a steely tree . . . which when struck with the axe either took a gap out of the blade or began to bleed a blood-red sap," and fauna whose unsettling, antic singularities "mocked the Ark." The place is Australia, in the year 1789. Keneally's cast of characters—plucked from surviving records of Australia's first penal colony, which was launched from England in a spirit of criminological experimentation in May, 1787—is in fact doubly a cast of characters, since the book details the first production of a scripted play on "this reverse side of the mirror of space."

So impossibly distant at that time was Australia from England that most of the transplanted convicts never expected to see their homeland again. To reach their new continent-sized prison (one in which walls were strangely and—given the rigors of the antipodean climate—sorely missing), they had to complete "eight moons of navigation . . . if you were lucky, a year or more if not." The reference to moons rather than months is one of the characteristically playful and uninsistent ways in which Keneally likens the eighteenth-century felon, hunkered in the hold of an English sailing ship, to the contemporary astronaut, fitted and strapped into the womb of a space capsule. Australia is variously a "new extreme of space," a "distant sidereal shore," a "convict moon," a "bibulous star," and a "penal planet." (Keneally, who likes wordplay, savors such near-anagrams; a key chapter is entitled "Curse or Cure.")

The play is "The Recruiting Officer," an English comedy that was "written some eighty years past by a sad young playwright called George Farquhar." Farquhar turns out to be an almost inevitable choice for a theatrical première, since at that time his was the one play in all of Australia of which two copies existed. Its casting and direction lie in the hands of Lieutenant Ralph Clark, a historical figure, whose journal and letters Keneally acknowledges in an Author's Note. But exactly where the naked facts of history slip into the clothed fictions of the imagination is, happily, impossible to discern; in "The Playmaker," research and invention are woven seamlessly.

As an officer of the force responsible for overseeing and, if necessary, disciplining the convict population, Clark feels at once unnerved by the new society's potential for mayhem and insurrection and thrilled by the heady possibility that communal life—even among those cast aside as reprobates—might be studied and shaped along rehabilitating lines. Clark proves a winsome hero—naïve, enterprising, timorous, and (increasingly, as rehearsals begin and the play coheres before his eyes) giddy with a sense of the redemptive powers of art. It seems that all the convicts yearn to be actors. In this harsh, open-ended new land, the comfortingly straitened borders of the stage offer a sort of magic box: within its confines, the settlement's young hangman, purified of dark associations, steps forth as a clean-gloved aging squire; and a Soho prostitute who began selling her body at the age of nine becomes what she has always pretended to be, a woman of secure social standing.

Keneally's subject matter is so colorful and so rich with suggestions that one marvels a little that his book turns out successfully; certainly temptations toward authorial overindulgence must have been strong. One can see how a primitive equation might have been born in the writer's creative unconscious (Sprawling New Continent = Sprawling New Novel) and the aesthetic sin of gigantism have resulted. Instead, Keneally offers a tale that is ample but ultimately delimited, and more implicative than exhaustive. Obviously, any novel that chronicles the founding of a society is apt to raise questions about humanity's essential nature and the psychological roots of law and ceremony—and will do so the more pointedly when the populace in question consists largely of felons, outcasts, and lunatics. But for the most part Keneally's philosophical queries and observations stick close to the turns of a neatly crafted plot. His touch is light. Sombre, profound questions about religion, for example, arise through the hapless figure of the Reverend Dick Johnson, who arms himself against the damned by means of



tracts with titles like “Advice Against Swearing.”

Ralph Clark runs afoul of Reverend Johnson, initially because the Reverend deplores the mild bawdiness of “The Recruiting Officer” and later because Clark cohabits with a convict, Mary Brenham, who at the age of thirteen was sentenced to spend seven years in Australia for stealing thirty-nine shillings’ worth of clothing. Clark is married. But just how bound he ought to consider himself while separated from an English wife who lives almost beyond the reach even of correspondence is one of the questions that he mulls over in his dogged, circumspect way. Is it not possible, he asks himself, that the sacrosanct ties of matrimony no longer obtain here on the “dark, unredeemed side of things”? And if the Reverend grandly banishes Clark to hell for his infidelities, most of Clark’s fellow-officers are tolerant of such makeshift alliances. It is only a matter of time before, pair after pair, convict and keeper lie down together. From the loins of Lawbreaker and Lawmaker a vigorous nation will spring.

Yet England, notwithstanding its distance, has an uncanny way of reasserting its claims. Clark is afflicted by nightmares in which his wife wanders through a snowy field in her wedding dress. Clark’s best friend, Harry Brewer, cannot put behind him the unpunished embezzlements he committed against a London firm of architects, for which, he explains to Clark, he remains “hangable material.” Harry sees ghosts. In fact, ghosts of one sort or another, English or aboriginal, frequent the settlement; the empty new territory proves spookily populous. And, in the face of so much that is bizarre and inexplicable, Harry’s amusingly matter-of-fact way of dealing with visitations (“He’ll be along. He’ll be along”) begins to look rational.

Much of the book’s comedy is gallows humor—literally. A “particular native fig tree between the men’s and women’s camp,” outfitted with nooses, overshadows the landscape; poignantly, a number of convicts who miraculously escaped the rope in England voyage halfway around the globe only to infract new laws and succumb at last to what is variously known as “hemp disease,” “wryneck day,” or “gallows quinsy.” Clark in time discovers that the convicts approach the ritual of a hanging with complex expectations, and that a comely or ironic performance from the condemned as he steps forth toward another type of stage is something to be applauded and remembered. Schooled in duplicity, the felon comes naturally by his love of the theatrical.

Keneally, who is in his early fifties and has written nearly twenty books, most of them novels, darts in “The Playmaker” from revelation to revelation and viewpoint to viewpoint with palpable confidence. Somewhat surprising, then, are the difficulties the reader may experience in seeking to keep straight all the book’s characters. Admittedly, a novel that strives, as “The Playmaker” does, for an archival atmosphere is likely to invoke names freely (nearly a hundred settlers are identified before the novel closes), and some confusion is almost unavoidable. But in a number of Keneally’s smaller novels the reader undergoes similar confusions. One must conclude that Keneally has not fully mastered that process whereby a skilled novelist, like a good host at a party, carries out the crucial, ongoing business of introductions and reintroductions while deftly steering the conversation elsewhere. But whatever momentary perplexities “The Playmaker” may engender, the reader will follow with eagerness Clark’s progress with “The Recruiting Officer,” and also his offstage progress with Mary Brenham. Disappointment and possible disaster threaten him on both fronts. Plans keep going awry. The night of the long-awaited performance is marked by, among other surprises, a one-sided fight and the triumphant irruption of a company of marines bearing in their midst a freshly apprehended rapist. That the actors can carry on under such conditions, and the performance be deemed a success, is a tribute to Ralph Clark—and, ultimately, to “The Playmaker” ’s maker.

ONE might suppose that with the publication of “Chatterton” (Grove Press; $17.95), his fourth novel, the English writer Peter Ackroyd would have established himself as a placeable stylist. But he creates such singular books that the reader categorizes him warily. His first novel, a brief, entertaining, and finally unsatisfying mosaic called “The Great Fire of London,” in less than two hundred pages ambitiously convoked a dwarf who runs an amusement arcade, a professor of Victorian social history, a Canadian homosexual who cruises London’s public lavatories, various bureaucrats, a madman, an earnest filmmaker engaged in shooting Dickens’ “Little Dorrit,” and a young woman (not acquainted with the filmmaker) who becomes possessed by Little Dorrit’s spirit. In Ackroyd’s second novel, “The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde,” he took up the awesome challenge of recounting Wilde’s personal life in the first person, and for the most part pulled it off, glittering epigrams and all.

His third novel, “Hawksmoor,” proved more daring still. Its chapters alternate between an eighteenth-century architect named Nicholas Dyer, who is overseeing the construction of a London church, and Nicholas Hawksmoor, a detective chief superintendent of New Scotland Yard, who is investigating a string of murders in old London churches. Mysteriously, despite the gulf of time between the two men, their lives convolve. Each of these fictional characters is linked as well—one by profession, the other chiefly by name—to a historical figure the great English Baroque architect Nicholas Hawksmoor, whose churches remain among London’s greatest glories. Dyer, who narrates his own story, reveals himself from the outset as a clandestine Satanist, encoding his complex, imposing structures with cabalistic symbols and “securing” them with the blood sacrifice of a virgin boy. Here is Dyer unashamedly explaining himself in the first chapter:

> The miseries of the present Life, and the Barbarities of Mankind, the fatall disadvantages we are all under and the Hazard we run of being eternally Undone, lead the True Architect not to Harmony or to Rationall Beauty but to quite another Game. Why, do we not believe the very Infants to be the Heirs of Hell and Children of the Devil as soon as they are disclos’d to the World? I declare that I build my Churches firmly on this Dunghil Earth and with a full Conception of Degenerated Nature.

Any difficulties the reader may have with this prose soon disappear; almost before one’s eyes—in a process similar to what a theatregoer experiences in a good performance of Shakespeare—the strangeness of the language drops away. By the end of the novel, the reader’s gaze drifts fluently and pleasurably over a passage like this one:

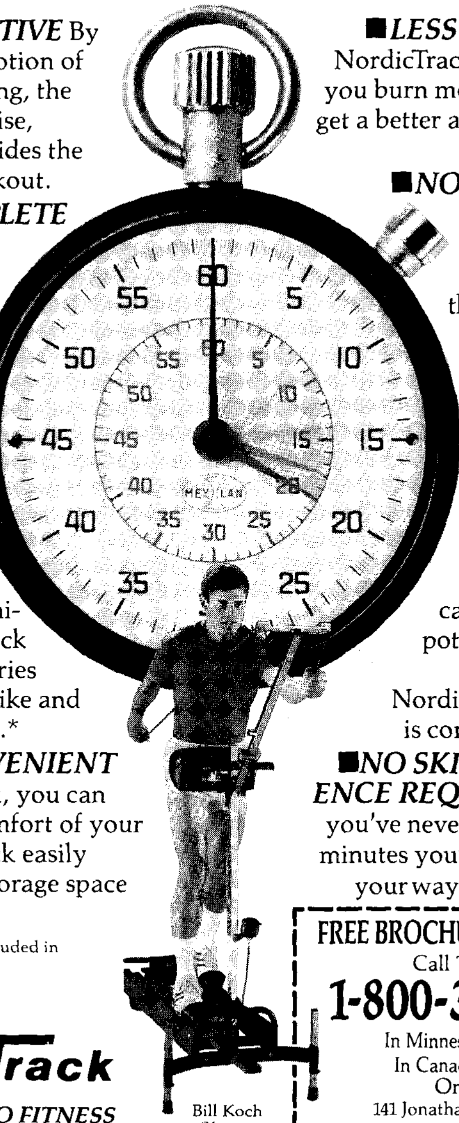
> Some children in Blew jackets and Kite-Lanthorned Caps ran past me: *You will be dead before I return* was my Thought as I stared into the Entry of Black Step Lane. With an even Pace I walked forward and at last my Church was rising above me:

> like the Noise of Thunder it struck even my own Spirit with an air of Greatnesse beyond any thing I had seen before.

No doubt a philologist might find here things to cavil with, but, whether or not Ackroyd's linguistic fabrications are impeccably true to the eighteenth century, they have an irresistible propulsion and internal consistency. One hesitates to call this feat a tour de force only because that term often suggests something cool and unemotional; the fact is that Nicholas Dyer is a splendidly creepy monologuist in a splendidly, thoroughly creepy book. With its playful erudition, its scumbling of the line dividing history and fiction, and its daring authorial readiness not only to journey into the past but to fabricate "authenticating" documents immediately upon arrival, "Hawksmoor" recalls those ghost stories with which M. R. James (perhaps the only Englishman to rival his namesake and contemporary Henry James as a master of the ghost story) regularly entertained his Cambridge colleagues at candlelit Christmas Eve festivities. Unfortunately, and rather puzzlingly, the chapters of "Hawksmoor" set in modern London lack color and self-assurance. It almost seems that Ackroyd feels more at home in the eighteenth-century city than in the contemporary metropolis.

A sibling to "Hawksmoor" in many ways, "Chatterton" likewise displays unexpected strengths and shortcomings. It, too, leaps around from age to age, from fact to fiction. At its core is the poet Thomas Chatterton, who died by his own hand in London in the year 1770. Although only seventeen when he swallowed arsenic, Chatterton had secured for himself an enduring reputation as perhaps the most famous hoaxer and forger in English literature. Much about his life remains a puzzle, but it is known that when he was seven his mother gave him some scraps of documents found in the muniments room of St. Mary Redcliffe Church in Bristol, where his father had once been a chorister. These enchanted the boy, who later went on to "discover" in the same church a cache of poems composed by one Thomas Rowley, a fifteenth-century monk. Although both the monk and the poems were entirely of Chatterton's devising—he was, like Ackroyd, a natural pasticheur—they managed to hoodwink for a time a number of eminent readers, including Horace Walpole.

A riddling life, then, and one yet



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*Philadelphia Daily News

more wondrous in Ackroyd's novel, where the reader learns that the poet's death, too, may have been a sort of forgery. Ackroyd's modern protagonist, Charles Wychwood, who is himself a struggling poet, uncovers evidence that Chatterton not only simulated suicide but went on to write many of the masterpieces that history has attributed to Blake, Gray, Cowper. It grows dawningly, dizzyingly clear in Charles' mind that "half the poetry of the eighteenth century" was probably written by Chatterton, and that he was "the greatest poet in history."

In this ingeniously involuted novel the reader learns, however, that even a forger's work may be forged. One comes away from "Chatterton" feeling that nothing is real—with perhaps the exception, as in "Hawksmoor," of the intercourse of spirits, the disembodied play of mind with mind across the centuries. Thomas Chatterton and Charles Wychwood share some form of communication. As the novel shuttles between the eighteenth and twentieth centuries, the two men conduct an unwitting conversation: they echo each other, speaking in fragments that yield a coherent dialogue only when the walls of time dissolve (as they do at the arsenic-clouded, visionary close of the novel) and temperament stands adjacent to temperament.

Underlying Ackroyd's choice—and Keneally's—of an eighteenth-century setting is a desire to unearth some of the roots of contemporary behavior. But while Keneally inclines toward the naturalistic, perhaps reflecting an impulse on the eve of his country's Bicentennial to invest its sketchy forebears with a tactile reality, Ackroyd drives toward the supernatural, as though he felt an urge to glimpse the real by means of a dematerialization. Characters in "The Playmaker" solidify as time goes on. Those in "Hawksmoor" and "Chatterton" grow fragmentary—become beings whose missing portions quest through another era. In some pointedly mysterious manner, Nicholas Dyer *is* Officer Hawksmoor and Thomas Chatterton *is* Charles Wychwood.

But if "Chatterton" shares the spiritualism of "Hawksmoor" it diverges radically from its predecessor in seeking to become—for all the tragedies it contains—a comic novel. Unfortunately, Ackroyd doesn't seem all that funny—in any case, he gets less funny as he goes along. His characters indulge in relentless, and finally irksome, wisecrackery. As a dark comedian, he possesses neither Evelyn Waugh's piquant ominousness ("'You will not find your father greatly changed,' remarked Lady Moping, as the car turned into the gates of the County Asylum") nor Kingsley Amis's deft, delightful pseudo-clumsiness with language ("He must be out of his mind to be talking to a girl like this like this"). When Ackroyd is speaking in his own voice (or, at least, what is far nearer to his own voice than to that of Wilde or Dyer or Chatterton), he succumbs to a number of tics, including a throat-clearing overuse of "then" and "and then." The first two chapters provide a choice pair of unhappily characteristic examples:

> And then she added, not able to stop herself smiling, "You look like a dog's dinner."
>
> "Oh yum yum. What's for tea?" Both women laughed, and then sighed deeply.

> It was then that the truth came to him. "He faked his own death." At that moment the telephone rang, and both men clung to each other for a moment in panic. Then Charles laughed.

Naturally, one would like to trea these as trifling oversights, but it is impossible to do so when, as in the second example, the passage represents a climacteric in the narration.

Somewhere in the difficult reconciliation between Ackroyd the prestidigitator and Ackroyd the fumbler resides the quicksilver essence of this admirable and frustrating novelist. If "Chatterton" proves something of a disappointment in the end, the book also enhances one's impression that Peter Ackroyd, who is not yet forty, is a liberally gifted young man, whose originality—curiously and engagingly enough—intertwines with a flair for mimicry. He is a virtuoso ventriloquist, who throws his voice not only from place to place but from era to era. And if his own delivery falters now and then, his dummy speaks with all the cool, clear, vatic force that one would hope to hear when, glass eyes blazing, a quickened construction of wood and paint finds its voice at last.

—Brad Leithauser

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[From the Post]

Paris—Bic S.A., the French maker of disposable pens and lighters, said it agreed to give up control of its Dim S.A. subsidiary to Sara Lee Corp. of the U.S. Dim makes the leading brand of ladies tight in France.

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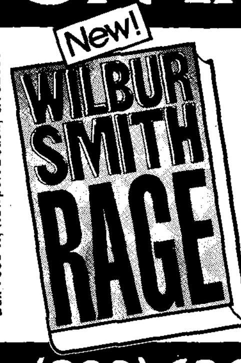

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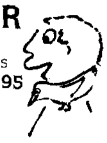

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